FROM MILTON TO TENNYSON

Gift of The People of the United States
Through the Victory Book Campaign
(A. L. A. — A. R. C. — U. S. O.)
To the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine

Miltonic Period 1608-1674

Shakespeare 1560-1606

Dryden

Pope

Gift of the People of California
Through the California Library Association
To the Armed Forces & Merchant Marine

Margaret McGee
Lowell High School

Low IV

. . . stepping there, with face toward the sun,

Stopped seldom to pluck weeds or ask their names. — BROWNING.

FROM

MILTON TO TENNYSON

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH POETRY

EDITED WITH

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL

BY

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Boston

ALLYN AND BACON

AND CHICAGO

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SODALIVM VALEDICTORI YALENSIVM

ANNI MDCCCLXXIX

Lloyd Wheaton Bowers

Studenti Doctissimo

Condiscipulo Fidelissimo

Amico Constantissimo

DONVM

AMICITIAE

DONATED BOOK
NINTH CORPS AREA

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FOREWORD.

THOUGH intended primarily for High Schools, it is hoped that this little book may prove not useless in College classes that pursue a sketch — or outline — course in English Literature.

To the High School teacher the following explanations may be useful:

1. The short Biographies are intended as mere outlines which the pupil, if time allow, shall fill in from his reading of larger works. These works are indicated in the Bibliography, under the heading LIFE AND TIMES.

2. The Bibliography of CRITICISM, it is hoped, will assist the teacher in his search for the best that has been thought and said upon the poet whom his class is studying. Perhaps advanced pupils also can use some portion of this Bibliography with profit, but if they have spare time, I should encourage them to read more extensively in the works of the poet himself rather than in the works of those who have written about him.

3. The reference library, placed where the pupil can consult it daily, should contain:

i. *Books for which there are no equivalents:* Pope's Translation of the Iliad; Lang, Leaf and Myer's Translation of the Iliad; Palmer's Translation of the Odyssey; Dryden's and Conington's Translations of the Æneid; The Century Dictionary.

ii. *The following books or their equivalents:* Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary; Lippincott's Gazetteer; Smith's Smaller Classical Dictionary; Rich's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities; Gayley's Classic Myths in English Literature; Ginn's Classical Atlas; Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase

and Fable; Green's Short History of the English People; McCarthy's History of Our Own Times; Skeat's Etymological Dictionary (Student's edition); Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar; Bain's Rhetoric (new edition in 2 vols.); Hales' Longer English Poems; The English Men of Letters Series.

4. The principles of Metrics will be found laid down in Abbott & Seelye's English Lessons for English People, and in Gummere's Poetics. It has been thought unnecessary, therefore, to give such information in the notes.

5. Exigencies of space have compelled me reluctantly to omit Scott's Lady of the Lake from the place it should have occupied in this book. This defect the student should remedy by reading that poem in the excellent edition of Professor W. J. Rolfe.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to the following gentlemen: To Professor C. M. Gayley of the University of California for constant advice and valuable criticism upon the treatment of all poets represented in this book; to Professor W. D. Whitney of Yale University for permission to draw freely for definitions upon the Century Dictionary; to Professor H. A. Beers of Yale University for helpful suggestion embodied in the notes on Milton, Dryden and Pope; to Professor A. F. Lange of the University of California for similar suggestions in the notes on Milton; to Professor J. C. Rolfe of the University of Michigan for permission to condense information on certain points from his scholarly and exhaustive edition of Macaulay's Lays; to Professor C. B. Bradley of the University of California for advice in the selection of the extracts from Burns and Browning; to Professor Isaac Flagg of the University of California for the happy Latin phrasing he has given to the thought of the editor's inscription.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,
March 15, 1894.

MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathéd Melancholy,
  Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
  'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
  Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
  There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
  In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathéd Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus, done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head

From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass.
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,

And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake: —
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals grey:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

SONNETS.

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY, 1652,

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way has ploughed,
And on the neck of crownéd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scot's imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

DRYDEN.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorned their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.

But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustained!
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I, but poetry is curst;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy: Thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine — that's little — but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store:
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;

For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence:
But you, whom every Muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY: 1697.

I

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

2

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

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Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
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THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER, AND ENLARGED.

A PARISH-PRIEST was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
(As God hath clothed his own ambassador);
For such on earth his blessed Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seemed; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres):
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of Heaven and pains of Hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightnings and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes his parish freely paid he took;
But never sued, or cursed with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong, but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),
The less he sought his offerings, pinched the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord,
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store,
Entrusted riches to relieve the poor;
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house:
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distressed;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this the good old man performed alone,
Nor spared his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold;
But duly watched his flock, by night and day;

And from the prowling wolf redeemed the prey,
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught);
For this by rules severe his life he squared:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed);
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate for his holy life he prized;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show
Nor was his kingdom of the world below
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he designed,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn;
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was expressed;
And his own work, as in creation, blessed.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was deposed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This Prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood,
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.

Had Richard unconstrained resigned the throne,
A King can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entailed, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside;
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was by a flattering priest invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway,
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He joined not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretched.
And like a primitive apostle preached.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many followed; loved by most, admired by all.
With what he begged, his brethren he relieved!
And gave the charities himself received;
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he showed by proof 'twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us by the way with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

POPE.

EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS, WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away;
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art;
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,

Fir'd with Ideäs of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew;
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair Ideäs flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.
Oh, lasting as those Colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;

New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire;
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung 'till Granville's Mira die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

'Tis strange, the Miser should his Cares employ,
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
For Pembroke, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane. * * *
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill got wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide:

DONATED BOOK
NINTH CORPS AREA

A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front;
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expense,
And something previous ev'n to Taste — 'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven:
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terrace, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'rywhere be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,

Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at — perhaps a STOWE.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls:
The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground;
Two Cupids squirt before; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-watered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.
My Lord advances with Majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft, — by regular approach, — not yet, —
First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated Backs he turns you round:
These Aldus printed, these Du Sueil has bound.
Lo some are Vellum, and the rest as good

For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.
Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to Himself, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden Ear
Embrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expense,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
But future Buildings, future Navies grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.
You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till Kings call forth th' Ideäs of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands designed),
Bid Harbours open, Public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their subject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
These Honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS. [GEORGE II.]

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief in Arms, abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal

An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,
After a life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest,
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not We be wiser than our sires?

In ev'ry Public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If Time improve our Wit as well as Wine
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all disputes; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courtesy of England, he may do."
Then by the rule that made the Horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow:
While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.
Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art;
But still I love the language of his heart.
"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
"In all debates where Critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
"Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;

"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
"How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
"But for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
"These, only these, support the crowded stage,
"From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the Obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)
One Simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow;
One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm:
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated Canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy from a Noble Cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock

His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his Family, in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
To worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not — 's self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rime no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.
He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile);
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits Mankind;
And rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then — a perfect Hermit in his diet.

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
What will a Child learn sooner than a Song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd:
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms;
The Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,

And Heav'n is won by Violence of Song,
  Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain;
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
  We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,

And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes).
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on Pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermine, Gold and Lawn;

The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters — hark! the Universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the People stare?
Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of rimes:
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns:
Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great;
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,

I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians, by express command,
T' enroll your Triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureate's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your repose to sing!

What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne —
But Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rime.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THOMSON.

WINTER.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. * * *

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year,
Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long, dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwished; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,

Fresh from the plow, the dun-discolored flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapor foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd—
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,

Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through. * * *
The keener tempests come; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend — in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset

By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray—
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,

Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
(A dire descent!) beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and, (what is land unknown,
What water), of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man —
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse —
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast. * * *

Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who blessed mankind
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.
Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass

Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That voice of God within the attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death:
Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind!
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamped
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laureled field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequalled shone —
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bowed beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted chief, who proved by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty revered;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swelled a haughty rival's fame.
Reared by his care, of softer ray, appears
Cimon sweet-souled; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art —
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late-called to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, tempered happy, mild and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
And, equal to the best, the Theban pair,
Whose virtues, in heroic concord joined,

Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honor sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smoothed his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achæan heroes close the train:
Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece;
And he her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
Turned the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field. * * *

To thy loved haunt return, my happy muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies —
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek

Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steamed eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone —
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancied figures, rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around. * * *
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted, the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain

Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash the ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And, hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,
That, tossed amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldly train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! — dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. — And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. * * *

JOHNSON.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life:
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind:
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws:
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? Crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy:
New fears in dire vicissitude invade;
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief, —
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,

Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind.
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call:
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend;
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end;
Love ends with hope; the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auction sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns; — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye;
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine, —
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin, to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,

And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes:
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud!
From meaner minds tho' smaller fines content, —
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent, —
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The Senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd;
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine:
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.

Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign:
Peace holds his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost:
He comes; nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,

From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way.
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind, —
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe.
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains;
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumb'red oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
  The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway! — fair Austria spreads her mournful charms;
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war.
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
  "Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flow'r;

With listless eyes the dotard views the store:
He views, and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale and ling'ring jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
  Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains:
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
  But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
  Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,

A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise —
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite, —
By day the frolick, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls;
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls:
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd:
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.

Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies? —
Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice;
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whatev'r he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain;
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

GRAY.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes, her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pour upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne. —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and Prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the Sable Warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love
And Truth severe — by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign:
Be thine Despair, and scept'red Care;
To triumph and to die are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,

And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and GOD has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine.
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends besides the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,

By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress,
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise;
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize:
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,

The country blooms — a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the loveliest train, —
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,

Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

COWPER.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning; and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending fires the horizon: while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence

Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hungering man
Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass;
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher, and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye

The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut, and wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them naught: the imprison'd worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close, and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigor of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts, self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub nor root nor earth-nut now
Repays their labor more; and perch'd aloft
By the way-side, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.
Not so, where scornful of a check it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist

That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung the embroider'd banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam: there emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ!
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the north. No forest fell
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace poetry might place
The armory of winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;

No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frostbound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there,
Sofa and couch and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.

[*The remaining seven hundred and forty lines of this poem consist of little but commonplace reflections on political institutions and on the moral government of the world.*]

BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.
GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or déposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnéd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacéd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare: —
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth! —
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell.
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His Head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MAKE ROUGH OUTLINE
FIGURES OF SPEECH.
FIND ~~FIGURE~~ SPENSERIAN STANZA
IN POEM

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,

As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. —
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil! —
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit; —
* * * wither'd beldams, auld and droll,

Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!
But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
  Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought off her master hale
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
  Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past,
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

TUNE — "*Hey tuttie tattie.*"

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"*Wishaw's favourite.*"

O, MY luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their tinsel show, and a' that;
    The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
      Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:
    For a' that, and a' that,
      His riband, star, and a' that,
    The man of independent mind,
      He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their dignities, and a' that,
    Their pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
      Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      It's coming yet, for a' that,
    That man to man, the warld o'er,
      Shall brothers be for a' that.

COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross.
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

PART II.

"THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

PART III.

"THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charméd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

PART V.

"OH Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The Moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side: —
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

"'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailéd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light.
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said —
'And they answered not our cheer.
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay:
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,

Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!—
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose, the morrow morn.

BYRON.

[MODERN GREECE.]

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO II

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men — art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild:
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields;

There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord,
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene — what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore:
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth·
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste:
But spare its relics — let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already now defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed.
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So mayst thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

[VENICE.]

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; — her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier:
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion, where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns —
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt

From Power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not *bridled!* — Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory, — a new Tyre, —
Her very byword sprung from victory,
The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark, 'gainst the Ottomite;
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass — all shiver'd — the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands — his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt — he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud heroic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations, — most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean Queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood — she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

[CASCATA DEL MARMORE.]

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV.

LXIX

THE roar of waters! — from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald: — how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent,
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings through the vale: — Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread, — a matchless cataract,

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, when all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

[THE COLISEUM.]

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV.

CXL.

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday —
All this rush'd with his blood — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain-stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void — seats crush'd — walls bow'd —
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd;
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

[THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.]

MANFRED, ACT III., SCENE 4.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering — upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber: and,
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. — Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. —
'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

[ST. PETER'S.]

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV.

CLIII.

But lo! the dome — the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell —
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle —
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell

The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone — with nothing like to thee —
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest — but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows — but grows to harmonize —
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles — richer painting — shrines where flame
The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground — and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye — so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault — but thine: Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp — and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

[THE OCEAN.]

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV.

CLXXVIII.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The Oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp — and what is writ is writ —
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been — and my visions flit
Less palpably before me — and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were — with *you*, the moral of his strain.

[THE ISLES OF GREECE.]

DON JUAN, CANTO III.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these;
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies:
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

KEATS.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his death-bell rung;

The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

IV.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvéd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, soul-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white,
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

X.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords

Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away," — "Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a — well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an agéd crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painéd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storéd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with agéd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charméd maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warméd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;

Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! — how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone: —
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spicéd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icéd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in wooféd phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,

At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose:
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the icéd gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivéd thing; —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunéd wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassailers will never heed; —
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see —
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one and one, the bolts full easy slide:
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rime,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen:
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

SHELLEY.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on —
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind, the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet?

What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat?
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
Then 'twill wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no.
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews', as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides.
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapour, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony.
To such a one this morn was led,
My bark by soft winds piloted.
'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan,
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Thro' the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Thro' the broken mist they sail,
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;

And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves,
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state;
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aërial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourished worms
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering.
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chained like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime.
If not, perish thou and they! —
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away —
Earth can spare ye; while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.

Perish — let there only be
Floating o'er thy hearthless sea
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan; —
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung

From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror. What though yet
Poesy's unfailing River,
Which thro' Albion winds for ever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred Poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own? oh, rather say
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul?
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakespere's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly; — so thou art
Mighty spirit! so shall be
The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingéd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height.
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud
Many-doméd Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain

In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heaped upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest home.
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore—
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray.
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth:
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born;
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear; — so thou,
O Tyranny, beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest.
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now.
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky.

And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden
With his morning-wingéd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song, —
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingéd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)

Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony:
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulph; even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood:

They, not it would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, —
  The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
  With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
  Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
  While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
  And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
  I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
  The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
  Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
  And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
  I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
  From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, — we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SONNET.—TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gathered rains descend
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend;
Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
And they are thine, O Nile — and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware, O Man — for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

SONNET.—OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

WORDSWORTH.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode —
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace

Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind —
Thus beating up against the wind.
  What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father — anything to thee!
  Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence

I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory: feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,

And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone. These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being. Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

LAODAMIA.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore; —
Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis He!
And a God leads him, wingéd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamía! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts — but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;
Speak; and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow —" "Peace!" he said, —
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given: — I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovéd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod — these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend —
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love." —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung — 'tis vain:
The hours are past — too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday: —
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his Father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;

From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

SONNET. — TO MILTON.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

MACAULAY.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
  From many a fruitful plain;

From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;

Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
'Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.'

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten:

Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways:
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For agéd folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine.

And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly:
'The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.'

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
'To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here.'
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners,
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left, false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.

'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down:
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?'

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

'And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?'

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

XXXI.

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:

And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,

Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accurséd sail.'

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes,
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?'

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.

The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.

There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
'Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.'

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way,
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
Loud cried the Fathers all;
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!'

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

LIX.

'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!'

'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.'

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;

And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
  With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
  Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
  And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
  By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
  Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
  Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
  And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
  Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
  Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides —
  To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
  Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
  Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
  One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
  At last, at last, unite them there!

MARI MAGNO, OR TALES ON BOARD.

[PROLOGUE.]

A YOUTH was I. An elder friend with me,
'Twas in September o'er the autumnal sea
We went; the wide Atlantic ocean o'er
Two amongst many the strong steamer bore.
  Delight it was to feel that wondrous force
That held us steady to our purposed course
The burning resolute victorious will
'Gainst winds and waves that strive unwavering still.
Delight it was with each returning day
To learn the ship had won upon her way
Her sum of miles, — delight were mornings grey
And gorgeous eves, — nor was it less delight,
On each more temperate and favouring night,
Friend with familiar or with new-found friend,
To pace the deck, and o'er the bulwarks bend,
And the night watches in long converse spend;
While still new subjects and new thoughts arise
Amidst the silence of the seas and skies.
  Amongst the mingled multitude a few,
Some three or four, towards us early drew;
We proved each other with a day or two;
Night after night some three or four we walked,
And talked, and talked, and infinitely talked.
  Of the New England ancient blood was one;
His youthful spurs in letters he had won,
Unspoilt by that, to Europe late had come, —
Hope long deferred, — and went unspoilt by Europe home.
What racy tales of Yankeeland he had!
Up-country girl, up-country farmer lad;
The regnant clergy of the time of old
In wig and gown; — tales not to be retold

By me. I could but spoil were I to tell:
Himself must do it who can do it well.
An English clergyman came spick and span
In black and white — a large well-favored man,
Fifty years old, as near as one could guess.
He looked the dignitary more or less.
A rural dean, I said, he was, at least,
Canon perhaps; at many a good man's feast
A guest had been, among the choicest there.
Manly his voice and manly was his air:
At the first sight you felt he had not known
The things pertaining to his cloth alone.
Chairman of Quarter Sessions had he been?
Serious and calm, 'twas plain he much had seen,
Had miscellaneous large experience had
Of human acts, good, half and half, and bad.
Serious and calm, yet lurked, I know not why,
At times, a softness in his voice and eye.
Some shade of ill a prosperous life had crossed;
Married no doubt: a wife or child had lost?
He never told us why he passed the sea.
My guardian friend was now at thirty-three,
A rising lawyer — ever, at the best,
Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed;
Succeeding now, yet just, and only just,
His new success he never seemed to trust.
By nature he to gentlest thoughts inclined,
To most severe had disciplined his mind;
He held it duty to be half unkind.
Bitter, they said, who but the exterior knew;
In friendship never was a friend so true:
The unwelcome fact he did not shrink to tell,
The good, if fact, he recognized as well.
Stout to maintain, if not the first to see;
In conversation who so great as he?
Leading but seldom, always sure to guide;
To false or silly, if 'twas borne aside,
His quick correction silent he expressed,
And stopped you short, and forced you to your best.

Often, I think, he suffered from some pain
Of mind, that on the body worked again;
One felt it in his sort of half-disdain,
Impatient not, but acrid in his speech;
The world with him her lesson failed to teach
To take things easily and let them go.
He, for what special fitness I scarce know,
For which good quality, or if for all,
With less of reservation and recall
And speedier favor than I e'er had seen,
Took as we called him, to the rural dean.
As grew the gourd, as grew the stalk of bean,
So swift it seemed, betwixt these differing two
A stately trunk of confidence up-grew.
Of marriage long one night they held discourse
Regarding it in different ways, of course.
Marriage is discipline, the wise had said,
A needful human discipline to wed;
Novels of course depict it final bliss, —
Say, had it ever really once been this?
Our Yankee friend (whom, ere the night was done,
We called New England or the Pilgrim Son),
A little tired, made bold to interfere;
"Appeal," he said, "to me; my sentence hear.
You'll reason on till night and reason fail;
My judgment is you each shall tell a tale;
And as on marriage you cannot agree,
Of love and marriage let the stories be."
Sentence delivered, as the younger man,
My lawyer friend was called on and began.

THE LAWYER'S FIRST TALE.

LOVE IS FELLOW-SERVICE.

A YOUTH and maid upon a summer night
Upon the lawn, while yet the skies were light,
Edmund and Emma, let their names be these,
Among the shrubs within the circling trees,

Joined in a game with boys and girls at play:
For games perhaps too old a little they;
In April she her eighteenth year begun,
And twenty he, and near to twenty-one.
A game it was of running and of noise;
He as a boy, with other girls and boys
(Her sisters and her brothers), took the fun;
And when her turn, she marked not, came to run,
"Emma," he called, — then knew that he was wrong,
Knew that her name to him did not belong.
Her look and manner proved his feeling true, —
A child no more, her womanhood she knew;
Half was the color mounted on her face,
Her tardy movement had an adult grace.
Vexed with himself, and shamed, he felt the more
A kind of joy he ne'er had felt before.
Something there was that from this date began;
'Twas beautiful with her to be a man.

Two years elapsed, and he who went and came,
Changing in much, in this appeared the same;
The feeling, if it did not greatly grow,
Endured and was not wholly hid below.
He now, o'ertasked at school, a serious boy,
A sort of after-boyhood to enjoy
Appeared — in vigor and in spirit high
And manly grown, but kept the boy's soft eye:
And full of blood, and strong and lithe of limb,
To him 'twas pleasure now to ride, to swim;
The peaks, the glens, the torrents tempted him.
Restless he seemed, — long distances would walk,
And lively was, and vehement in talk.
A wandering life his life had lately been,
Books he had read, the world had little seen.
One former frailty haunted him, a touch
Of something introspective overmuch.
With all his eager motions still there went
A self-correcting and ascetic bent,
That from the obvious good still led astray,
And set him travelling on the longest way;

Seen in these scattered notes their date that claim
When first his feeling conscious sought a name.
"Beside the wishing gate which so they name,
'Mid northern hills to me this fancy came,
A wish I formed, my wish I thus expressed:
Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,
And know to wish the wish that were the best!
O for some winnowing wind, to the empty air
This chaff of easy sympathies to bear
Far off, and leave me of myself aware!
While thus this over health deludes me still,
So willing that I know not what I will;
O for some friend, or more than friend, austere,
To make me know myself, and make me fear!
O for some touch, too noble to be kind,
To awake to life the mind within the mind!"
"O charms, seductions and divine delights!
All through the radiant yellow summer nights,
Dreams, hardly dreams, that yield or e'er they're done,
To the bright fact, my day, my risen sun!
O promise and fulfilment, both in one!
O bliss, already bliss, which naught has shared,
Whose glory no fruition has impaired,
And, emblem of my state, thou coming day,
With all thy hours unspent to pass away!
Why do I wait? What more propose to know?
Where the sweet mandate bids me, let me go;
My conscience in my impulse let me find,
Justification in the moving mind,
Law in the strong desire; or yet behind,
Say, is there aught the spell that has not heard,
A something that refuses to be stirred?"
"In other regions has my being heard
Of a strange language the diviner word?
Has some forgotten life the exemplar shown?
Elsewhere such high communion have I known,
As dooms me here, in this, to live alone?
Then love, that shouldest blind me, let me, love,
Nothing behold beyond thee or above;

Ye impulses, that should be strong and wild,
Beguile me, if I am to be beguiled."
"Or are there modes of love, and different kinds,
Proportioned to the sizes of our minds?
There are who say thus, I held there was one,
One love, one deity, one central sun;
As he resistless brings the expanding day,
So love should come on his victorious way.
If light at all, can light indeed be there,
Yet only permeate half the ambient air?
Can the high noon be regnant in the sky,
Yet half the land in light, and half in darkness lie?
Can love, if love, be occupant in part,
Hold, as it were, some chambers in the heart;
Tenant at will of so much of the soul,
Not lord and mighty master of the whole?
There are who say, and say that it is well;
Opinion all, of knowledge none can tell."
"Montaigne, I know in a realm high above
Places the seat of friendship over love;
'Tis not in love that we should think to find
The lofty fellowship of mind with mind;
Love's not a joy where soul and soul unite,
Rather a wondrous animal delight;
And as in spring, for one consummate hour
The world of vegetation turns to flower,
The birds with liveliest plumage trim their wing,
And all the woodland listens as they sing;
When spring is o'er and summer days are sped,
The songs are silent, and the blossoms dead:
E'en so of man and woman is the bliss.
O, but I will not tamely yield to this!
I think it only shows us in the end,
Montaigne was happy in a noble friend,
Had not the fortune of a noble wife;
He lived, I think, a poor ignoble life,
And wrote of petty pleasures, petty pain;
I do not greatly think about Montaigne."
"How charming to be with her! Yet indeed,

After a while I find a blank succeed:
After a while she little has to say,
I'm silent too, although I wish to stay;
What would it be all day, day after day?
Ah! but I ask, I do not doubt, too much;
I think of love as if it should be such
As to fulfil and occupy in whole
The naught-else-seeking, naught-essaying soul.
Therefore it is my mind with doubts I urge;
Hence are these fears and shiverings on the verge;
By books, not nature, thus have we been schooled,
By poetry and novels been befooled;
Wiser tradition says, the affections' claim
Will be supplied, the rest will be the same.
I think too much of love, 'tis true: I know
It is not all, was ne'er intended so;
Yet such a change, so entire, I feel, 'twould be,
So potent, so omnipotent with me;
My former self I never should recall, —
Indeed I think it must be all in all."

"I thought that Love was winged; without a sound,
His purple pinions bore him o'er the ground,
Wafted without an effort here or there,
He came — and we too trod as if in air: —
But panting, toiling, clambering up the hill,
Am I to assist him? I, put forth my will
To upbear his lagging footsteps, lame and slow,
And help him on and tell him where to go,
And ease him of his quiver and his bow?"

"Erction! I saw it in a book;
Why did I notice it, why did I look?
Yea, is it so, ye powers that see above?
I do not love, I want, I try to love!
This is not love, but lack of love instead!
Merciless thought! I would I had been dead,
Or e'er the phrase had come into my head."

She also wrote: and here may find a place,
Of her and of her thoughts some slender trace.

"He is not vain; if proud, he quells his pride,

And somehow really likes to be defied;
Rejoices if you humble him: indeed
Gives way at once, and leaves you to succeed."
"Easy it were with such a mind to play,
And foolish not to do so, some would say;
One almost smiles to look and see the way:
But come what will, I will not play a part,
Indeed, I dare not condescend to art."
"Easy 'twere not, perhaps, with him to live;
He looks for more than anyone can give:
So dulled at times and disappointed; still
Expecting what depends not of my will:
My inspiration comes not at my call,
Seek me as I am, if seek you do at all."
"Like him I do, and think of him I must;
But more — I dare not and I cannot trust.
This more he brings — say, is it more or less
Than that no fruitage ever came to bless, —
The old wild flower of love-in-idleness?"
"Me when he leaves and others when he sees,
What is my fate who am not there to please?
Me he has left; already may have seen
One, who for me forgotten here has been;
And he, the while is balancing between.
If the heart spoke, the heart I knew were bound;
What if it utter an uncertain sound?"
"So quick to vary, so rejoiced to change,
From this to that his feelings surely range;
His fancies wander, and his thoughts as well;
And if the heart be constant, who can tell?
Far off to fly, to abandon me, and go,
He seems returning then before I know:
With every accident he seems to move,
Is now below me and is now above,
Now far aside, — O, does he really love?"
"Absence were hard; yet let the trial be;
His nature's aim and purpose he would free,
And in the world his course of action see.
O should he lose, not learn; pervert his scope;

O should I lose! and yet to win I hope.
I win not now; his way if now I went,
Brief joy I gave, for years of discontent."
"Gone, is it true? but oft he went before,
And came again before a month was o'er.
Gone — though I could not venture upon art,
It was perhaps a foolish pride in part;
He had such ready fancies in his head,
And really was so easy to be led;
One might have failed; and yet I feel 'twas pride,
And can't but half repent I never tried.
Gone, is it true? but he again will come,
Wandering he loves, and loves returning home."
Gone, it was true; nor came so soon again,
Came, after travelling, pleasure half, half pain,
Came, but a half of Europe first o'erran;
Arrived, his father found a ruined man.
Rich they had been, and rich was Emma too.
Heiress of wealth she knew not, Edmund knew.
Farewell to her! — In a new home obscure,
Food for his helpless parents to secure,
From early morning to advancing dark,
He toiled and labored as a merchant's clerk.
Three years his heavy load he bore, nor quailed,
Then all his health, though scarce his spirit, failed;
Friends interposed, insisted it must be,
Enforced their help, and sent him to the sea.
Wandering about with little here to do,
His old thoughts mingling dimly with his new,
Wandering one morn, he met upon the shore,
Her, whom he quitted five long years before.
Alas! why quitted? Say that charms are naught,
Nor grace, nor beauty worth one serious thought;
Was there no mystic virtue in the sense
That joined your boyish girlish innocence?
Is constancy a thing to throw away,
And loving faithfulness a chance of every day?
Alas! why quitted? is she changed? but now
The weight of intellect is in her brow;

Changed, or but truer seen, one sees in her
Something to wake the soul, the interior sense to stir.
  Alone they met, from alien eyes away,
The high shore hid them in a tiny bay.
Alone was he, was she; in sweet surprise
They met, before they knew it, in their eyes.
In his a wondering admiration glowed,
In hers, a world of tenderness o'erflowed;
In a brief moment all was known and seen,
That of slow years the wearying work had been:
Morn's early odorous breath perchance in sooth,
Awoke the old natural feeling of their youth:
The sea, perchance, and solitude had charms,
They met — I know not — in each other's arms.
  Why linger now — why waste the sands of life?
A few sweet weeks, and they were man and wife.
  To his old frailty do not be severe,
His latest theory with patience hear:
"I sought not, truly would to seek disdain,
A kind, soft pillow for a wearying pain,
Fatigues and cares to lighten, to relieve;
But love is fellow-service, I believe."
"No, truly no, it was not to obtain,
Though that alone were happiness, were gain,
A tender breast to fall upon and weep,
A heart, the secrets of my heart to keep;
To share my hopes, and in my griefs to grieve;
Yet love is fellow-service, I believe."
  "Yet in the eye of life's all-seeing sun
We shall behold a something we have done,
Shall of the work together we have wrought,
Beyond our aspiration and our thought,
Some not unworthy issue yet receive;
For love is fellow-service, I believe."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY.

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head;
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late —
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use —
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn —
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield

Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book —
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
"And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more. —
But rumors hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,

And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy trace;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground:
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met,
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,

Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air —
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood —
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly —
The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall —
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what — I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe

That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe;
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid —
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

— No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are — what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire;
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead!
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst — what we, alas! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
brings.
O life unlike to ours!
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,

And each half lives a hundred different lives;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day —
Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?

Yes, we await it! — but it still delays,
And then we suffer! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear;
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbor to despair —
But none has hope like thine!
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,

With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife —
Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade —
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
— As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægæan isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine —
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves —
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go —
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain —
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."

I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,

Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side —
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

BROWNING.

A TRANSCRIPT FROM EURIPIDES.

THERE slept a silent palace in the sun,
With plains adjacent and Thessalian peace —
Pherai, where King Admetos ruled the land. . . .

"What now may mean the silence at the door?
Why is Admetos' mansion stricken dumb?
Not one friend near, to say if we should mourn
Our mistress dead, or if Alkestis lives
And sees the light still, Pelias' child — to me
To all, conspicuously the best of wives
That ever was toward husband in this world!
Hears anyone or wail beneath the roof,
Or hands that strike each other, or the groan
Announcing all is done and naught to dread?
Still not a servant stationed at the gates!
O Paian, that thou would'st dispart the wave
O' the woe, be present! Yet, had woe o'erwhelmed
The housemates, they were hardly silent thus:
It cannot be, the dead is forth and gone.
Whence comes thy gleam of hope? I dare not hope:
What is the circumstance that heartens thee?
How could Admetos have dismissed a wife
So worthy, unescorted to the grave?
Before the gates I see no hallowed vase
Of fountain water, such as suits death's door;
Nor any clipt locks strew the vestibule,
Though surely these drop when we grieve the dead,
Nor hand sounds smitten against youthful hand,

The women's way. And yet — the appointed time
How speak the word? — this day is even the day
Ordained her for departing from its light.
O touch calamitous to heart and soul!
Needs must one, when the good are tortured so,
Sorrow, — one reckoned faithful from the first." . . .

So wailed they, while a sad procession wound
Slow from the innermost o' the palace, stopped
At the extreme verge of the platform-front:
There opened, and disclosed Alkestis' self,
The consecrated lady, borne to look
Her last — and let the living look their last —
She at the sun, we at Alkestis. . . .

"Sun, and thou light of day, and heavenly dance
O' the fleet cloud-figure!" (so her passion paused,
While the awe-stricken husband made his moan,
Muttered now this, now that ineptitude:
"Sun that sees thee and me, a suffering pair,
Who did the Gods no wrong whence thou should'st die!")
Then, as if caught up, carried in their course,
Fleeting and free as cloud and sunbeam are,
She missed no happiness that lay beneath:
"O thou wide earth, from these my palace roofs,
To distant nuptial chambers once my own
In that Iolkos of my ancestry!" —
There the flight failed her. "Raise thee, wretched one!
Give us not up! Pray pity from the Gods!"

Vainly Admetos: for "I see it — see
The two-oared boat! The ferryer of the dead,
Charon, hand hard upon the boatman's-pole,
Calls me — even now calls — 'Why delayest thou?
Quick! Thou obstructest all made ready here
For prompt departure: quick, then!'"
"Woe is me!
A bitter voyage this to undergo,
Even i' the telling! Adverse Powers above,
How do ye plague us!"

Then a shiver ran:
"He has me — seest not? — hales me, — who is it? —
To the hall o' the Dead — ah, who but Hades' self,
He, with the wings there, glares at me, one gaze,
All that blue brilliance, under the eyebrow!
What wilt thou do? Unhand me! Such a way
I have to traverse, all unhappy one!"

"Way — piteous to my friends, but, most of all,
Me and thy children: ours assuredly
A common partnership in grief like this!"

Whereat they closed about her; but "Let be!
Leave, let me lie now! Strength forsakes my feet.
Hades is here, and shadowy on my eyes
Comes the night creeping. Children — children, now
Indeed, a mother is no more for you!
Farewell, O children, long enjoy the light!"

"Ah me, the melancholy word I hear,
Oppressive beyond every kind of death!
No, by the Deities, take heart nor dare
To give me up — no, by our children too
Made orphans of! But rise, be resolute,
Since, thou departed, I no more remain!
For in thee are we bound up, to exist
Or cease to be — so we adore thy love!"

— Which brought out truth to judgment. At this word
And protestation, all the truth in her
Claimed to assert itself: she waved away
The blue-eyed, black-wing'd phantom, held in check
The advancing pageantry of Hades there,
And, with no change in her own countenance,
She fixed her eyes on the protesting man,
And let her lips unlock their sentence, — so!
"Admetos, — how things go with me thou seest, —
I wish to tell thee, ere I die, what things
I wish should follow. I — to honor thee,

Secure for thee, by my own soul's exchange,
Continued looking on the daylight here —
Die for thee — yet, if so I pleased, might live,
Nay, wed what man of Thessaly I would,
And dwell i' the dome with pomp and queenliness.
I would not, — would not live bereft of thee,
With children orphaned, neither shrank at all,
Though having gifts of youth wherein I joyed.
Yet, who begot thee and who gave thee birth,
Both of these gave thee up; no less, a term
Of life was reached when death became them well,
Ay, well — to save their child and glorious die:
Since thou wast all they had, nor hope remained
Of having other children in thy place.
So, I and thou had lived out our full time,
Nor thou, left lonely of thy wife, wouldst groan
With children reared in orphanage: but thus
Some God disposed things, willed they so should be.
Be they so! Now do thou remember this,
Do me in turn a favor — favor, since
Certainly I shall never claim my due,
For nothing is more precious than a life:
But a fit favor, as thyself wilt say,
Loving our children here no less than I,
If head and heart be sound in thee at least.
Uphold them, make them masters of my house,
Nor wed and give a step-dame to the pair,
Who, being a worse wife than I, through spite
Will raise her hand against both thine and mine.
Never do this at least, I pray to thee!
For hostile the new-comer, the step-dame,
To the old brood — a very viper she
For gentleness! Here stand they, boy and girl;
The boy has got a father, a defence
Tower-like, he speaks to and has answer from:
But thou, my girl, how will thy virginhood
Conclude itself in marriage fittingly?
Upon what sort of sire-found yoke-fellow
Art thou to chance? With all to apprehend —

Lest, casting on thee some unkind report,
She blast thy nuptials in the bloom of youth.
For neither shall thy mother watch thee wed,
Nor hearten thee in child-birth, standing by
Just when a mother's presence helps the most.
No, for I have to die: and this my ill
Comes to me, nor to-morrow, no, nor yet
The third day of the month, but now, even now,
I shall be reckoned among those no more.
Farewell, be happy! And to thee, indeed,
Husband, the boast remains permissible
Thou hadst a wife was worthy! And to you,
Children; as good a mother gave you birth." . . .

[*Admetos promises to care tenderly for the children and never to wed again. Alkestis then continues:*]

"O children, now yourselves have heard these things —
Your father saying he will never wed
Another woman to be over you,
Nor yet dishonor me!"

"And now at least
I say it, and I will accomplish, too!"

"Then, for such promise of accomplishment,
Take from my hand these children!"

"Thus I take —
Dear gift from the dear hand!"

"Do thou become
Mother, now, to these children in my place!"

"Great the necessity I should be so,
At least, to these bereaved of thee!"

"Child — child!
Just when I needed most to live, below
Am I departing from you both!"

"Ah me!
And what shall I do, then, left lonely thus?"

"Time will appease thee: who is dead is naught."
"Take me with thee — take, by the Gods below!"
"We are sufficient, we who die for thee."
"Oh, Powers, ye widow me of what a wife!"
"And truly the dimmed eye draws earthward now!"
"Wife, if thou leav'st me, I am lost indeed!"
"She once was — now is nothing, thou mayst say."
"Raise thy face, nor forsake thy children thus!"
"Ah, willingly indeed I leave them not!
But — fare ye well, my children!"
"Look on them — Look!"
"I am nothingness."
"What dost thou? Leav'st . . ."
"Farewell!"
And in the breath she passed away.
"Undone — me miserable!" moaned the king,
While friends released the long-suspended sigh.
"Gone is she: no wife for Admetos more!" . . .

[*The chorus then laments the death of Alkestis, when*]

A great voice —
"My hosts here!"
Oh, the thrill that ran through us!
Never was aught so good and opportune!
As that great interrupting voice. For see!
Here maundered this dispirited old age
Before the palace: whence a something crept
Which told us well enough without a word
What was a-doing inside, — every touch
O' the garland on those temples, tenderest
Disposure of each arm along its side,
Came putting out what warmth i' the world was left.
Then, as it happens at a sacrifice

When, drop by drop, some lustral bath is brimmed:
Into the thin and clear and cold, at once
They slaughter a whole wine-skin; Bacchos' blood
Sets the white water all aflame: even so,
Sudden into the midst of sorrow, leapt
Along with the gay cheer of that great voice,
Hope, joy, salvation: Herakles was here!
Himself, o' the threshold, sent his voice on first
To herald all that human and divine
I' the weary happy face of him, — half God,
Half man, which made the god-part God the more.

"Hosts mine," he broke upon the sorrow with,
"Inhabitants of this Pheraian soil,
Chance I upon Admetos inside here?"

The irresistible sound wholesome heart
O' the hero, — more than all the mightiness
At labor in the limbs that, for man's sake,
Labored and meant to labor their life-long, —
This drove back, dried up sorrow at its source.
How could it brave the happy weary laugh
Of who had bantered sorrow "Sorrow here?
What have you done to keep your friend from harm?
Could no one give the life I see he keeps?
Or, say there's sorrow here past friendly help,
Why waste a word or let a tear escape
While other sorrows wait you in the world,
And want the life of you, though helpless here?"
Clearly there was no telling such an one
How, when their monarch tried who loved him more
Than he loved them, and found they loved, as he,
Each man, himself, and held, no otherwise,
That, of all evils in the world, the worst
Was — being forced to die, whate'er death gain:
How all this selfishness in him and them
Caused certain sorrow which they sang about, —
I think that Herakles, who held his life
Out on his hand, for any man to take —
I think his laugh had marred their threnody.

"He is in the house," they answered. After all,
They might have told the story, talked their best
About the inevitable sorrow here,
Nor changed nor checked the kindly nature, — no!
So long as men were merely weak, not bad,
He loved men: were they Gods he used to help?
"Yea, Pheres' son is in-doors, Herakles." . . .

. . "Look where comes the lord o' the land, himself,
Admetos, from the palace!" they outbroke
In some surprise, as well as much relief.
What had induced the king to waive his right
And luxury of woe in loneliness?

Out he came quietly; the hair was clipt,
And the garb sable; else no outward sign
Of sorrow as he came and faced his friend.
Was truth fast terrifying tears away?
"Hail, child of Zeus, and sprung from Perseus too!"
The salutation ran without a fault.

"And thou, Admetos, King of Thessaly!"

"Would, as thou wishest me, the grace might fall!
But my good-wisher, that thou art, I know." . . .

"Alas, Admetos — would we found thee gay,
Not grieving!"

"What as if about to do
Subjoinest thou that comment?"

"I shall seek
Another hearth, proceed to other hosts."

"Never, O king, shall that be! No such ill
Betide me."

'Nay, to mourners should there come
A guest, he proves importunate!"

"The dead —
Dead are they: but go thou within my house!"

"'Tis base carousing beside friends who mourn."

"The guest-rooms, whither we shall lead thee, lie
Apart from ours."

"Nay, let me go my way!
Ten-thousandfold the favor I shall thank!"

"It may not be thou goest to the hearth
Of any man but me!" so made an end
Admetos, softly and decisively,
Of the altercation. Herakles forbore:
And the king bade a servant lead the way,
Open the guest-rooms ranged remote from view
O' the main hall, tell the functionaries, too,
They had to furnish forth a plenteous feast:
And then shut close the doors o' the hall, midway,
"Because it is not proper friends who feast
Should hear a groaning or be grieved," quoth he.

Whereat the hero, who was truth itself,
Let out the smile again, repressed awhile
Like fountain-brilliance one forbids to play.
He did too many grandnesses, to note
Much in the meaner things about his path:
And stepping there, with face towards the sun,
Stopped seldom to pluck weeds or ask their names.
Therefore he took Admetos at the word:
This trouble must not hinder any more
A true heart from good will and pleasant ways.
And so, the great arm, which had slain the snake,
Strained his friend's head a moment in embrace
On that broad breast beneath the lion's hide,
Till the king's cheek winced at the thick rough gold;
And then strode off, with who had care of him,
To the remote guest-chamber: glad to give
Poor flesh and blood their respite and relief
In the interval 'twixt fight and fight again —
All for the world's sake. Our eyes followed him,

Be sure, till those mid-doors shut us outside.
The king, too, watched great Herakles go off
All faith, love, and obedience to a friend.

[*When Herakles goes off to refresh himself, Admetos maintains to the chorus that to have forced away a guest, even under the present sad circumstances, would have been an unpardonable breach of hospitality. Enter Pheres, the father of Admetos; they fall into a furious quarrel, the son reproaching the father for his selfishness in refusing to save his offspring by dying; the father declaring . . .*]

Never did I receive it as a law
Hereditary, no, nor Greek at all,
That sires in place of sons were bound to die.

[*When the wrangle dies out, the funeral procession of Alkestis moves off to the tomb. Soon after this, Herakles learns from an ancient servant the real cause of Admetos' grief, thus far carefully concealed by him from his guest. Thereupon Herakles breaks out . . .*]

"But I divined it! seeing as I did,
His eye that ran with tears, his close-clipt hair,
His countenance! Though he persuaded me,
Saying it was a stranger's funeral
He went with to the grave: against my wish,
He forced on me that I should enter doors,
Drink in the hall o' the hospitable man
Circumstanced so! And do I revel yet
With wreath on head? But — thou to hold thy peace,
Nor tell me what a woe oppressed my friend!
Where is he gone to bury her? Where am I
To go and find her?"

"By the road that leads
Straight to Larissa, thou wilt see the tomb,
Out of the suburb, a carved sepulchre."

So said he, and therewith dismissed himself
Inside to his lamenting: somewhat soothed,
However, that he had adroitly spoilt
The mirth of the great creature: oh, he marked
The movement of the mouth, how lip pressed lip,

And either eye forgot to shine, as, fast,
He plucked the chaplet from his forehead, dashed
The myrtle-sprays down, trod them underfoot!
And all the joy and wonder of the wine
Withered away, like fire from off a brand
The wind blows over — beacon though it be,
Whose merry ardor only meant to make
Somebody all the better for its blaze,
And save lost people in the dark: quenched now!

Not long quenched! As the flame, just hurried off
The brand's edge, suddenly renews its bite,
Tasting some richness caked i' the core o' the tree, —
Pine, with a blood that's oil, — and triumphs up
Pillar-wise to the sky and saves the world:
So, in a spasm and splendor of resolve,
All at once did the God surmount the man.

"O much-enduring heart and hand of mine!
Now show what sort of son she bore to Zeus,
That daughter of Elektruon, Tiruns' child,
Alkmené! for that son must needs save now
The just-dead lady: ay, established here
I' the house again Alkestis, bring about
Comfort and succor to Admetos so!
I will go lie in wait for Death, black-stoled
King of the corpses! I shall find him, sure,
Drinking, beside the tomb, o' the sacrifice:
And if I lie in ambuscade, and leap
Out of my lair, and seize — encircle him
Till one hand join the other round about —
There lives not who shall pull him out from me,
Rib-mauled, before he let the woman go!
But even say I miss the booty, — say,
Death comes not to the boltered blood, — why then,
Down go I, to the unsunned dwelling-place
Of Koré and the king there, — make demand,
Confident I shall bring Alkestis back,
So as to put her in the hands of him

My host, that housed me, never drove me off:
Though stricken with sore sorrow, hid the stroke,
Being a noble heart and honoring me!
Who of Thessalians, more than this man, loves
The stranger? Who, that now inhabits Greece?
Wherefore he shall not say the man was vile
Whom he befriended, — native noble heart!"

So, one look upward, as if Zeus might laugh
Approval of his human progeny, —
One summons of the whole magnific frame,
Each sinew to its service, — up he caught,
And over shoulder cast, the lion-shag,
Let the club go, — for had he not those hands?
And so went striding off, on that straight way
Leads to Larissa and the suburb tomb.
Gladness be with thee, Helper of our world!
I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow: drops like seed
After the blossom, ultimate of all.
Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun?
Surely it has no other end and aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there:
And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,
More joy and most joy, — do man good again.

So, to the struggle off strode Herakles.
When silence closed behind the lion-garb,
Back came our dull fact settling in its place,
Though heartiness and passion half-dispersed
The inevitable fate. And presently
In came the mourners from the funeral,
One after one, until we hoped the last
Would be Alkestis and so end our dream.
Could they have really left Alkestis lone
I' the wayside sepulchre? Home, all save she?

And when Admetos felt that it was so,
By the stand-still: when he lifted head and face
From the two hiding hands and peplos' fold,
And looked forth, knew the palace, knew the hills,
Knew the plains, knew the friendly frequence there,
And no Alkestis any more again,
Why, the whole woe billow-like broke on him.

"O hateful entry, hateful countenance
O' the widowed halls," — he moaned. What was to be?
Go there? Stay here? Speak, not speak? All was now
Mad and impossible alike; one way
And only one was sane and safe — to die:
Now he was made aware how dear is death,
How lovable the dead are, how the heart
Yearns in us to go hide where they repose,
When we find sunbeams do no good to see,
Nor earth rests rightly where our footsteps fall.
His wife had been to him the very pledge,
Sun should be sun, earth — earth; the pledge was robbed,
Pact broken, and the world was left no world.
He stared at the impossible, mad life:
Stood, while they urged "Advance — advance! Go deep
Into the utter dark, thy palace-core!"
They tried what they called comfort, — "touched the quick
Of the ulceration in his soul," he said,
With memories, — "once thy joy was thus and thus!"
True comfort were to let him fling himself
Into the hollow grave o' the tomb, and so
Let him lie dead along with all he loved. . . .

[*The chorus attempts consolation, but is interrupted by the return of Herakles.*]

Ay, he it was advancing! In he strode,
And took his stand before Admetos, — turned
Now by despair to such a quietude,
He neither raised his face nor spoke, this time,
The while his friend surveyed him steadily.
That friend looked rough with fighting: had he strained
Worst brute to breast was ever strangled yet?

Somehow, a victory — for there stood the strength,
Happy, as always; something grave, perhaps;
The great vein-cordage on the fret-worked front,
Black-swollen, beaded yet with battle-dew
The yellow hair o' the hero! — his big frame
A-quiver with each muscle sinking back
Into the sleepy smooth it leaped from late.
Under the great guard of one arm, there leant
A shrouded something, live and woman-like,
Propped by the heartbeats 'neath the lion-coat.
When he had finished his survey, it seemed,
The heavings of the heart began subside,
The helpful breath returned, and last the smile
Shone out, all Herakles was back again,
As the words followed the saluting hand.

"To friendly man, behoves we freely speak,
Admetos! — nor keep buried, deep in breast,
Blame we leave silent. I assuredly
Judge myself proper, if I should approach
By accident calamities of thine,
To be demonstrably thy friend: but thou
Told'st me not of the corpse then claiming care,
That was thy wife's, but didst install me guest
I' the house here, as though busied with a grief
Indeed, but then, mere grief beyond thy gate:
And so, I crowned my head, and to the Gods
Poured my libations in thy dwelling-place,
With such misfortune round me. And I blame —
Certainly blame thee, having suffered thus!
But still I would not pain thee, pained enough:
So let it pass! Wherefore I seek thee now,
Having turned back again though onward bound,
That I will tell thee. Take and keep for me
This woman, till I come thy way again,
Driving before me, having killed the king
O' the Bistones, that drove of Thrakian steeds:
In such case, give the woman back to me!
But should I fare, — as fare I fain would not,

Seeing I hope to prosper and return, —
Then, I bequeath her as thy household slave.
She came into my hands with good hard toil!
For, what find I, when started on my course,
But certain people, a whole country-side,
Holding a wrestling-bout? as good to me
As a new labor: whence I took, and here
Come keeping with me, this, the victor's prize.
For, such as conquered in the easy work,
Gained horses which they drove away: and such
As conquered in the harder, — those who boxed
And wrestled, — cattle; and, to crown the prize,
A woman followed. Chancing as I did,
Base were it to forego this fame and gain!
Well, as I said, I trust her to thy care:
No woman I have kidnapped, understand!
But good hard toil has done it: here I come!
Some day, who knows? even thou wilt praise the feat!"

Admetos raised his face and eyed the pair:
Then, hollowly and with submission, spoke,
And spoke again, and spoke time after time,
When he perceived the silence of his friend
Would not be broken by consenting word.
As a tired slave goes adding stone to stone
Until he stop some current that molests,
So poor Admetos piled up argument
Vainly against the purpose all too plain
In that great brow acquainted with command.

"Nowise dishonoring, nor amid my foes
Ranking thee, did I hide my wife's ill fate;
But it were grief superimposed on grief,
Shouldst thou have hastened to another home.
My own woe was enough for me to weep!
But, for this woman, — if it so may be, —
Bid some Thessalian, — I entreat thee, king! —
Keep her, — who has not suffered like myself!
Many of the Pheraioi welcome thee.
Be no reminder to me of my ills!

I could not, if I saw her come to live,
Restrain the tear! Inflict on me, diseased,
No new disease: woe bends me down enough!
Then, where could she be sheltered in my house,
Female and young too? For that she is young,
The vesture and adornment prove. Reflect!
Should such an one inhabit the same roof
With men? And how, mixed up, a girl, with youths,
Shall she keep pure, in that case? No light task
To curb the May-day youngster, Herakles!
I only speak because of care for thee.
Or must I, in avoidance of such harm,
Make her to enter, lead her life within
The chamber of the dead one, all apart?
How shall I introduce this other, couch
This where Alkestis lay? A double blame
I apprehend: first, from the citizens —
Lest some tongue of them taunt that I betray
My benefactress, fall into the snare
Of a new fresh face: then, the dead one's self, —
Will she not blame me likewise? Worthy, sure,
Of worship from me! circumspect my ways,
And jealous of a fault, are bound to be.
But thou, — O woman, whosoe'er thou art, —
Know, thou hast all the form, art like as like
Alkestis, in the bodily shape! Ah me!
Take — by the Gods — this woman from my sight,
Lest this undo me, the undone before!
Since I seem — seeing her — as if I saw
My own wife! And confusions cloud my heart,
And from my eyes the springs break forth! Ah me
Unhappy — how I taste for the first time
My misery in all its bitterness!"

Whereat the friends conferred: The chance, in truth,
Was an untoward one — none said otherwise.
Still, what a God comes giving, good or bad,
That, one should take and bear with. "Take her, then!"

Herakles — not unfastening his hold

On that same misery, beyond mistake
Hoarse in the words, convulsive in the face, —
"I would that I had such a power," said he,
"As to lead up into the light again
Thy very wife, and grant thee such a grace!"

"Well do I know thou wouldst: but where the hope?
There is no bringing back the dead to light."

"Be not extravagant in grief, no less!
Bear it, by augury of better things!"

"'Tis easier to advise 'bear up,' than bear!"

"But how carve way i' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning ever for the past?"

"I myself know that: but a certain love
Allures me to the choice I shall not change."

"Ay, but, still loving dead ones, still makes weep."

"And let it be so! She has ruined me,
And still more than I say: that answers all."

"Oh, thou hast lost a brave wife: who disputes?"

"So brave a one — that he whom thou behold'st
Will never more enjoy his life again!"

"Time will assuage! The evil yet is young!"

"Time, thou mayst say, will; if time mean — to die."

"A wife — the longing for new marriage-joys
Will stop thy sorrow!"

"Hush, friend, — hold thy peace!
What hast thou said! I could not credit ear!"

"How then? Thou wilt not marry, then, but keep
A widowed couch?"

"There is not any one
Of womankind shall couch with whom thou seest!"

"D'ost think to profit thus in any way
The dead one?"

"Her, wherever she abide,
My duty is to honor."

"And I praise —
Indeed I praise thee! Still, thou hast to pay
The price of it, in being held a fool!"

"Fool call me — only one name call me not!
Bridegroom!"

"No: it was praise, I portioned thee,
Of being good true husband to thy wife!"

"When I betray her, though she is no more,
May I die!"

And the thing he said was true:
For out of Herakles a great glow broke.
There stood a victor worthy of a prize:
The violet-crown that withers on the brow
Of the half-hearted claimant. Oh, he knew
The signs of battle hard fought and well won,
This queller of the monsters! — knew his friend
Planted firm foot, now, on the loathly thing
That was Admetos late! "would die," he knew,
Ere let the reptile raise its crest again.
If that was truth, why try the true friend more?

"Then, since thou canst be faithful to the death,
Take, deep into thy house, my dame!" smiled he.

"Not so! — I pray, by thy Progenitor!"

"Thou wilt mistake in disobeying me!"

"Obeying thee, I have to break my heart!"

"Obey me! Who knows but the favor done
May fall into its place as duty too?"

So, he was humble, would decline no more
Bearing a burden: he just sighed, "Alas!
Wouldst thou hadst never brought this prize from game!"

"Yet, when I conquered there, thou conqueredst!"

"All excellently urged! Yet — spite of all,
Bear with me! let the woman go away!"

"She shall go, if needs must: but ere she go,
See if there *is* need!"

"Need there is! At least,
Except I make thee angry with me, so!"

"But I persist, because I have my spice
Of intuition likewise: take the dame!"

"Be thou the victor then! But certainly
Thou dost thy friend no pleasure in the act!"

"Oh, time will come when thou shalt praise me! Now —
Only obey!"

"Then, servants, since my house
Must needs receive this woman, take her there!"

"I shall not trust this woman to the care
Of servants."

"Why, conduct her in, thyself,
If that seem preferable!"

"I prefer,
With thy good leave, to place her in thy hands!"

"I would not touch her! Entry to the house —
That, I concede thee."

"To thy sole right hand
I mean to trust her!"

"King! Thou wrenchest this
Out of me by main force, if I submit!"

"Courage, friend! Come, stretch hand forth! Good! Now touch
The stranger-woman!"

"There! A hand I stretch —
As though it meant to cut off Gorgon's head!"

"Hast hold of her?"

"Fast hold."

"Why, then, hold fast
And have her! and, one day, asseverate
Thou wilt, I think, thy friend, the son of Zeus,
He was the gentle guest to entertain!
Look at her! See if she, in any way,
Present thee with resemblance of thy wife!"

Ah, but the tears come, find the words at fault!
There is no telling how the hero twitched
The veil off: and there stood, with such fixed eyes
And such slow smile, Alkestis' silent self!
It was the crowning grace of that great heart,
To keep back joy: procrastinate the truth
Until the wife, who had made proof and found
The husband wanting, might essay once more,
Hear, see, and feel him renovated now —
Able to do, now, all herself had done,
Risen to the height of her: so, hand in hand,
The two might go together, live and die.

Beside, when he found speech, you guess the speech.
He could not think he saw his wife again:
It was some mocking God that used the bliss
To make him mad! Till Herakles must help:
Assure him that no spectre mocked at all;
He was embracing whom he buried once.
Still, — did he touch, might he address the true, —
True eye, true body of the true live wife?

And Herakles said, smiling, "All was truth.
Spectre? Admetos had not made his guest
One who played ghost-invoker, or such cheat!
Oh, he might speak and have response, in time!
All heart could wish was gained now — life for death:
Only the rapture must not grow immense:

Take care, nor wake the envy of the Gods!"
"Oh thou, of greatest Zeus true son," — so spoke
Admetos when the closing word must come,

"Go ever in a glory of success,
And save, that sire, his offspring to the end!
For thou hast — only thou — raised me and mine
Up again to this light and life!" Then asked
Tremblingly, how was trod the perilous path
Out of the dark into the light and life:
How it happened with Alkestis there.

And Herakles said little, but enough —
How he engaged in combat with that king
O' the daemons: how the field of contest lay
By the tomb's self: how he sprung from ambuscade,
Captured Death, caught him in that pair of hands.

But all the time, Alkestis moved not once
Out of the set gaze and the silent smile;
And a cold fear ran through Admetos' frame:
"Why does she stand and front me, silent thus?"

Herakles solemnly replied, "Not yet
Is it allowable thou hear the things
She has to tell thee; let evanish quite
That consecration to the lower Gods,
And on our upper world the third day rise!
Lead her in, meanwhile; good and true thou art,
Good, true, remain thou! Practise piety
To stranger-guests the old way! So, farewell!
Since forth I fare, fulfil my urgent task
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelos."

Fain would Admetos keep that splendid smile
Ever to lighten him. "Stay with us, thou heart!
Remain our house-friend!"

"At some other day!
Now, of necessity, I haste!" smiled he.

"But mayst thou prosper, go forth on a foot
Sure to return! Through all the tetrarchy,
Command my subjects that they institute

Thanksgiving-dances for the glad event,
And bid each altar smoke with sacrifice!
For we are minded to begin a fresh
Existence, better than the life before;
Seeing I own myself supremely blest."

Whereupon all the friendly moralists
Drew this conclusion: chirped, each beard to each:
"Manifold are thy shapings, Providence!
Many a hopeless matter Gods arrange.
What we expected never came to pass:
What we did not expect Gods brought to bear;
So have things gone, this whole experience through!"

Ah, but if you had seen the play itself!
They say, my poet failed to get the prize:
Sophokles got the prize, — great name! They say,
Sophokles also means to make a piece,
Model a new Admetos, a new wife:
Success to him! One thing has many sides.
The great name! But no good supplants a good,
Nor beauty undoes beauty. Sophokles
Will carve and carry a fresh cup, brimful
Of beauty and good, firm to the altar-foot,
And glorify the Dionusiac shrine:
Not clash against this crater in the place
Where the God put it when his mouth had drained,
To the last dregs, libation life-blood-like,
And praised Euripides forevermore —
The Human with his droppings of warm tears. . .

TENNYSON.

ŒNONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,

Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love;
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With downdropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's,
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.
"'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 't were due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice,
Elected umpire, Heré comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodité, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon

Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labor'd mines undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax, and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom — from all neighbor crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power,
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power

Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and baréd limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply,

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiass'd by self profit, O, rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'
"Here she ceased,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Idalian Aphrodité beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Heré's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge

High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet — from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slits of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts

Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of ármed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver cup —
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest — gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass: give me one kiss:
My own sweet Alice, we must die.
There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away,
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine —
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine —

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
Looks down upon the village spire:
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.

For scarce my life with fancy play'd
Before I dream'd that pleasant dream —
Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rimes,
The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
That morning, on the casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the ledge:
And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and bright—
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
That I should die an early death:
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, what ails the boy?
For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The mealsacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill;
And "by that lamp," I thought, "she sits!"
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.

"O that I were beside her now!
O, will she answer if I call?
O, would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?"

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was — half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young — too young to wed:
"Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here," she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Ah, well — but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers — that I may seem,
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells —
True love interprets — right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth
You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rime in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart:
So sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot
The day, when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue Forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their part
Of sorrow: for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee:
But that God bless thee, dear — who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind —
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find,

Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below:
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:

'I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is;
Perchance, because we see not to the close;—
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay — God my Christ — I pass but shall not die.'

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling 'Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, king! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight.'
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
'Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind.

Thine, Gawain, was the voice — are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?'

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
'O me, my king, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise —
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the king.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.'

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Far other is this battle in the west
Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
And brake the petty Kings and fought with Rome
And thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world.'

Then rose the king and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse —
A land of old upheaven from the abyss

By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the king;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear: and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,

Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale king glanced across the field
Of battle: but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King:

'Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me? —
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be king.
Behold, I seem but king among the dead.'

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: 'My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as king.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house.'

Then spake the King: 'My house hath been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my house

Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
My house are rather they who sware my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me king.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for king.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass.' And uttering this the king
Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but let what will be, be.

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst: and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm —
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee; watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasures of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd, and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,

And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of arméd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge;'
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur, who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged,
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah, my lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'The King is gone.'
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
'From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;

Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
'He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?'

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go,
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

THE SPLENDOR FALLS.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar
  The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
  They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
  And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
  She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
  'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
  Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
  Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
  'Sweet, my child, I live for thee.'

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

NOTES

TO

FROM MILTON TO TENNYSON

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH POETRY

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.

BREWER = Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.

CL. MYTHS = Gayley's Classic Myths in English Literature.

E. M. L. = English Men of Letters Series.

GT. WR. = Great Writers Series.

GREEN = Green's Short History of the English People.

RICH = Rich's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

WHITNEY = Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar.

JOHN MILTON.

BORN in London, 1608, nine years after the birth of Cromwell and eight years before the death of Shakespeare. Took his Bachelor's degree in 1629 and his Master's degree in 1632 at Christ's College, Cambridge; Cromwell was at the same University, 1616–17. Wrote his most famous minor poems at his father's home at Horton in Buckinghamshire, 1632–8. Visited Italy, 1638–9. The next twenty years were devoted chiefly to serving the Commonwealth. Lost his eyesight about 1652. *Paradise Lost* did not appear till 1667. Milton died in 1674; two years later was produced Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* — the first good English Comedy of Manners — and the transition from the Puritan to the Restoration Period is complete.

FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES — Diodati, Cyriack Skinner, Marvell; Vane, Cromwell.

OTHER CONTEMPORARIES — Galileo, Mazarin, Bunyan, Dryden.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES. — *Masson's Life of John Milton Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary History of His Time.* 6 vols. (Macmillan).

For the advanced student this book is invaluable as a storehouse of material. Better for the beginner are the shorter lives by *Pattison* (E. M. L.) and by *Garnett* (Gt. Wr.) The former is useful on the literary side; the latter on the political and religious. *Green's 'Puritan England'* (being the 8th chapter of his *Short History*) may also be consulted with much profit.

TEXT. — *Masson's* (Macmillan).

CRITICISM. — *Addison; Spectator*, Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, 369. " . . . the fault of Addison's Miltonic criticism, once so celebrated [is that] it rests almost entirely upon convention." — Matthew Arnold.

Macaulay; Essay on Milton. — Astonishing as a piece of rhetoric, but extremely superficial as criticism.

DeQuincey; Essay on Johnson's Life of Milton. Chiefly a correction of Johnson's prejudiced view.

Emerson; Essays from the North Am. Rev.; John Milton. Dwells on the heroic side of Milton's character.

Bagehot; Literary Studies, Vol. I.; John Milton. Calls attention, not unjustly, to Milton's unlovely side, but is also appreciative and sympathetic.

Lowell; Essay on Milton. Largely a criticism, in Lowell's inimitable style, of Masson's mountainous book and defective literary method. Contains, also, invaluable remarks on Milton's versification.

Matthew Arnold; Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Milton. Also, *Mixed Essays; A French Critic on Milton.* The most sane and judicious estimate we have.

Mark Pattison; The Sonnets of John Milton. (Appleton).

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

INTRODUCTION. — These two poems were probably written at Horton between 1632 and 1637. In them, Milton looks at Nature rather with the eyes of an Elizabethan of the Ben Jonson type than with those of a Wordsworthian. Man and the life of Man are what chiefly interest him; Nature is secondary and interesting only so far as it reflects the emotions of *L'Allegro* (The Cheerful Man) and *Il Penseroso* [Pensieroso] (The Thoughtful Man). The student, the classical scholar, the solitary thinker, the poet whose generous soul is open to every kind of beautiful impression — this is what we find here. We do not find such close observation of Nature, such accurate recording of natural phenomena and such spiritual interpretations of them as characterize a Shelley and a Wordsworth.

Each of the poems describes a period of about twelve hours. In the Allegro it is from morn till evening; in the Penseroso from evening till morn. The student should notice the frequent and studied contrasts of thought and expression; after a careful comparative study of the two poems, let him ask himself which of them affords the deeper and truer insight into the soul of the man, John Milton. And why?

L'ALLEGRO.

1-4. Notice the omission of the verb, the idea of action being implied in the adverb. **Cerberus**; the three-headed dog who guarded the entrance to the Underworld. **Stygian**; dark or gloomy, from Styx, one of the rivers bounding the Underworld; Cl. Myths, § 48. The story here referred to is not found in the Greek mythology.

5-10. **uncouth**; literally 'unknown,' hence foreign, strange, barbarous. **brooding**; wrapt in gloomy thought. What is the literal meaning? Of what is Darkness jealous? **low-browed**; compare Milton's peculiar use of 'brow,' as a verb, in Comus, 531-2;

> . . . hard by the hilly crofts
> That brow this bottom glade.

Cimmerian. Is the epithet 'dark' tautological? The famous lines in Odyssey XI. tell us of the mythical Cimmerii that, "Never on them does the shining sun look down . . . but deadly night is

spread abroad over these hapless men." They were fabled to dwell by the Ocean-stream, at the limits of the earth.

11-16. **yclept**; the *y* in this word is derived from *ge*, regularly used in Old English as a prefix of the past participle and still so used in German. Compare *ypointing*, in Milton's lines On Shakespeare (p. 15), where the *y* is incorrectly prefixed to the present participle. **Euphrosyne** (*εὐ φρήν*); from the Greek *eu*, well or easy, and *phrēn*, the mind. **Venus** (Aphrodite); the goddess of love and beauty; Cl. Myths, § 40. **two sister Graces**; Aglaia (The Bright One), and Thalia (The Blooming One). The Graces presided over social pleasures. **Bacchus** (Dionysus); the god of wine; Cl. Myths, § 46.

17-24. **Some sager**; i.e., the poet himself. Notice Milton's characteristic (Puritan) preference for calling Mirth the daughter of the West Wind and the Dawn — fresh and pure influences of Nature — rather than of Bacchus and Venus (Wine and Love). **Zephyr**; the west wind. **Aurora** (Eos); goddess of the dawn. **a-Maying**; the 'a' here is a corruption of 'on,' as in *ashore*, *afloat*, *aboard*. **buxom**; literally 'easily bent,' hence 'pliant,' 'obedient.' As obedience (in woman) was long considered a cardinal virtue (by man) the word may in this way have acquired the meanings of 'charming,' 'comely,' 'cheerful and healthy.'

25-32. Notice the light and rapid effect of the trochaic measure. **thee**; reflexive object, as 'me' in

> I look and long, then haste me home
> Still master of my secret rare.
>
> Lowell. The Foot-Path. **13-14.**

cranks; turns or twists (of speech). **Hebe**; cup-bearer of the gods.

33-36. **trip it.** Notice the colloquial use of an intransitive verb with a kind of impersonal object, the pronoun probably representing a cognate noun-object; Whitney, § 362, c. **Mountain-nymph.** Your historical reading may suggest to you the reason for this epithet applied to **Liberty.**

37-52. The three infinitives in this passage may depend upon **admit**, or the second may depend upon the first and the third upon the second. If we take **lark** as the subject of **to come** (45), we are committed to the absurdity of the soaring lark coming to a window; if we take **me** as the subject, we are puzzled to know to whom the poet bids good morrow. *Bonus dormitat Homerus.* **twisted eglantine**; the eglantine is not twisted and is the same as the sweet briar. Milton may have mistaken it for the honeysuckle. **before.** **Is this an adverb or a preposition?**

53-68. listening (53) and **walking** (57) are grammatically connected with lines 38–9. **liveries**; in Middle English 'lyverey' (from the Middle Latin (*res*) *liberata*, a thing delivered) signified a regular allowance of food or clothes, delivered to the servants of a household. **dight**; 'arrayed,' from the Middle English 'dighten,' to set in order, arrange. This is cognate with the modern German word *Dichter* meaning Poet: he who sets in order and arranges (verses). **tells his tale,** not 'makes love,' but (literally) 'counts his number,' that is, numbers his flock. The original meaning of 'tell' is 'count,' preserved in the expression 'She tells her beads;' **tale** in the sense of 'number' or 'sum' is very common in the 1611 version of the Bible and is so used by George Eliot, Mill on the Floss, VI. 13.

69-80. lawns; open spaces between woods. In Par. Lost, IV. 252, we have, 'Betwixt them lawns or level downs.' **daisies pied**; this is evidently a reminiscence of Shakespeare's

> When daisies pied and violets blue
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight —

Love's Labor's Lost, v. 2. (near the end). Lines **77-8** were probably suggested by Windsor Castle, which is not far from Horton. **lies.** In Othello iii. 4. Desdemona uses this word and interprets it for the clown as *lodges*, which is the meaning here. **Cynosure**; a word whose figurative meaning is extraordinarily different from the literal one. With the aid of the dictionary trace the process by which the Greek *kunosúra* (κυνόσουρα), dog's-tail, has come to be a possible epithet for "some beauty."

81-90. Corydon and Thyrsis; Vergilian names for shepherds; Eclogue VII. 2. **met**; notice the condensation in this construction: expand it. **Phillis**; **Thestylis**; common names in the Greek poets, for rustic maidens. **bower** = inner room. In Chaucer's Nonne Prestes Tale we find that the poor widow had only two rooms in her house, a 'halle' and a 'bour.'

91-103. rebecks; the rebeck was a musical instrument with a pear-shaped body and two or three strings. It is supposed to be of Moorish origin. **Faery Mab**; see Mercutio's famous lines in Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. **Feat**; **eat.** As late as Pope 'ea' was doubtless pronounced like a in 'fate.'

> Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
>
> Rape of the Lock, III. 7–8.

She was pinched and pulled; lazy servant girls, according to the story, were so punished by Robin Good Fellow (Puck). There are innumerable references to this in English Literature, the best known of course being in the Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. In Butler's Hudibras, III. 1. line 1407 *et seq.* we have another:

> Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite
> Condemned to drudgery in the night;
> . . . . . .
> You dare not be so troublesome
> To pinch the slatterns black and blue
> For leaving you their work to do.

104-116. Some commentators, who seem to regard mythology as an exact science, are greatly distressed over the 'confusion' which Milton has here introduced into the fairy world. Since mythology in general is the creation of the poetic mind of primitive peoples, and since fairy mythology in particular is "fantasy . . . thin of substance as the air," let us not share the grief of Dryasdust at the poet's 'error.' Those who would be learned in these matters may consult Keightley's Fairy Mythology, where they will find given the exact difference between Friar Rush, the house-spirit, and Will o' the Wisp, the field-spirit. **the drudging goblin**; see the quotation from Hudibras, above. **lubber** = awkward. This old word is now seldom heard except in the conversation of sailors, where 'land-lubber' and 'lubber's-hole' have well understood meanings. Consult the Dict. **chimney**, in its original sense of *hearth*. What is the syntax of **length**? **crop-full** = with full stomach. **Crop** signifies originally 'a rounded, projecting mass, a protuberance' (Cent. Dict.); from this are derived its numerous other meanings.

117-124. **Weeds** = garments. This, the original meaning of the Old English *waéd*, survives in the expression "widow's weeds." In Chaucer's Knight's Tale (147-9) it is used (as here) of men's attire:

> To ransack in the tas of bodyes dede
> Hem for to strepe of harneys and of wede
> The pilours diden bisynesse and cure.

store, literally 'that which is provided or furnished for use as needed,' hence, an abundance. **rain influence**; an allusion to the astrological belief that the radiation of power from the stars affects the fate of men; compare 'influenza.'

126-134. **Hymen**; the god of marriage. He is represented as carrying, in the bridal procession, the bridal veil (**saffron robe**) and a torch. The symbolic meanings of the saffron and of the torch

must have been lost in pre-historic times, for the explanations of the Latin writers themselves seem to be pure conjectures. Nations differ curiously in their choice of wedding colors; in China the bride wears red; in Japan and among ourselves, white, doubtless as an emblem of purity. Why orange-blossoms also? If there is any connection with the saffron of the Romans, it has not yet been traced. **Masks** were a popular form of entertainment at the time the Allegro was written. Ben Jonson (line 132) wrote many; Milton himself wrote two, Arcades and Comus; Shakespeare has introduced one with beautiful effect in the 4th Act of the Tempest. **Jonson**; the friend of Shakespeare and after him, with the possible exception of Fletcher, the greatest of Elizabethan dramatists. His extensive knowledge of the classics led him to form his plays upon classic models. His best acting comedy (Epicœne or The Silent Woman) is not inferior to some of Shakespeare's. **Sock**; the actors in classic comedy wore a low shoe or slipper called by the Romans *soccus;* hence, by metonymy, *sock* stands for comedy. **wood-notes wild**; the romantic drama of Shakespeare, with his little Latin and less Greek, did not altogether suit the taste of such learned men as Ben Jonson and Milton. Yet they both loved and admired him. See Milton's lines On Shakespeare (p. 15) and Jonson's verses printed under the portrait of Shakespeare in the folio of 1623.

> This Figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the Grauer had a strife
> With Nature to out-doo the life;
> O, could he but haue drawne his wit
> As well in brasse, as he hath hit
> His face; the Print would then surpasse
> All, that was ever writ in brasse.
> But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
> Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

135-152. **Lydian**; the Greeks divided their scale according to three recognized modes, which they called respectively the Dorian, the Phrygian and the Lydian. They believed that each mode had some peculiar æsthetic and ethical value; the province of Lydia in Asia Minor was famous for its wealth and luxury: hence this Lydian mode may have become associated with the idea of voluptuousness in music. Musicians will find an elaborate discussion of this topic in the Cent. Dic., article, Mode (7). **soul** (138); is this subject or object? The syntax of lines 138–142 needs careful study. Explain the paradoxical epithets in line 141. **Orpheus, Pluto,**

Eurydice; this beautiful story, beautifully told, will be found in Cl. Myths, § 107; it is too long to be quoted here. **Elysian**; Elysium was the bright land to which the souls of the just departed after death — in the case of favored heroes, without death. Here they lived happy, each following what had been his favorite occupation on earth. Cl. Myths, pages 81–82. The Parisians retain the word as a place-name in Champs-Elysées, the beautifully wooded avenue that stretches from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe.

A poet of the first rank seldom employs an adjective without a good reason; uneducated people employ adjectives constantly and with very little reason. You will find it interesting to look back over this poem and study Milton's use of adjectives, determining in each case the propriety of the use.

IL PENSEROSO. [PENSIEROSO].

The opening of the Penseroso seems to have been suggested by Beaumont's (?) song beginning

> Hence all you vain delights
> As short as are the nights
> Wherein you spent your folly!

This song was first printed in Fletcher's play of The Nice Valour (1647) but was quite possibly in circulation long before. The Allegro and the Penseroso themselves were not printed till some eight or ten years after they were written.

1-10. bested = assist, help. What is the force of the prefix here? What is the force in *behead*? **fond** = foolish; the regular meaning in Old English and still retained in poetry; very common in Chaucer and in Shakespeare. "I do wonder, thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond, To come abroad with him at his request." Merch. of Ven. iii. 3. **pensioners** = dependents, attendants. In rude and early times money was weighed out (*pendere*); the person receiving the money was *pensionarius*. **Morpheus**, god of dreams and son of Sleep. His name signifies the Moulder or Fashioner (of dreams).

11-21. To hit = to suit, to fit. **Prince Memnon's Sister**; another example of Milton's independent mythologizing. The meaning is perfectly clear: beautiful as must be the Sister of Memnon "the proud son of the bright Dawn" (Odys. IV. 188), an Ethiopian ally of the Trojans. **queen**; for the story of Cassiopea, Andromeda and Perseus see Cl. Myths, § 137; also Kingsley's Andromeda (one of the few good hexameter poems in English).

22-30. Vesta (Hestia), goddess of the Hearth. Cl. Myths, § 42. **Saturn**; Cl. Myths, § 56 (1). A divinity of the Romans. Confused

by them with the Greek Cronus. For the story of his dethronement by his son Jove, and for the explanation of the epithet **solitary**, see Cl. Myths, § 18. Melancholy is here made the daughter of Fireside Musings (Vesta) and of Solitude (Saturn). Compare note on L'Allegro, 17.

31-44. **grain**; certain insects of the genus *Coccus* when dried look like grains and yield a red-colored dye; hence *grain* = a red or purplish dye. **stole**; probably = hood, here, as lines 33–4 seem to have already described a garment similar to the classic *stola*. **cypress**; derived not from *Cyprus* but probably from the Old French *crespe*, Latin *crispus*, curled. **lawn**; after many conjectures as to the origin of this word, etymologists seemed to have settled upon Skeats' explanation that it is from Laon, a town some 80 miles northeast of Paris. Compare 'Bayonet' from 'Bayonne.' **decent** = comely. **commercing**; notice the accent as shown by the rhythm. **still.** What two meanings are possible here? **fix**; a form of the Subjunctive, a Mood almost obsolete in English; found today only in a few expressions, as 'If I were you,' 'If he be not worthy.' We have the same construction in lines 122, 173.

45-60. **Muses**; nine in number: for their names and attributes see Cl. Myths, § 43 (4). **the fiery-wheeléd throne**; Milton himself supplied the illustration for this line in Par. Lost, VI. 749–759.

> Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
> The chariot of Paternal Deity,
> Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel; undrawn,
> Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
> By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each
> Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
> And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
> Of beryl, and careering fires between;
> Over their heads a crystal firmament,
> Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
> Amber and colours of the showery arch.

In what consists the superiority of this description to that in Ezekiel X.? **Philomela**, daughter of King Pandion of Attica. For crime committed, the gods changed her into a nightingale. Cl. Myths, § 151. **Cynthia**; an epithet for Diana (Artemis) from her birthplace, Mt. Cynthus in the island of Delos. Cl. Myths, § 39.

61-73. 'The song of the nightingale ceases about the time the grass is mown.' Peacock, quoted in Garnett's Milton, Chapter II. **wandering moon**; there is poetry in the etymologies of the words *moon* and *planet;* look for it.

74-84. **curfew**, from *couvrir* and *feu*. 'In the year after King

Henry's death, in a Synod held at Caen [1061] by the Duke's authority, and attended by Bishops, Abbots and Barons, it was ordered that a bell should be rung every evening, at hearing of which prayer should be offered, and all people should get within their houses and shut their doors. This odd mixture of piety and police seems to be the origin of the famous and misrepresented curfew. Whatever was its object, it was at least not ordained as any special hardship on William's English subjects.' Freeman's Norman Conquest, III. 185. **bellman**; when clocks were luxuries, it was customary to employ a bellman to call the hours of the night and the state of the weather. Our ancestors seem to have been deficient in humor though, for when they metamorphosed the bellman into a night-watchman, they forgot to take away his bell. **The cricket on the hearth.** Dickens and Joseph Jefferson have immortalized this phrase.

85-96. the Bear = the constellation *Ursa Major* or the Great Bear, commonly known in the United States as the Dipper: in the English poets often referred to as Charles' Wain, or the Churl's (Peasant's) Wagon. See 1 Henry, IV. ii. 1. 'Charles' Wain is over the new chimney.' You can easily distinguish the Great Bear and the Little Bear (containing the pole-star) on a clear night. **Hermes**; the Greeks identified their divinity Hermes with the Egyptian Thot, the inventor of Arts and Sciences. Read Longfellow's poem of Hermes Trismegistus for a beautiful version of this legend. We have space for only one verse.

Where are now the many hundred
  Thousand books he wrote?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered
  Lost in lands remote;
In oblivion sunk forever
  As when o'er the land
Blows a storm wind, in the river
  Sinks the scattered sand.

Plato; in the Phædo of Plato, Socrates, on the day he is condemned to die, tranquilly discusses with his friends the question of the immortality of the soul. **consent** — agreement, harmony. **planet; element.** A belief in astrology lasted beyond the age of Milton and is not dead today; witness the amusing character of Foresight the astrologer in Congreve's comedy of Love for Love (1695) and the continued publication of Ayer's Almanac.

97-102. sceptered, may be taken in the sense of 'regal' as in Rich. II. ii. 1. 40, 'This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle;' or **sceptered pall** may = 'with sceptre and with pall.' The express-

ing of one thing by two — which would be the reverse of the construction here — is common in the Greek and Latin poets and has a specific name, Hendiadys (One-Through-Two). **Thebes**; Cl. Myths, Chap. XXII. **Pelops**; Cl. Myths, § 110; also Table F on page 444. You must follow up the references given in that table to understand the various misfortunes of the house of Pelops. **Troy**; Cl. Myths, Chapters XXIV.–XXVI. Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides based many of their tragedies on the three cycles of stories here referred to. Troy is called 'divine' because its walls were built by Neptune. **buskined**; the actor in tragedy wore a high-heeled boot (*cothurnus*) to make his stature appear of heroic size. See note on L'Allegro, 126–134.

103-108. **Musæus**; Cl. Myths, § 11. (2). **Orpheus**; see note on L'Allegro, 135–152.

109-115. A reference to Chaucer's (unfinished) Squire's Tale. In **Cambuscan** Milton does not follow Chaucer's accentuation, which is invariably Cámbyskan.

116-120. An exact description of Spenser's allegory of The Faerie Queene; perhaps Milton was thinking also of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, (1575).

121-130. **Attic boy** = Cephalus; Cl. Myths, § 112. **his** = modern English 'its.' In Milton's youth 'its' was hardly established in the language, being recorded in print for the first time in 1598. He uses it only three times in his poetry (Hymn on the Nativity, 106; Par. Lost, I. 254 and IV. 814); Shakespeare but ten times. In Old English the personal pronouns were highly inflected; in the 3rd person the Nominative and Possessive cases were

	Masculine.	Feminine.	Neuter.
Nom.	hé	heó	hit
Poss.	his	hire	his

The confusion arising from 'his' having to serve for both Masc. and Neuter led to the gradual substitution of 'its,' formed from the Nom. Neuter by dropping the aspirate and adding 's.' **minute**; the rhythm (to say nothing of the sense) will show you whether this is *minute* or *minute*.

131-140. **Sylvan**; Cl. Myths, § 56, (8). **Monumental**; " . . . suggesting to the imagination the historic oak of park or chase, up to the knees in fern, which has outlasted ten generations of men; has been the mute witness of the scenes of love, treachery or violence enacted in the baronial hall which it shadows and protects; and has been so associated with man that it is now rather a column and memorial obelisk than a tree of the forest." Pattison's Milton, Chapter II. **profane** = too profane. This use

of the comparative is a Latinism; see Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar, § 93. a. **sing.** In what sense is the bee said to 'sing'? **sleep;** Cl. Myths, § 51. (4), and § 113 (The Cave of Sleep). In ancient works of art the god Somnus is represented with wings. **dewy-feathered.** Vergil tells us that the god Sleep, unable to lure from the helm the trusty pilot Palinurus, shook above his head 'a branch dripping with Lethæan dew.' (Æneid V. 854).

147-150. Could we read *with* for **at**, we should get a tolerable meaning out of these lines; could we omit *at*, we should get a better meaning; as they stand, **his wings** must refer to the wings of Sleep, and *at* must be taken in the sense of 'near.'

151-166. **good** = kind, as in 'Give me a good word.' **Genius of the wood.** In Milton's Arcades, the principal character is 'The Genius of the Wood.' **pale;** the adjective is from the Latin *pallidus*, pallid; *pale*, the noun, is from the Latin *palus*, a stake. Which is this? **Massy-proof** = massively proof (against the thrust of the roof); compare 'water-proof,' 'fire-proof.' **ecstacies;** from the Greek (ἐξιστάναι) *ek*, 'out,' and *histanai*, 'place, set;' a state in which the spirit is *placed outside of* or exalted from the body.

167-176. **spell of** = to discover by careful study.

Read again the Introduction (p. 4) to L'Allegro and Il Penseroso and try to follow out the advice there given you. In the whole range of English Literature you will hardly find a diction more felicitous or a harmony more exquisite than Milton displays in these poems. You will appreciate the full force of this only when you have accustomed yourself to reading the poems aloud and when you have committed to memory such passages as your teacher may select for you.

LYCIDAS.

INTRODUCTION. — Edward King, the fellow-collegian whom Milton bewails in this Elegy, is perhaps the most obscure mortal ever immortalized by a great poet. None of his English poems are extant; the quality of his Latin verses easily reconciles us to the loss. Though of slender abilities, he must have been of pure and kindly nature to have inspired with affection such a man as Milton. The back-ground of this poem is evidently intended to be classic-pastoral; but it must be confessed that the figure of St. Peter (109) appears somewhat out of place in such scenery, nor can the mixture of Keltic, Christian and Hellenic imagery (160-164) be extolled as an example of poetic taste. It must be remembered, though, that what would be critically condemned in this nineteenth century of accurate scholarship and nice discrimination would pass almost unnoticed in a simpler and less fastidious age, — an age when Shakespeare's Romans wore doublets and when part of the audience sat upon the stage.

Moreover, what is lost in poetic effect by the introduction of lines 108–131 is partly compensated for by the interesting light they throw upon Milton's attitude toward the burning political and theological questions of the day.

1-14. The laurel of Apollo, the myrtle of Venus and the ivy of Bacchus appear to symbolize poetry. The meaning of these lines, then, must be that the writer feels himself not yet prepared to undertake another poem and gives us these verses only under the sad compulsion of his friend's death. If this interpretation be correct, 'the mellowing year' is the time of poetic ripeness. **dear** = grievous. Compare Hamlet's 'Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven.' 'Restive' is another word that has two exactly opposite meanings. **Shatter** is another form of 'scatter.' **rime**; commonly misspelled 'rhyme' through a mistaken identification with 'rhythm' (Gk. *ῥυθμός*). 'Rime' is from the Old English *rīm*, 'number.'

15-22. **Sisters of the Sacred Well**; imitated from the opening of Hesiod's Theogony: "With the Muses of Helicon let us begin to sing, who haunt the divine and spacious mount of Helicon, who with delicate feet dance around the violet-colored fountain and altar of the mighty son of Cronus." Aganippe and Hippocrene, the fountains of the Muses, are on Mount Helicon in Bœotia. **Muse** must mean 'poet;' hardly an elegant use of the word, though found in Shakespeare (Sonnet XXI. 1.) and in Spenser (Prothalamion, 159). **lucky words**; i.e. with words of good omen, such as the *Sit Tibi Terra Levis* (May the Earth Lie Lightly O'er Thee!) of the mourner as he thrice casts earth on the body of his friend. **urn**; cremation was customary among the Romans of the later Republic and of the Empire; the ashes were preserved in an urn. In earlier days, interment was the regular means of disposing of the body. See Rich, articles 'Humatio,' 'Sepulchrum,' 'Urna' (2).

23-31. **lawns**; see note on L'Allegro, 68–80. **afield**; see note on L'Allegro, 17–24. **gray-fly**; the trumpet-fly which buzzes around busily in the hot part of the day. **battening**; here transitive; more commonly intransitive, as in Hamlet iii. 4,

> Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
> And batten on this moor?

bright, is better connected (adverbially) with 'had sloped' than with 'evening.' Nothing more beautiful than these nine lines (23–31) is to be found in the Greek and Latin pastoral poets. Had Milton only given us more verses like these, we could cheerfully have spared some of the harsh Puritan invective, lines 113–131.

32-36. oaten; in primitive times, simple musical instruments were made from reeds. **Satyrs**; (Greek) half-man, half-goat. They were the traditional attendants of Bacchus, at whose orgies they danced and played. Cl. Myths, § 47 (3), 102, 117. **Fauns**; (Latin), rustic divinities, of gentler nature than the Satyrs, but often confused with them. Cl. Myths, § 56 (7). See also Hawthorne's psychical romance, The Marble Faun. **Damœtas**; possibly Chappell, Tutor at Christ's College when Milton studied there. The name Damœtas occurs in the Sixth Idyll of Theocritus.

37-49. wardrobe, by metonymy = apparel. **When first**, *etc.*; this seems to be a reminiscence of Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1, 183–5.

> . . . your tongue's sweet air
> More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
> When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

50-63. the steep; this description would answer to many mountains in Wales. **Druids**; by a false etymology this word was long derived from the Greek (δρῦς) *drus*, an oak, because the Druids worshipped in oak-groves. The word is really from the Old Keltic *drui*, meaning 'magician.' **Mona** = Anglesey, once a famous stronghold of the Druids. **Deva** = the Dee, once a part of the boundary line between England and Wales. There are many Keltic legends connected with it, hence the epithet 'wizard.' **fondly** = foolishly. **the muse** = Calliope. For the death of Orpheus, see Cl. Myths, pages 187–8. Orpheus seems to be a favorite subject with Milton; this is the third reference we have had to him. Where are the other two? In Par. Lost, VII. 34–38, we have a fourth:

> —that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
> In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears,
> To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
> Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
> Her son.

swift Hebrus; the Hebrus is not swift, but slow; Milton's phrase is a literal translation of Vergil's 'volucrem Hebrum' (Æneid I. 316). See note on that line in Allen & Greenough's Vergil.

64-84. A digression upon Fame: an answer to the *Cui Bono* that comes to every earnest man at some time in his career. You will notice that the classical imagery is admirably sustained throughout this passage, though there must have been a great temptation to break off into a Hebraistic strain such as characterizes lines 108–131. **What boots it?** = What profits it? *Boots* is from the Old English *bōt*, 'advantage.' It has no etymological connection with *boot* in the sense of foot-wear, which is from the

French *botte*. **meditate the thankless Muse**; a transcript from Vergil, Eclogue I. 2: '*Silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena:*' Thou dost practise rustic verse on the thin reed. **use** = are accustomed. The preterite of 'use' retains this meaning. **Amaryllis; Neæra**; names of girls in Vergil's Eclogues. The names occur again in an elegy of George Buchanan's with which this passage shows Milton to have been familiar. Lovelace has closely followed the phraseology of line 69 in the first verse of his beautiful song, 'To Althea from Prison.' (Palgrave's Golden Treasury, Song 99).

When Love with unconfinéd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

clear = pure, irreproachable, as in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 9, 40–2.

'O that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly; and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.'

blaze = the light of fame. Par. Regained, III. 25–48, forms an interesting comment on this passage. **Fury**; the Furies (Erinyes or Eumenides) were Alecto (The Implacable), Tisiphone (The Avenger of Murder) and Megæra (The Envying One). They personified Remorse; Cl. Myths, § 51 (2). In the Hellenic Mythology, it is not one of the Furies but one of the Fates (Atropos, The Inflexible), that cuts the thread of life. The other Fates were Clotho (The Spinner) and Lachesis (The Allotter): Cl. Myths, § 43, (6); also pp. 279–80. **Phœbus**, or Phœbus Apollo, the god of Poetry and Music, Cl. Myths, § 38. Lines 76–7 are imitated from Vergil, Eclogue VI. 3–4; 'When I would sing of kings and wars, Cynthius plucked my ear and admonished me —.' The seat of memory was supposed to be in the ear. **foil** (Latin *folium*, whence 'foliage'); in jewelry, a thin sheet of metal often put under a poor stone to add luster by reflection. 'So diamonds owe a luster to their foil.' (Pope.) With this meaning for 'foil' the interpretation will be: Fame is not like a cheap jewel displayed to the world with meretriciously heightened effect, but —.

85-102. fountain Arethuse; in the little island of Ortygia lying in the harbor of Syracuse. For the story of Arethusa and Alpheus see Cl. Myths, § 88, and Shelley's Arethusa, there quoted. **Min-**

cius, a little river in Northern Italy, near Mantua, the birthplace of Vergil. It is often mentioned in his writings. In what consists the appropriateness of these Sicilian and Italian allusions? **Herald of the sea** = Triton, Cl. Myths, § 54 (1); also the sonnet from Wordsworth quoted on p. 87 of that book. **in Neptune's plea** = in defense of Neptune. **of rugged wings**, seems best taken as an adjective phrase with **gust**. **beakéd promontory**; this metaphor shows a reversal of the usual process. What is that? **Hippotades**. See the opening of Odyssey X.: "Soon we drew near the island of Æolia, where Æolus, the son of Hippotas, dear to immortal gods, dwelt on a floating island. All around it is a wall of bronze, not to be broken through, and smooth and steep rises the rocky shore." The suffixes — *ades*, — *ides* (Masculine) and — *as*, — *is*, — *cis* (Feminine) when added to proper names form Patronymics, indicating descent or relationship; thus (as above) Hippot-ades, son of Hippotas; Tyndar-is, daughter of Tyndarus. See A. & G. Latin Grammar, § 164 (b). **dungeon**; there is a fine description of the cave of the winds in the Æneid, I. 50–63. **Panope** (The All-Seeing One) and her forty-nine sisters were sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris. **eclipse**; eclipses were long believed to be signs of divine displeasure. Compare the still-common superstition about the moon's phases affecting the weather.

103-7. **Camus**; the divinity of the sluggish Cam. **mantle hairy**, etc. River-sponge and sedge grow luxuriantly in the Cam today. The 'figures dim' may refer to curious streaks that show on the sedge when dried. **Sanguine flower**; the hyacinth. For the legend, see Cl. Myths, § 74. **pledge** (like the Latin *pignus*) = offspring.

108-131. Consult your English History for the memorable events of this exciting year, 1637. **Pilot**; See Matthew IV. 18–19. **Keys**; Matthew XVI. 19. **amain** = with force. The prefix here is merely intensive (as in a-wake, a-rouse) and signified originally 'out of,' 'up.' **climb into the fold**; compare the sonnet to Cromwell, p. 16. **mouths**; a strong metonymy for 'gluttons.' Ruskin has an elaborate comment on this passage in Sesame and Lilies, Lecture I. Milton's phraseology throughout is forcible, if not elegant. **sped**. Two interpretations are possible. 1°, Mercutio when wounded exclaims, 'I am sped,' where the meaning is evidently 'despatched,' 'done for.' (Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1.). 2°, **sped** may have its original meaning of 'prospered.' **list**, originally like 'please' an impersonal verb used with a dative object; very common in Chaucer. **flashy** = insipid: obsolete in this sense. **scrannel** = scrawny, thin. This word is found in

no other classic author, and nowhere in Milton save here. Like many other old words, it has survived in a dialect (Lancashire 'scrannel' = a lean fellow) while it has disappeared from polite speech. **The grim wolf,** has never been satisfactorily explained. The following conjectures worthy of notice have been put forward. 1°, Archbishop Laud; 2°, the Devil; 3°, the 'grievous wolves' of Acts XX. 29; 4°, Conversion to Roman Catholicism, common at this time. **Nothing said.** The interpretation of this depends upon which of the four conjectures just mentioned you adopt. **two-handed engine.** This is as great a *crux* as the 'grim wolf.' Suggested interpretations are, 1°, The two Houses of Parliament; 2°, Death; 3°, The sword of the Archangel Michael; 4°, The sharp two-edged sword of Revelation, I. 16; 5°, 'The axe . . . laid unto the root of the trees,' in Luke III. 9; 6°, 'The sword of the spirit,' in Ephesians VI. 17. Read this passage (108–131) again. Do you think the poem would be improved by removing it? Does the fact that King was a clergyman justify the introduction of St. Peter as representing the Christian Church?

132-141. **Alpheus.** See notes on 85–102. **use** = are accustomed (to dwell) = haunt. Compare line 67. **of shades,** depends upon 'whispers.' **Swart-star** = Sirius. In Greece and southern Italy its rising coincides with the time of greatest heat, and was popularly supposed to be the cause thereof, hence **swart-star** = the star that browns or tans. It shines with a bright, white light, and is easily found by prolonging to the left the line of Orion's belt. Why is it sometimes called the Dog-Star? Has this epithet any real connection with 'dog days'? **quaint;** not 'curious,' but probably merely = 'pretty,' as in Margaret's description of Hero's wedding-gown as of 'a fine, quaint, graceful fashion' (Much Ado, iii. 4. 20).

142-151. Ruskin has an elaborate and somewhat far-fetched criticism on this passage in Modern Painters, Part III. Sec. II. Chap. III. It may suffice for your purpose if you acquire a clear conception of the nature and appearance of each flower mentioned. Some of them you can see in conservatories or in gardens; for others you must trust to the descriptions in your Botany. A little reflection will show you that in nearly every case there is appropriateness in the introduction of the flower in this connection. Read for comparison the passage in the Winter's Tale (iv. 3) beginning

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall —.

hearse; not a 'carriage' but a 'bier.' Another and an older meaning is a canopy (set over the bier) to hold candles.

152-164. monstrous world.

> Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
> A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
>
> Rich. III. i. 4. 24–8.

Bellerus; a Cornish giant of Milton's invention. He coined the word from Bolerium, the Roman name for Land's End. **vision.** On St. Michael's Mount, near Penzance, there was formerly a monastery of Benedictine monks. They had a tradition that the Archangel Michael had once appeared here to some of their order; on the spot where he was seen they erected a stone lantern. **guarded,** may refer to the ruins of a fortress that once occupied the Mount or to the guard kept by the angel. **Namancos; Bayona**; given in Mercator's Atlases (1623 and 1636) as towns near Cape Finisterre in Galicia. There was an old tradition that Finisterre could be seen from Land's End. **dolphins**; consult the Classical Dictionary, article Arion; see also George Eliot's poem, Arion.

165-171. watery floor;

> Look how the floor of Heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
>
> Merch. of Venice, v. 1. 57–8.

the day-star the sun. **tricks**; compare Il Penseroso, 123. The simile in lines 168–171 has been used by innumerable poets; it must be confessed also that Milton's treatment, though very beautiful, is somewhat conventional. Notice Browning's more original and striking application of the same figure, at the close of his Waring.

> Oh, never star
> Was lost here but it rose afar!
> Look east, where whole new thousands are!
> In Vishnu-land what Avatar?

172-181. The imagery of this passage is drawn chiefly from the description of the New Jerusalem, Revelation XXI. and XXII. Is such imagery appropriately introduced in a poem of this kind? **nectar.** This is certainly an inappropriate word in this passage, associated as it is with suggestions of Olympian revelry. **unexpressive** = inexpressible, that is, too sweet for expression. Orlando describes his mistress as 'The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.' (As You Like It, iii. 2. 10).

182-185. Genius of the shore; compare Il Penseroso, 154. See also the story of Leucothea and Palæmon, Cl. Myths, § 129.

186-191. These eight lines are in *ottava rima*, a favorite form of versification with Byron. **uncouth swain** = the poet himself, — a depreciatory touch. Perhaps also in **various** and **eager** we have a half-apology for the mixture of styles in this poem. **Doric lay**; Theocritus wrote in the Doric dialect. See note on 'Lydian airs,' L'Allegro, 135–152. **blue**; the conventional color for a shepherd's dress. The last line is interpreted by some to mean that Milton intended to write no more occasional verse but to return to his serious studies. Others see in it a reference to his approaching journey to Italy.

Perhaps you have found this a difficult poem. Has it convinced you that he who would become a thorough scholar in the department of English Literature, must base his studies upon a broad foundation of Greek and Latin Literature? Would a knowledge of Old English serve your purpose as well?

ON SHAKESPEARE.

This little poem with commendatory verses by other hands, was prefixed to the 1632 folio of Shakespeare. It is there called 'An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakespeare.' It is certainly an astonishing performance for a young man of twenty-two and contains at least one immortal line. Which is that?

1-6. **What**; for this use of *what* compare Tennyson's Passing of Arthur, 418 and 420 (p. 301 of this book):

> For what are men better than sheep or goats . . .
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer?

star-ypointing; see notes on L'Allegro, 11–16.

7-16. **unvalued** = not to be valued, inestimable. **Delphic** = inspired. At Delphi, in Phocis, was a famous oracle of Apollo. Cl. Myths, p. 420. In lines 13–14, the metaphor is so far-fetched that it may fairly be called a conceit. The interpretation seems to be that Shakespeare, by the power and beauty of his thought (*conceiving*) exalts us to a state of wrapt and silent attention wherein the creations of the imagination (*fancy*) become realities to us. Such conceits were popular when Milton wrote these lines; they abound in the works of Donne (d. 1631) who was actually considered a great poet in his day.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SONNETS.

The Sonnet is an Italian form of versification that appeared for the first time in England in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557. The poems there called Sonnets are extremely crude in construction; the so-called 'Sonnets' of Shakespeare are

strictly speaking not Sonnets at all; Milton is the first English writer in whom the form of the Sonnet approaches the type set by the best Italian writers. The following are the principal Rules of the Sonnet deduced from their usage.

1°, The Sonnet must contain fourteen lines of five accents each.

2°, Lines 1–8 must form two quatrains with only two rimes, arranged according to the following scheme: a, b, b, a, a, b, b, a.

3°, Lines 9–14 must contain two tercets with either two rimes or three. The tercets must not reproduce the rimes of the quatrains.

4°, The last two lines must not rime. (This rule is not strictly observed by Milton or by Wordsworth).

These rules, in spite of their appearance of artificiality, are really grounded upon common sense. The following brief suggestions may start you along a line of thought that you can profitably follow up for yourself.

1°, "The limit of the Sonnet is imposed by the average duration of an emotional mood." (Pattison).

2° & 3°, The division into quatrains and tercets is based upon the law of effect by contrast.

4°, The Sonnet as a whole being intended to express one thought or feeling must adopt a metrical form that will carry the thought smoothly and continuously to the end. If the two last lines rime, they seem to stand out separated from the body of the poem. Notice this in the Sonnet to Cromwell, (p. 16); how inferior is the effect of this ending to that in Keats' Sonnet on Homer (p. 171) or to that in Wordsworth's Sonnet to Milton (p. 210)!

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

This Sonnet was sent to a friend who had urged Milton to lead a more 'practical' life and become a clergyman at once. But Milton was wiser than his friend. He felt that the will of Heaven had destined him to be a poet. Through long years of distracting conflict he never abandoned this purpose; the result was Paradise Lost.

sheweth. This is not a faulty rime, since this word, though now commonly spelled and pronounced *show*, in Milton's day was commonly spelled and pronounced as here. Both forms occur in his poems, but *shew* much oftener than *show*. The etymology (Middle English 'shewen') decides that *shew* is the older form. **my semblance;** Milton had a remarkably beautiful and youthful face. At college he was nick-named 'The Lady of Christ's.'

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

The 'certain ministers' were John Owen and other Independents who desired State-support for the clergy. The 'Committee for Propagation of the Gospel' was a Committee of the Rump Parliament who had charge of ecclesiastical affairs. Milton's lines are both a general plea for religious freedom and a special appeal to Cromwell to 'Save us from our friends!' This the Lord General did very effectively ten months later by calling in his troopers to expel

the Rump. The members departed so little regretted, he declares, that not even a dog barked as they left the place.

the neck of crowned Fortune. A biblical metaphor; Genesis XLIX. 8. **trophies;** a word with an interesting etymology. What do you think of *trophies* reared on a *neck?* **Darwen stream;** near Preston in Lancashire where Cromwell defeated the Scotch under the Duke of Hamilton, August, 1648. **Dunbar; Worcester;** Cromwellian victories, Sept. 3, 1650, and Sept. 3, 1651. For a vivid picture of Dunbar fight see Carlyle's Cromwell, Letters 139-146; for Worcester, Letters 182-183. **new foes;** Owen and his associates, as distinguished from the old foes, Presbyterians, who had been long committed to the policy of an established church.

What is the famous line in this Sonnet?

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

In 1655 the Duke of Savoy had attempted by force to convert some of his Protestant subjects to Catholicism. As Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth it was Milton's duty to draft the letter of remonstrance sent to the Duke on this occasion by Cromwell. In that document, diplomatic courtesy restrained him from giving vent to the grievous indignation which, in this Sonnet, bursts forth like a bright and consuming fire. The leading thought in this Sonnet is as old as Tertullian, the imagery is trite, the diction is of the utmost simplicity; yet so great was this man's soul and so deep the passion he has put into these few lines, that after the lapse of nearly two centuries and a half he makes us feel the shock of strong emotion that swept over him when he heard of the cruel deeds of the "bloody Piedmontese."

Consult your English History for the parts played by Cromwell and Mazarin in this affair.

Alpine mountains cold. This phrase is from Fairfax's Tasso, XIII. 60.

> —to the valleys greene
> Distilled from tops of Alpine mountains cold.

of old. The form of Christianity professed by the Waldenses antedated the 16th Century Reformation. **stocks and stones.** The Puritans regarded Roman Catholicism as a species of idolatry. The incident referred to in lines 7-8 is illustrated by a cut in a book published in 1658 by Sir William Moreland, Cromwell's Agent at Geneva. **The triple tyrant,** meaning the Pope, so called from his tiara or triple crown. See Brewer, article 'Tiara.' **Babylonian woe.** Rome was looked upon by the Puritans as the Babylon of Revelation XVII. and XVIII.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

The year in which Milton became totally blind is not known with certainty. It was probably about 1652, since in that year he was allowed an Assistant

Secretary. As he explains in the next Sonnet, loss of eyesight was hastened by his labor upon his Defense of the English People against Salmasius.

talent; Matthew XXV. 14–30. **thousands at his bidding speed.** We have the same thought in Par. Lost, IV. 677–8.

> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

Compare also the Te Deum, 2–3.

> All the earth doth worship thee. . . .
> To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the Powers therein.

post. This word is a bit of fossil history; it will repay you to dig it out. **They also serve who only stand and wait**; a beautiful expression of a beautiful thought that has brought consolation to thousands of weary souls.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

Skinner had been a pupil of Milton's and at the date of this Sonnet (probably 1655) was a lawyer of some prominence. **this three years' day.** We have a similar phrase in 2 Henry VI. ii. 1; 'these seven years' day:' **rings**; the Cambridge *MS.* reads 'talks' which is so much feebler, that Pattison is almost the only editor who retains it. With the magnificent courage of this Sonnet compare the pathetic resignation of

> Thus with the year
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
>
> Par. Lost, III. 40–50.

Of the six short poems of Milton here given, you will do well to commit to memory the lines On Shakespeare, On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three, and either the Sonnet On His Blindness or To Cyriack Skinner. From these, you cannot fail to learn that Nobility of Thought goes hand-in-hand with Simplicity of Expression and that the highest poetic effects are based upon Sincerity.

INTRODUCTION TO DRYDEN AND POPE.

DURING the thirty-eight years which elapsed between Milton's Sonnet to Skinner and Dryden's Epistle to Congreve, a great change came over the spirit of English literature. Even before the outbreak of the Civil War (1642) it was evident that the Romantic movement had almost spent its force, running off into such absurdities and extravagancies that even the prosy Waller was welcomed with relief as the herald of a new age. During the time of Puritan ascendancy (1649-1660), with the exception of an occasional Sonnet from Milton, Literature, suffering in silence, hid her diminished head. When she emerged at the Restoration, she found herself in a new world; a world of Realism to which Idealism was dead, a world on whose map the Forest of Ardennes is undiscoverable, but on which the Mall and the Coffee House are printed in large letters.

It has been seriously maintained that the poets of this age — such great literary artists as Dryden and Pope — are not poets at all. But surely they dwell in a Poetry-Land of narrow dimensions who cannot find room in it for the author of the Absalom and Achitophel and of the Epistle to Augustus. Was ever *dictum* more absurd than the following, advanced by a critic of some repute;[1] 'Dryden is perhaps the only great writer — he is certainly the only English poet of high rank — who appears to be wholly destitute of the gift of observation.' (!) Observation of what? Surely there is power of observing *Human Nature* in him who etched Zimri, in lines as clear-cut today as they were two hundred years ago. And is not Human Nature as worthy an object of study as Inanimate Nature? Does not its delineation call for as high poetic powers? 'The proper study of mankind is man.' Was there ever a truer line than this hackneyed one of Pope's — hackneyed because so true?

The eighteenth century poets then (and with them Dryden belongs) are the poets of Human Nature, or, more specifically, of Man in Society; they confine themselves almost exclusively to this topic; they love the 'sweet shady side of Pall Mall;' caring almost nothing for Inanimate Nature, they have their limits, but within these limits they are unexcelled for keen observation and for aphoristic expression. The form which this expression takes is almost invariably the heroic couplet, an instrument that Dryden forged out of crude materials,[2] and that Pope polished until it became smooth and shining as a Venetian dagger of glass. Let us not quarrel with them, as did Wordsworth, because

[1] Gosse. History of 18th Century Literature, p. 379.

[2] The Chaucerian 'couplet' is a different thing. For illustrations, see Notes on Dryden's Character of a Good Parson, pp. 31-32.

they contain few 'images from Nature,' but rather let us study them sympathetically, remembering Dryden's saying: Poetry, which is an image of Nature, must generally please, but 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man.

JOHN DRYDEN.

BORN in Northamptonshire in 1631. He came of a Puritan family, and accordingly was sent to Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1654. The political and religious tendencies of his later years estranged him completely from his University, causing him even to write,

> Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother University.

After the Restoration (1660) he took to the writing of plays, — almost the only means by which a professional author could then make a living. But his genius was not dramatic, and few of his many attempts in this line are now read, except as literary curiosities. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1670. He did not find his true vein until 1681, when he published the Absalom and Achitophel, the greatest of English satires in verse. Macflecknoe (1682) is hardly inferior. At the Revolution (1688) he was deprived of his position as Poet Laureate, and was compelled to return to the uncongenial task of play-writing. To many of his plays he prefixed introductions in which, for the first time in England, the laws of dramatic criticism were stated and discussed clearly and acutely. The prose style of these prefaces is clean-cut and modern, and entitles Dryden to the distinction of being the first to break away from the cumbersome periods in which English prose had heretofore obscured itself. His later years were spent upon his translation of Vergil and his Fables. His mind was always quick to welcome new ideas, and the work of his declining years, though in a lighter vein, shows no falling-off from the high standard of his prime. He died in 1700.

CONTEMPORARIES — Milton, Charles II., Cowley, Addison, Swift, Pope.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — The complete works of Dryden are to be found in *Saintsbury's* edition of 18 vols., published by Paterson, of Edinburgh. This edition is a revision of Scott's; it is expensive, and hardly to be found, except in a large city or university library. As a partial substitute may be used (1) *Saintsbury's* Life in the E.M.L., a model short biography; (2) *Christie's* excellent edition of the Poems; (3) *T. Arnold's* edition of the *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* (Macmillan). *Malone's* edition of the prose works is not easy to procure, nor is *Tonson's* edition of the plays.

TEXT. — *Christie's* (Macmillan).

CRITICISM. — *Johnson; Lives of the Poets.* In the *Dryden* and the *Pope* the Doctor is at his best.

Macaulay; Essay on Dryden. Though written only three years after the *Milton*, this shows a great advance in critical judgment.

Lowell; Essay on Dryden. The most satisfactory estimate, but fragmentary, like so much of Lowell's prose work. Dryden's best performances — the Absalom and Achitophel and the Fables — are barely touched on.

On the whole, few poets have been more fortunate in their critics than Dryden. The three Essays mentioned above make a high average. Much less pleasing is *Matthew Arnold*, who in his *Introduction to Ward's English Poets* delivers himself of an extraordinary *ex cathedra* judgment on Dryden and Pope. See this judgment neatly disposed of in a *reductio ad absurdum* by Courthope in the Elwin and Courthope Pope, V. 16.

EPISTLE TO CONGREVE.

William Congreve was the first comedy writer of his day. The best short account of him is by Swinburne in the Encyclopedia Britannica, article *Congreve*. See also Thackeray's *Congreve and Addison*, in his *English Humorists*. Congreve's first play, the Old Bachelor (1693) made a great hit. The Double Dealer, brought out the same year, scored only a *succès d'estime*.

1-10. **Strong were our sires**; a reference to the Elizabethan dramatists, the last of whom (Shirley) lived until Dryden was a man of thirty-five. **when Charles returned**; Charles II. 1660. He was the last English king with any literary pretensions, and the praise Dryden awards him seems not undeserved. His native wit, his long residence in France, and his acquaintance with the comedies of Molière made him a critic of no mean ability. **Janus**, according to one legend, assisted Saturn to civilize the early inhabitants of Italy.

11-19. **Vitruvius.** A famous Roman architect, a contemporary of Augustus. For **Doric** columns, see a picture of the Parthenon; for **Corinthian**, of the Madeleine; for **Ionic**, of the Temple of Wingless Victory on the Acropolis.

20-27. **Fletcher**; the friend of Shakespeare, with whom he is supposed to have written *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Many of his plays were written with Beaumont; of these, The Knight of the Burning Pestle for humor and Philaster for pathos, are not unworthy of Shakespeare himself. **Jonson**; see notes on L'Allegro, 126–134. The magnificent compliment in lines 26–7 owes something to the partiality of friendship.

28-34. **Etherege**; a friend of Dryden's; the earliest and not the least of the Restoration comedy writers. There has been preserved a letter in verse which Dryden wrote him when he was minister at

Hamburg or Ratisbon. **Southern**; an indifferent play-writer and a protégé of Dryden's.

35-40. **Fabius; Scipio; Hannibal.** Consult a History of Rome under the years 206–205 B.C. **Raphael**, the great Italian painter, died 1520. "Sweet poetry and music and tender hymns drop from him; he lifts his pencil and something gracious falls from it on the paper. How noble his mind must have been! It seems but to receive and his eye seems only to rest on what is great and generous and lovely." Thackeray, Newcomes, Chapter xxxv.

41-48. **Edward.** In 1327, Parliament deposed the weak and incompetent Edward II. and declared his son, Edward of Windsor, successor. If we exclude Oliver Cromwell, Edward III. is probably the ablest Englishman that has ever sat upon the English throne. **Tom the First.** Dryden was succeeded in the position of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal by Thomas Shadwell, an indifferent Whig poet whom he had mercilessly satirized as Macflecknoe. **Tom the Second** must be Thomas Rymer, who was made Historiographer Royal on Shadwell's death in 1692, Nahum Tate becoming Poet Laureate.

49-63. **wear** (54); this infinitive must be connected with line 51. **first attempt**; Congreve's comedy The Old Bachelor. **regular**, as explained by the next line, refers to the Unities of Time, Place, and Action, which the French critics derived (or thought they derived) from the Poetics of Aristotle and the usage of the Attic dramatists. The Unities require that the events in a play shall be only such as could happen within one revolution of the sun; that the scene must not be shifted from one place to another and that nothing shall be introduced that does not further the development of the main plot. The success of the Shakesperian drama, in which the first two Unities are disregarded, shows that with the exception of the last they are of little importance now, whatever value they may have had in forming critical opinion in the past. (For a brief but admirably philosophic discussion of the Unities, see Coleridge's Lecture on The Progress of the Drama.) **Shakespeare**; this coupling of Congreve with Shakespeare seems humorous to us, though it probably did not impress Congreve in that way.

64-77. **'tis impossible you should proceed.** Dryden was mistaken here. In 1695 Congreve produced his best comedy, Love for Love. For keen wit and brilliant dialogue nothing was written in England to equal this until Sheridan's School for Scandal (1777). **th' ungrateful stage.** In the year previous to this, Dryden's twenty-sixth play, Cleomenes, had proved almost a failure. **defend . . . your departed friend.** Congreve, in one of the few respectable acts

of his life, proved himself worthy the appeal here made him, by bringing out a fine edition of Dryden's plays.

After allowing a little for the equation of personal friendship, you will find in this poem acute criticism, fine feeling, strong and harmonious versification. What other excellences can you point out?

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

The legend of Saint Cecilia's martyrdom has been told by Chaucer, with true mediæval crudeness, in The Seconde Nonnes Tale. She is not there spoken of as the patron saint of music, nor is it clear that in the Golden Legend (thirteenth century), upon which Chaucer's tale is based, her musical powers are even referred to. A misunderstanding of '*cantantibus organis illa in corde suo soli Domino cantabat*' ('While the organs were playing she was singing in her heart to God alone'), seems responsible for her fame as a musician and as the inventress of the organ. The 22d of November is her day, and was celebrated by musical societies in London. Dryden wrote the Ode in 1687 as well as in 1697; Pope in 1708.

1-19. Persia won. Consult a History of Greece under the year 331 B.C. **Their brows with roses,** etc. You can see illustrations of this in many of the Alma-Tadema pictures.

20-46. Timotheus, the Theban, of whom nothing is known save that he was a musician at the court of Alexander. The more famous Timotheus of Miletus died in 357 B.C. **quire**; of the two spellings 'quire' and 'choir' (both from the Latin *chorus*), the former is much the older in English. **seats** = abodes; *sedes* is used in this sense by Vergil and Horace. **belied** = disguised. **sublime**; here used in its literal sense. **Olympia**; more correctly Olympias, the mother of Alexander. Lines 39-41 are imitated from the Iliad, i. 528-30:

> He spoke and awful bends his sable brows,
> Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
> The stamp of fate and sanction of the god:
> High heaven with trembling the dread signal took
> And all Olympus to the centre shook.
>
> (Pope.)

Phidias is said to have patterned his Olympian Jove upon the description in these lines of Homer. For a cut of this figure, see Cl. Myths, p. 54.

47-65. With the magnificent vigor of this stanza compare the more romantic and delicate treatment of the same theme by Keats in the fourth book of Endymion:

. . . over the light-blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue —
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din —
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!

honest = Latin 'honestus,' in its poetical meaning of 'fair-seeming,' 'handsome.' **hautboys**, a corruption of the French 'haut' (high) and 'bois' (wood); the wood instrument of high pitch or tone. The Italian form, Oboe, is now common in English.

66-92. Lines 70–73 illustrate the poverty of modern English in pronominal forms. **His** and **he** in 70 and 71 must refer to Alexander; the first **his** in 72 to Timotheus, the second **his** to Alexander. **He** in 73 takes us back to Timotheus again. **Muse** = song, strain. Compare the use of this word in Lycidas 19. **welter-ing**; compare Lycidas 12. **Darius**; see note on **Persia won**, line 1. Lines 77–8 are perhaps an echo from Par. Lost, vii. 25–6.

. . . though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen . . .

93-122. **Lydian measures**; compare L'Allegro 136. **toil and trouble**; from the Witches' Refrain in Macbeth iv. 1.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

Honour but an empty bubble; might serve as text for Falstaff's Sermon in I. Hy. iv. 5. 1. Sheridan has the same thought admirably expressed through the medium of Low Comedy; The Rivals, iv. 1. "*David.* . . . Look'ee, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. — Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well — my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. — So — we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! — I kill him — (the more's my luck!) now, pray who gets the profit of it? — Why, my honour. But put the case that he kills me! — by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy. *Acres.* No, David — in that case! — Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave. *David.* Now, that's just the place

where I could make a shift to do without it." **at once** = at the same time, simultaneously.

123-154. **Furies**; see notes on **Fury** in Lycidas, 75. **ghastly**; usage seems to have firmly established this form, which is really a mis-spelling for 'gastly,' from the Middle English 'gastly' = terrible. 'Gastly' seems to have no etymological connection with 'ghost,' which is from the Old English gāst = spirit, breath; German, 'geist.' **unburied**; notice that not the heroes are 'inglorious,' but their 'ghosts,' and they are 'inglorious' because 'unburied.' There seems to be no doubt that ancestor-worship was a very early form of belief among the Greeks. The spirit of the departed was supposed to live underground with the body. Clothing and arms were placed in the grave, slaves and horses were slain upon it, that they might serve the departed as in this life. 'From this primitive belief came the necessity of burial. In order that the soul might be confined to this subterranean abode, which was suited to its second life, it was necessary that the body to which it remained attached should be covered with earth. The soul that had no tomb had no dwelling-place. It was a wandering spirit. In vain it sought the repose which it would naturally desire after the agitations and labor of this life; it must wander forever under the form of a *larva*, or phantom, without ever stopping, without ever receiving the offerings and the food which it had need of. Unfortunately, it soon became a malevolent spirit; it tormented the living; it brought diseases upon them, ravaged their harvests, and frightened them by gloomy apparitions, to warn them to give sepulture to its body and to itself. From this came the belief in ghosts. All antiquity was persuaded that without burial the soul was miserable, and that by burial it became forever happy. It was not to display their grief that they performed the funeral ceremony, it was for the rest and happiness of the dead.' — Coulanges, The Ancient City, B'k i. Cap. i. Verify these statements by reading the appeal of Elpenor's ghost to Ulysses, near the opening of Odyssey xi.; see also the interview between Æneas and the ghost of Palinurus in Æneid VI. 337-383. **Thais.** This story of Thais rests upon very doubtful authority; it is probably as authentic as that of King Alfred and the Cakes or of George Washington and the Cherry Tree. **Helen.** You know that Helen did not literally set fire to Troy. What does Dryden mean, then?

155-180. **She drew an angel down.** In the Pinacoteca of Bologna there is a beautiful painting by Raphael, of St. Cecilia listening to the singing of six angels. She is the central figure of a group, the

other members of which are St. Paul, St. John, St. Augustine and Mary Magdalene.

Some of the echoes from Shakespeare and Milton in this poem have been pointed out. Perhaps you can find others. Notice also the many instances of effective alliteration and repetition. Had Dryden's plays been as dramatic as this ode, they would still be acted.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

So exacting a critic as Saintsbury calls Dryden's Fables 'the most brilliantly successful of all his poetical experiments.'[1] Professor Lounsbury, in an elaborate comparison between Chaucer and Dryden,[2] declares of the latter: 'His versions of the ancient poet take the first rank in order of merit as well as in order of time.' Of the five 'Translations from Chaucer' in Dryden's book, the one here given is the shortest, and if not the best is certainly inferior to none. You will find it interesting to compare Dryden's treatment with the original, which runs as follows:

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewd man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A [dirty] shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold live.

[1] Saintsbury's Dryden, Cap. viii.
[2] Studies in Chaucer, vol. iii., pp. 156–179.

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, un-to seynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterye for soules,
Or with a bretherheed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, was his bisinesse:
But it were any person obstinat,
What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher noon is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
But Christes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-selve.

In Dryden's versification (and in Pope's) you will notice how the thought is almost invariably completed within the couplet: in Chaucer the thought commonly runs over into the third line, and sometimes continues even further.

1-11. As = as if. **too fast**; in a good sense, as explained by lines 10 and 11.

12-24. nothing of severe; a Latinism, 'nihil severi.' **his action free**; 'action' seems to be a metonymy for 'oratory.' **the golden chain.** The idea of a golden chain binding Heaven to Earth seems to have originated in Homer, Iliad viii. 19–27, where Zeus declares: 'Fasten ye a rope of gold from heaven, and all ye gods lay hold thereof and all goddesses; yet could ye not drag from heaven to earth Zeus, counsellor supreme, not though ye toiled sore. But once I likewise were minded to draw with all my heart, then should I draw you up with very earth and sea withal. Thereafter would I bind the rope about a pinnacle of Olympus, and so should all these things be hung in air. By so much am I beyond gods and beyond men.' Chaucer (following Boethius) in the Knight's Tale (2133–5) says,

. . . with that fair cheyne of love he bond
The fyr, the eyr, the water and the lond
In certeyn boundes, that they may nat flee.

This is rendered by Dryden in his Palamon and Arcite, iii. 1028–9.

Fire, flood and earth and air by this were bound,
And Love, the common link, the new creation crowned.

Compare Jeremy Taylor's 'Faith is the golden chain to link the penitent sinner unto God.' **music [of] the spheres,** dates back to Pythagoras (about 600 B.C.). We have a beautiful expression of this thought in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

> Look, how the floor of Heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls; —

Lines 21–4 are supposed to refer to Bishop Ken, the Non-Juror, the author of Morning and Evening Hymns. See comment on lines 98–140.

25-41. exhales = 'draws forth,' 'causes to flow,' as in

> . . . thy presence that exhales this blood
> From cold and empty veins. . . .
>
> Rich. iii. I. 2, 58–9.

The imagery in lines 34–7 is evidently from the old Æsop's Fable, The Sun, The Wind and The Traveler.

For 38–41 see I. Kings, xix. 9–13. **harbinger.** This beautiful Old English word is seldom met with today in prose, but has been preserved for us by the poets. It originally designated a king's officer who, when the Court travelled, went one day ahead to provide lodging and entertainment.

42-49. tithes, literally 'tenths;' the tenth part of the produce of the land, paid to the clergy. **bell and book.** See Brewer, article 'Cursing by Bell, Book, and Candle.' In Barham's Jackdaw of Rheims we have a curse of this kind given in picturesque detail:

> The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
> He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
> In holy anger and pious grief
> He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
> He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
> From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
> He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
> He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
> He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
> He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
> He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
> He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
> He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
> Never was heard such a terrible curse!

50-59. For the sentiment of these beautiful lines compare Hugo's Les Miserables, ii. 3, 'The Bishop, who was sitting near him [the

convict], gently touched his hand. ". . . This is not my house; it is the house of Jesus Christ. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. And do not thank me; do not say that I receive you in my house. No one is at home here except the man that needs a refuge. I say to you who are passing by, that you are much more at home here than I myself. Everything here is yours." '

60-74. **Paul's**, means St. Paul's Cathedral and Churchyard in London. In Chaucer we are told that the Parson did not run to St. Paul's to seek him a chantry for souls. In Dryden the application of the term Paul's is wider, and contains an allusion to the traffic carried on in the churchyard of the Cathedral. Streets and shops have gradually encroached upon this yard, and bookstores here do largely congregate. This is the explanation of the 'Published by ——, St. Paul's Churchyard,' which you see on the title pages of some English books.

75-97. For line 90, see John xix. 36; for line 94, John xix. 2; for line 95, Matthew xxvii. 28. **sons . . . Zebedee.** See Matthew xx. 20–28; iv. 20–21.

There is nothing in Chaucer to correspond with lines 98–140. Dryden inserted this passage to express his admiration for the Non-Jurors — some three hundred or four hundred Church of England clergymen who had refused to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance to William and Mary, and who were therefore deprived of their benefices (1690). The most illustrious of these was Ken. An elaborate account of this movement will be found in Macaulay's History, Chapter xiv. The reference in Dryden is thinly disguised by throwing back the scene to the last year but one of Chaucer's life — the year 1399, when Richard II. was deposed by Henry IV.

98-105. **Reflecting, Moses-like.** See Exodus xxxiv, 29–35. For line 105 see Genesis ii. 3.

106-122. **The tempter**; Job i. 9–12; ii. 4–6. **Near though he was.** William of Orange was the nephew of the deposed James II.; Henry of Bolingbroke was the cousin of Richard II. **The next of blood** to James II. was his infant son James Edward, afterwards known as the Old Pretender; the next of blood to Richard II. was Edmund, Earl of March. For the political events referred to in lines 115–122, consult a History of England under the years 1688–9.

123-140. **The rest in orders.** When a man becomes a clergyman in the Church of England he is said to 'take orders.' **The rest in orders**, then, are the clergy who consented to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. Notice the clever inuendo [innuendo] in these lines. For the metaphor in the Alexandrine that ends **the song**, see note on 'foil' in Lycidas, 79.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE, 'the most brilliant of all wits who have at any period applied themselves to the poetic treatment of human manners,'[1] was born in 1683 — the year of the Revolution. Being a Roman Catholic, he was excluded by his religion from the benefits of a University training. Though an omnivorous reader, his education in the classics was desultory and superficial. The result of this is painfully apparent in his *Paraphrase* (sometimes called a *Translation*) *of Homer*, whereof Bentley said with equal truth and wit, 'Very pretty poetry, Mr. Pope, but pray don't call it Homer.' The first volume of this appeared in 1715, when Pope was only twenty-seven; chiefly through the disinterested exertions of Swift, the list of subscribers grew to such dimensions that Pope was assured of a modest competency for life. The *Rape of the Lock* (completed in 1714) stands to-day as the best mock-heroic poem in English, while the *Eloisa to Abelard* (1717) shows that Pope is not deficient in the third requirement of the Miltonic canon — Passion. Immortal lines are to be found scattered through Pope's attempts at literary criticism (*Essay on Criticism*) and at philosophy (*Essay on Man*), nor can we deny to the former the merit of having done much to develope sound critical principles in England. The work of his maturer years is to be found in the *Epistles and Satires;* when you have studied the specimens given in this book, you will have at least some data upon which you can form an independent judgment that may or may not agree with that of De Quincey, quoted at the beginning of this article. To the deformity of Pope's body may be attributed some of the irascibility of his temper. He was engaged in perpetual quarrels; sometimes with men of character and ability who would have been his best friends; oftener with denizens of Grub Street quite beneath his notice. His nature seemed to crave the excitement of a continual literary hawking-party; among the larger game at whom he flew his birds were George II. (see the Epistle to Augustus), the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Cibber, Defoe, Tickell, Addison and Bentley. He was not perfectly sincere with even his most intimate friends, Bolingbroke and Swift: to the latter, this melancholy revelation was spared; to the former it was disclosed only after Pope's death in 1744.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES. For the advanced student and the teacher, all former editions of Pope have been superseded by that of *Elwin and Courthope* in ten volumes (London, 1871–89). (To this edition the editor of this book is under

[1] De Quincey,

constant obligation.) It seems as if the diligence of these editors had left little for future generations to glean. The work is extremely uneven in quality. For Vols. i. ii. vi. vii. viii. Elwin is responsible; in addition to much useful information, they contain a tirade of abuse against Pope, which shows the editor to have been lacking in the first essential of a good biographer — sympathy with his subject. For Vols. iii. iv. v. ix. x. Courthope is responsible: while quite as scholarly as the others, they are marked by sympathetic treatment and delightful literary finish. Vol. v. contains the Life of Pope; in this, the sixteenth chapter, on The Place of Pope in Literature, is especially valuable and contains the refutation of Matthew Arnold's judgment on Dryden and Pope referred to on p. 26 of these notes.

Teachers who cannot get access to Courthope's Life should consult *Leslie Stephen's* admirable little book on *Pope* in the English Men of Letters Series. For the social life of the times see *Thackeray's* masterpiece, *Henry Esmond;* also his *George I.* and *George II.* in *The Four Georges.* For the History, see *Green*, Chapter IX. Sec. 9–10.

TEXT: *Elwin and Courthope*, as above; or *Ward* (MacMillan).

CRITICISM. *Addison, Spectator, No. 253.* Thoroughly commonplace and interesting only as a contemporary view.

Macaulay; Essay on Addison. Contains a rather one-sided account of the quarrel between Addison and Pope, in which Addison (as a good Whig) is all white and Pope (as a bad Tory) is all black. For the other side, see

Thackeray's Prior, Gay and Pope in his *English Humorists.*

Johnson's Pope, in his *Lives of the Poets*, contains the famous parallel between Dryden and Pope.

De Quincey; Three Essays. (1) *Alexander Pope.* Sympathetic and penetrating. Contains, however, one 'prodigious oversight' in the false psychological analysis of Pope's Atticus. (2) *On The Poetry of Pope.* Contains an elaborate examination of Pope's 'correctness.' (3) *Lord Carlisle on Pope.* Deals with Pope's philosophy and his theory of French Influences in English Literature.

Lowell; Essay on Pope. A very brief treatment that adds little to our previous knowledge.

Montégut; Revue des deux Mondes, iii. 86, 274. Interesting as showing the high opinion of Pope entertained by a cultured Frenchman.

Gosse: from Shakespeare to Pope. Has a good account of the rise of 'classical' poetry in England.

EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS.

This epistle was published in 1717. *Jervas* had given Pope lessons in painting, and after the death of Kneller in 1723, became the most distinguished portrait-painter of the day. His abundant self-esteem caused him to do and say many ridiculous things; the best remembered of these is the anecdote of his copying a Titian, and then exclaiming, as he compared his own work with the original, 'Poor little Tit, how he would stare!' *Fresnoy* or Dufresnoy (d. 1665), a French painter, whose Latin poem *De Arte Graphica* is here referred to.

1-12. Muse; compare Lycidas 19. **strike . . . blend**; notice the use of the subjunctive in the dependent clauses. **close Art.** See lines 39–40 and notes there. **regular.** Pope appears never to have known exactly what he meant by 'regular'; he seems to use it as a loose synonym for 'polished,' 'finished,' 'in good taste.' **rage** = poetic inspiration, enthusiasm. This use of 'rage' is in imitation of the 'divina rabies' (divine madness) of the Latin poets. Among the ancients, insanity was often looked upon as a sign of inspiration. Compare the well-known story of Cassandra; also Vergil's description of the Sybil in Æneid vi. 46–51.

> Her colour changed, her face was not the same,
> And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
> Her hair stood up, convulsive rage possessed
> Her trembling limbs, and heaved her labouring breast.
> Greater than human kind she seemed to look,
> And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
> Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
> When all the god came rushing on her soul.
>
> (Dryden.)

13-22. unite . . . contract. What parts of the verb? **both,** is of course tautological. You have here an example of a defect inherent in the heroic couplet; in order to make the thought fill up twenty syllables, it is sometimes necessary to expand and weaken it by the introduction of unnecessary words. **slowly-growing works.** Is this subject or object?

23-38. Raphael's Monument. Raphael is buried in a vault behind the high altar of the Pantheon at Rome. See note on Raphael in the comment on line 39 of Dryden's Epistle to Congreve. **Maro** = Publius Vergilius Maro, shortened and Anglicized to 'Vergil.' He was buried by his own request near Naples; tradition still points out the spot. **Tully** = Marcus Tullius Cicero, the famous Roman orator, killed at Formiae by order of Antony in 43 B.C. **builds imaginary Rome anew**; meaning, 'in imagination builds Rome anew.' **Guido** = Guido Reni who died in 1642; best known by his beautiful Aurora and by the Beatrice Cenci commonly attributed to him. **Caracci**; there were several Italian painters of this name, the most distinguished of whom was Annibale Caracci, d. 1609. **Correggio** (Antonio Allegri) so called from his birthplace (now Reggio), a little town near Modena. His pictures are famous for their delicate treatment of light and shade, — or, to use the artist's word, their chiaroscuro. He died in 1534. **Paulo**; (Paul Cagliari), best known in English as Paul Veronese, or Paul of Verona (d. 1588). His paintings are crowded with anachronisms which we must forget in order to enjoy

the brilliancy and harmony of his coloring. In his most famous picture, The Marriage of Cana, the characters wear gorgeous sixteenth century costumes; The Virgin, The Twelve Apostles, Venetian Senators, Mediæval Friars and Poets are all here; among the musicians at the feast we have portraits of Tintoretto, of Titian and of Paulo himself. **Titian** (Tiziano Vecellio), the greatest of portrait painters and of colorists, was a native of Venice. He lived to the extraordinary age of 99, with his intellectual powers unimpaired. It is interesting to notice that the three great painters of the world — Michael Angelo, Titian and Raphael — were all Italians; that they were born within nine years of each other and that they were all producing immortal work during the first twenty years of the sixteenth century.

39-54. **illustrious toil.** Fresnoy is said to have spent twenty years on his poem. **strike**, in the sense of 'impress,' as in the colloquial 'How does this strike you?' **Bridgewater**; Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, third daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. She was a famous beauty and Jervas imagined himself in love with her. She died in 1714 when only twenty-seven.

55-62. **engage** = attract and fix. **Churchill's race**; Lady Bridgewater, mentioned above, and her three sisters, Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland and Lady Montagu. Their portraits are still to be seen at Blenheim. **Worsley**: in the original edition this read 'Wortley' and referred to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom Pope at this time greatly admired. After his famous quarrel with her, he deprived her of the compliment by changing *t* to *s*. Lady Worsley's eyes seem to have made a deep impression on Swift as well as on Pope. (See Swift's letter to her of April 19, 1730.) **Blount**; Martha Blount was the younger of two comely sisters who played an important part in Pope's life. With Teresa Blount he quarrelled; for Martha his admiration — perhaps his love — remained constant. Dying, he bequeathed her the greater part of his personal property. **Belinda**; Miss Arabella Fermor, the heroine of Pope's Rape of the Lock.

63-78. **Graces**; see note on L'Allegro 15. **Muses**; see Cl. Myths, § 43 (4). **Zeuxis**, the most famous of Greek painters, is supposed to have flourished about 400 B.C. His masterpiece was the picture of Helen here referred to, painted for the city of Croton. **Mira**, was the Countess of Newburgh, a beauty whom George Granville (Lord Lansdowne) celebrated in some very feeble verses.

In this little Epistle you will notice a vein of pathos not common in Pope. What is there in the subject to induce this feeling? How are the pathetic touches introduced? Is the concluding couplet in harmony with the rest of the poem? Give reasons for your answer to this last question.

EPISTLE TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

The Earl of Burlington was a munificent patron of the Arts, and himself a landscape gardener and architect of some pretensions. This epistle, first published in 1731, and afterwards much amended, was originally entitled False Taste. It is intended to enforce a favorite maxim of Pope's, — that all Art is founded on common sense:

Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul.

You will have little difficulty in following the thought if you study carefully the following

"ARGUMENT OF THE USE OF RICHES.

The Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, v. 13. That the first principle and foundation, in this as in everything else, is Good Sense, v. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, v. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, v. 65, etc., to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand Error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, v. 97, and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, v. 105, etc. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, v. 133, etc. Yet Providence is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, v. 169 [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. II. and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 159, etc.]. What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, v. 177, etc., and finally, the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, v. 191, to the end."

1-10. **Topham.** 'A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.' — Pope. **Pembroke**; probably the Earl of Pembroke, whose county seat of Wilton was celebrated for its works of art. **Hearne**; a well-known antiquary. **Mead**; **Sloane**; two prominent physicians: the one famous for his library, the other

for his collection of natural curiosities, now in the British Museum.

13-22. **Sir Visto**; Sir Robert Walpole, for twenty years Whig Prime Minister of England. He made a large fortune in politics, and lavished much of it on his magnificent house and gardens at Houghton. Pope detested him, and never lost a chance to satirize him. **Ripley** was an architect, a henchman of Walpole's, and built the house at Houghton. **Bubo**, in Latin, means 'Owl.' Here it stands for Bubb Doddington (Lord Melcombe), a close friend of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and a favorite object for Pope's satire.

23-38. **You show us Rome was glorious.** 'The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.' — Pope. **Palladian.** Andrea Palladio was an Italian architect who died in 1580. He introduced a tawdry style of architecture, in which the Roman orders are used not for constructive, but for decorative, purposes. Do any of the public buildings you are familiar with answer to Pope's description in these lines? How about those in your own town?

39-46. **the seven.** The Schoolmen's list of the Seven Sciences is Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy. **Jones**; Inigo Jones (d. 1653), the most famous English architect of his day. **Le Nôtre** (d. 1700), the favorite landscape gardener of Louis XIV. He laid out the grounds at Versailles; also St. James' and Greenwich Parks.

47-64. 'All the three rules of gardening are reducible to three heads: the contrasts, the management of surprises, and the concealment of the bounds.' — Pope.

65-70. **Stowe**; Lord Cobham's country seat in Buckinghamshire. 'Though some of the buildings . . . are far from beautiful, yet the rich landscapes occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and obelisks and the various pictures that present themselves as we shift our situation occasion surprise and pleasure, sometimes recalling Albano's landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxuriant vales of Daphne and Tempe.' — Horace Walpole.

71-78. **Versailles**; see note on 'Le Nôtre,' line 46. **Nero's terraces**; see Brewer, article 'Golden House.' **Cobham**; see note on 'Stowe,' line 70. **cut wide views.** 'This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen at the expense of above £5,000, by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and pasture, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.' — Pope. **Samuel Clarke, D.D.**

was a favorite of Queen Caroline's, who made him one of her chaplains, and after his death (1729) had his bust placed in the Hermitage. This was a famous grotto which the Queen had constructed in Richmond Gardens in the summer of 1735. She called it "Merlin's Cave," and filled it with figures of the wizard and his votaries, copied from members of her court. Pope here implies that there was a grotesque incongruity between a grotto and the likeness of an assiduous courtier like Dr. Clarke.

79-88. **quincunx; espaliers; parterres.** All these words have interesting etymologies. **supports;** 'here used in the technical sense, signifying the art by which objects are made in a picture to assume their proper relative proportions.' — E. and C.'s Pope, iii. 178.

89-98. **Dryads;** Cl. Myths, § 47 (2) and § 121. In line 95 the construction is elliptical: 'Having destroyed his father's work, he views,' etc. The **boundless** Green is condemned as monotonous: the **flourished Carpet** as cramped and stiff in design. In the parks of some of our large cities you can see these 'flourished carpets.'

99-112. **Timon.** Pope's enemies declared that he had once received a present of £500 from the Duke of Chandos, and that in Timon he held up his benefactor to ridicule. Both these charges Pope hotly and — as the evidence shows — truthfully denied. Pope's note on lines 99-168 explains that 'This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of [for] magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.' **Brobdignag;** the land of giants: familiar to readers of Gulliver's Travels, which was published five years before the first edition of this Epistle.

113-126. **Amphitrite;** Cl. Myths, § 52. Notice how the ludicrous effects in this famous passage are produced by the juxtaposition of things incongruous.

127-140. **Aldus;** Aldo Manuzio (whence Aldine), a famous Venetian printer of the 16th Century. **De Sueil;** a Parisian binder. **Locke.** His famous Essay on the Human Understanding had been published some forty years when this Epistle came out.

141-150. **'Verrio** (Antonio) painted many ceilings, etc., at Windsor, Hampton Court, etc., and **Laguerre** at Blenheim Castle and other places.' — Pope.

151-168. **Tritons.** See note on 'Herald of the Sea,' Lycidas 89. **Sancho's dread doctor.** See Don Quixote, Part ii. Book iii. Chapter 47. **God Bless the King.** The English National Air, often played at the close of musical and theatrical entertainments.

169-180. **Ceres.** Cl. Myths, § 45. **Bathurst.** Allen Apsley, Lord Bathurst, 'a man of learning, courtesy and feeling' (Sterne), to whom Pope addressed his Third Epistle.

181-204. **Jones**; see line 46 and note. **Palladio**; see note on 'Palladian,' line 37. **Vitruvius**; see note on Dryden's Epistle to Congreve, line 15. It would be difficult to imagine a more artistic conclusion to an Epistle of this nature, or one that holds up a more admirable ideal. It is not unworthy to be compared with those noble lines in which Vergil interprets the destiny of Rome:

> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.
>
> Æneid vi. 851-853.

Dryden's rendering of this has evidently suggested Pope's concluding line.

> But Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway,
> To rule mankind and make the world obey,
> Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way.
> To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free—
> These are imperial arts and worthy thee!

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS.

This Epistle (first published in 1737) is imitated from Horace's Epistles ii. 1. This you should read, if not in the original at least in Conington's translation. The King's name was George Augustus. Physical bravery seems to have been his only redeeming virtue; in all other respects he was a thoroughly contemptible creature, as you may read in Thackeray's Four Georges. The portions of the Epistle addressed directly to him are couched in a vein of subtle irony. Warton says that the irony was so artfully concealed that 'some of the highest rank in the Court' mistook it for serious praise (!); but this seems hardly credible.

1-6. **open all the Main,** seems to be used in a double sense: (1) You open all the sea to English trade; (2) you leave the sea open to the Spaniards. In the year this epistle was published, there was great excitement in England over the 'right of search' which Spain claimed to exercise and did exercise over English vessels. When Spain declined and when England became the leading naval power of the world, she claimed for herself this same 'right of search' against which she had formerly so vigorously protested. The connection between this claim and the war of 1812 is too well known to need elaboration here. **chief in Arms, abroad defend;** referring to the King's desire to command the army in person and to his repeated absences in his beloved Hanover. **Morals, Arts and**

Laws. George II. had no morals, he cared nothing for what he called 'Bainting and Boetry,' and he exercised no influence on legislation.

7-22. **Edward** = Edward III. **Henry** = Henry V. **Alfred** = Alfred the Great. **to find, etc.** = at finding how unwilling are base mankind to be grateful. **Alcides** = Hercules, the grandson of Alcæus. Cl. Myths, § 139–143. The diction and the imagery of lines 19–22 could hardly be improved.

23-42. **Skelton**; died in 1529. He was a favorite of King Henry VIII. Erasmus thought better of him than Pope did, and was certainly a more competent judge. **Heads of Houses.** At Oxford and Cambridge, what we would call the President of a College is sometimes denominated the Head of a House. He is generally a clergyman. **Christ's Kirk o' the Green**; a ballad of low life by King James I. of Scotland. **the Devil.** 'The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his poetical Club.' — Pope. Lines 37–42 are in illustration of 35 and 36. From this point to the end of 138, the argument is intended to ridicule that unreasoning public taste which belittles the literature of its own day while it extols that of the past. Perhaps Pope 'felt in his bones' that the literary sceptre which he had received from Dryden, and which he had so long swayed, was about to pass from him to a school of Romantic poets whose precursor was Thomson. If this be so, while we may not sympathize with his regret, we cannot help admiring the sharpness of his sarcasm, the brilliancy of his wit and the extraordinary acuteness of his literary judgments.

43-68. **Courtesy of England**; a legal phrase, applied to the tenure by which a widower holds the property of his deceased wife. The application here will be: 'We will allow that such a poet as you describe may, by courtesy, pass for a classic, though he has not a full right to do so.' **the rule that made the Horse-tail bare.** The word 'rule' in this expression seems based upon a misinterpretation of lines 45–46 of the Horatian Epistle from which this Epistle is imitated. In Horace, the plucking out single hairs from a horse's tail is used for illustration just as Pope uses it in line 64; Pope's 'rule' is Horace's 'ratione ruentis acervi' (mentioned in his line 47), a logical puzzle better known under its Greek name of Sorites. For etymology and explanation of this, consult an unabridged dictionary. **Stowe**; author of 'Annals of This Kingdom from the Time of the Ancient Britons to His Own' [1600].

69-78. **Shakespear.** 'Shakespear and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought [*sic*] of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage: the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his Dotages.' — Pope.

Cowley, who died the year Paradise Lost was published, was considered by his contemporaries the greatest poet of his day. His Pindaric Odes do not remind one of Pindar in any way, and his Epic (the Davideis) would hardly be considered a compliment by so good a poet as David. Pope has an imitation of Cowley called The Garden.

79-88. '. . . the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism; in some things right, in others wrong. . . .' — Pope. **Beaumont's judgment.** Of the fifty-two plays attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher, less than one-third are known to show traces of Beaumont's hand. See note on Fletcher in the Epistle to Congreve, line 20. **Shadwell hasty.** Warburton tells us that this line (from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester) refers not to the differing abilities of Shadwell and of Wycherley, but to the rate at which they produced plays. For Shadwell, see note on Epistle to Congreve, line 48. **Southern; Rowe;** dramatists, contemporary with Pope. **Heywood;** John Heywood died the year after Shakespeare was born. His 'Interludes' show the transition from the Moralities to the regular play. **Cibber;** Colley Cibber, actor, play-wright, Poet Laureate; immortalized in 1743, when formally proclaimed by Pope as the hero of the Dunciad.

89-106. **Gammer Gurton's Needle** (1575) was supposed, in the time of Pope, to be the oldest English comedy. It is now known that Ralph Roister Doister goes back as far as 1566. **the Careless Husband** (1704). Though Cibber's masterpiece, this is certainly a dull play, lacking action and distinctness of characterization. **Spenser, Sydney, Milton.** As your acquaintance with these writers grows more extended you will recognize the justness of Pope's strictures. **Bentley** (d. 1742), the great Greek scholar, made the mistake of trying to edit Milton on the same critical principles that he had so successfully applied to the Epistles of Phalaris. He included within brackets [hooks] all lines that seemed to him spurious. The result was an edition of Milton scarcely less deplorable than Sir Isaac Newton's edition of the Prophecies of Daniel, or than Professor Tyndall's discourses on Irish Politics. *Ne sutor supra crepidam.* **th' affected fool;** Lord Hervey, the friend of Queen Caroline. This sarcasm is based upon his lines:

> All that I learned from Dr. Friend at school
> By Gradus, Lexicon, or Grammar-rule
> Has quite deserted this poor John-Trot-head,
> And left plain native English in its stead.

107-118. **Sprat;** 'A worse Cowley.' — Pope (*apud* Spence). **Carew; Sedley;** each a man of one song. To the former belongs

'He that loves a rosy cheek;' to the latter, 'Ah, Chloris, could I now but sit, As unconcern'd. . . . '

119-138. **If I but ask**, etc. Pope's Edition of Shakespeare (1731) had been severely criticised by Theobald. **Betterton** (d. 1710) was for many years the leading actor of the English stage, — and this in spite of his clumsy figure. **Booth**; see line 334. **A muster roll of names.** 'An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks and Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the player.' — Pope. **Merlin**;

> Him the most famous man of all those times,
> Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
> Had built the King his havens, ships and halls,
> Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
> The people called him Wizard. . . .
>
> Tennyson. Merlin and Vivian, 22–26.

139-154. These lines sketch the growth of taste in England from the time of **Charles restored** (1660). Even in Horace's Epistle the connection between the different parts of the argument (if so it may be called) is extremely loose; in Pope this connection is often conspicuous only by absence. **All, by the King's example**, etc. 'A verse of the Lord Lansdowne.' — Pope. **Newmarket** (near Cambridge); famous for its horse-races. It was a favorite place of resort for Charles the Second. **Lely**; Sir Peter Lely (d. 1680) painted many of the Court beauties. **they taught the note to pant.** 'The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England [1656].' — Pope.

155-160. These lines have no logical connection either with what precedes or with what follows.

161-180. The good old times, when nobody wrote, contrasted with these degenerate days, when everybody writes.

181-188. Everybody — except the would-be author — realizes that he must learn his trade before he can practise it. **Ward.** 'A famous empiric, whose pill and drops had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at that time.' — Pope. **Radcliff's Doctors.** The Radcliff (Medical) Scholarship at Oxford permits the holders to spend half their time in study 'in parts beyond sea.' **Ripley.** See note on Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, line 18.

189-200. In spite of his mania for writing, the author is a harmless creature. **the Folly**; that is the folly of writing. **Peter**; Peter Walter (according to Bowles) who cheated Mr. George Pitt when collecting his rents.

201-240. A commendation of poets as useful members of society. **Roscommon.** The Earl of Roscommon (d. 1684) was a friend of Dryden's. He translated the Ars Poetica of Horace and wrote an Essay on Translated Verse. Pope speaks of him in the Essay on Criticism (725–728) as

> . . . not more learned than good,
> With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
> To him the Art of Greece and Rome was known,
> And every author's merit but his own.

Swift. See Brewer, articles 'Drapier's Letters,' 'Wood's Halfpence.' Swift's life in Dublin was worthy the splendid eulogium his friend here bestows upon it. **Hopkins and Sternhold.** The Hopkins and Sternhold version of the Psalms was published with the Book of Common Prayer in 1562. The mention of them as poets is a joke that can be appreciated only by him whose youthful spirit has been tried by the attempts of these worthy creatures to improve upon the Hebrew bards. Campbell admirably says of them that, 'with the best intentions and worse taste [they] degraded the spirit of Hebrew psalmody by flat and homely phraseology, and, mistaking vulgarity for simplicity, turned into bathos what they found sublime.'

241-262. This account of the origin and growth of satiric verse is historically true of Rome, but not of England. English satire is not, like Latin satire, indigenous, but is formed upon foreign models. The literary ancestor of Dryden is Juvenal.

263-266. England conquered and made France captive but once — under Henry V. in 1420 (Treaty of Troyes). This conquest had no such effect on English literature as is here described. If Pope refers to the victories of Marlborough (1702–9), he places too late the date at which French influences began to affect English literature; such influences are easily visible during the first decade after the Restoration (1660).

267-281. The Progress of English Poetry. **Waller** (d. 1687) enjoyed a reputation among his contemporaries that posterity has failed to endorse. He was the first 17th Century poet to employ the heroic couplet as his ordinary means of expression; Dryden acknowledges that he learned much of the art of versification from him. **correctness.** De Quincey's elaborate examination into Pope's 'correctness,' seems to follow a false scent and to lead to no satisfactory results. A modern scholar who studies Pope carefully and sympathetically, can hardly fail to agree with Mr. Courthope that the 'correctness' at which Pope aimed was 'accuracy of expression, propriety of design and justice of

thought and taste.' **Racine** (d. 1699), the greatest of French tragic writers. Pope's **exact** is not an exact characterization. 'Realistic' is probably what he means. Of this Realism we have good examples in Racine's Iphigénie and in his Phèdre. **Corneille** (d. 1684), the father of French tragedy; his **noble fire** burns brightest in his Cinna and in his Horace. **Otway** (d. 1685), the only great tragic writer of the Restoration period. His Venice Preserved is hardly inferior in pathos to Othello. **fluent Shakespear.** 'I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespear, that, in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted out a thousand!"' — Ben Jonson. **Copious Dryden.** Of Dryden's twenty-seven plays, twenty could easily be spared.

282-303. Judgments on the Comedy-Writers of Pope's day. **Congreve**; see notes on Dryden's Epistle to Congreve. If you compare Witwoud in Congreve's Way of the World with Touchstone in As You Like It, or with the Clown in Twelfth Night, you will see the difference between a Fool who merely displays the author's wit and one who is as thoroughly human as any other character in the play. **pert, low dialogue.** This criticism does injustice to the sprightly and often not unrefined dialogue of Farquhar's later and better work — The Recruiting Officer (1706) and The Beaux' Stratagem (1707). Pope's only play, Three Hours After Marriage, failed dismally; from that fatal hour he seldom missed a chance to sneer at the dramatists of his own day. **Van** = Sir John Vanbrugh, architect of Blenheim, and author of ten comedies. The phrase 'wants grace' seems to condemn, not unjustly, his lack of moral fibre. Some of Vanbrugh's plays are admirably constructed, so far as plot and situation go. His best work (The Confederacy), adapted from the French, has a double *motif* quite as diverting as that in the Comedy of Errors, and possesses much more verisimilitude. **Astræa**; Mrs. Aphra Behn, author of seventeen indifferent plays; the first Englishwoman who made a living by her pen. **Cibber**; see note on The Careless Husband, line 92. **the laws** = the laws of comedy. **poor Pinkey**; William Penkethman, a comic actor. In the Tatler, No. 188, we read, '. . . Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful shrug; Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus.' See also The Spectator, No. 370, for a description of Penkethman in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy.

304-307. Condemnation of the public rage for farces and spectacular plays. With this passage compare Spectator, No. 31.

pit. The pit was originally an inclosed space where dog-fights and bear-fights took place. As the bear-garden was metamorphosed into the theatre, the name 'pit' was retained for the floor of the house; admission to this was cheap, and this made it the favorite resort of the rabble. As late as twenty years ago the 'pit' was common in London theatres; now it has almost disappeared, the space formerly reserved for it being occupied by what we call the parquet. **the Black-joke**; a popular tune of the day. **From heads to ears and now from ears to eyes**; 'From plays to operas and from operas to pantomimes.' — Warburton. **Old Edward's Armour.** 'The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Ann Boleyn, in which the play-houses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower to dress the champion.' — Pope. **Democritus,** according to the legend, never went abroad without laughing at the follies of mankind; Heraclitus, without weeping at the same follies. **Orcas.** 'The farthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.' — Pope. **Quin.** After the death of Betterton, in 1710, Quin and Booth became the leading actors of the day. Booth retained his popularity until his death in 1733; Quin lived many years after he was superseded by Garrick, whose first appearance in London, in 1742, stamped him as the greatest actor England has ever seen. **Oldfield**; Mrs. Oldfield, the comic actress, d. 1730. **a birthday suit**; suit worn at a Court-ball in honor of the King's birthday.

338-347. This fine passage excels the original, thus rendered by **Conington**:

> But lest you think this niggard praise I fling
> To bards who soar where I n'er stretched a wing,
> That man I hold true master of his art
> Who with fictitious woes can wring my heart;
> Can rouse me, soothe me, pierce me with the thrill
> Of vain alarm, and, as by magic skill
> Bear me to Thebes, to Athens, where he will.

348-355. Or who, etc., *i.e.*, If you do not patronize us, how can we write? **the Muses . . . mountain.** See note on Lycidas, 15-22. **Merlin's Cave.** See note on 'Clark' in the Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 78. Pope is fond of making fun of the Queen's choice of books. In his Imitations of Horace's Epistles, ii. 2, he writes:

> Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
> No poets there but Stephen, you and me!

356-375. **if we will recite.** Poets used to recite before Augustus, never before George II. Through following his original too closely, Pope misses his point. The indifference of George II. to literature was founded upon sheer stupidity, — that stupidity against which the gods themselves, as Schiller says, fight in vain. **dubb'd Historians.** The office of Historiographer Royal was sometimes combined with that of Poet Laureate. See note on Dryden's Epistle to Congreve, 41–48. **Louis** = Louis XIV. **Boileau** (d. 1711), the French critic whose Art of Poetry strongly influenced Pope's Essay on Criticism. **Racine**; see note on line 274.

376-379. **Some minister of grace**; a hit at Walpole, who made Cibber laureate in 1730. The phrase is from Hamlet i. 4, 39:

> Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

380-389. **Charles** = Charles I. **Bernini** (d. 1680); an Italian architect and sculptor; his best known work is the colonnade in front of St. Peter's at Rome. **Nassau** = William III. **Kneller** was court-painter to all the English sovereigns from Charles II. to George I. See first note on Pope's Epistle to Jervas. **Blackmore**; Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to William III., was knighted in 1697. He seems to have been a very good physician, but was certainly a very poor poet. **Quarles.** 'The enormous popularity of Francis Quarles' Emblems and Enchiridion, a popularity which has not entirely ceased up to the present day, accounts to some extent for the very unjust ridicule which has been lavished on him by men of letters of his own and later times. . . . the silly antithesis of Pope, a writer who, great as he was, was almost as ignorant of literary history as his model Boileau, ought to prejudice no one, and it is strictly true that Quarles' enormous volume hides, to some extent, his merits.' — Saintsbury; History of Elizabethan Literature, 377. **No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.** There is no evidence other than Pope's to show that Jonson and Dennis ever made use of such an expression. Perhaps it is merely intended as a paraphrase of Horace's 'Bœotum in crasso . . . aëre natum' ('. . . born and nurtured in Bœotian air'). **Dennis**; John Dennis the critic had many a literary encounter with Pope, in which the poet not seldom came out second best.

390-403. The corresponding lines in Horace recount with loyal pride the great deeds of Augustus; notice with what admirable irony Pope adapts them to the ignoble reign of George II. **Maeonian** = Homeric. Maeonia was the ancient name for Lydia, and according to one legend was the birth-place of Homer.

404-419. **Eusden**; Poet Laureate from 1718–1730. He has the honor of appearing among the city poets in the Dunciad, I. 104. **Phillips**; Ambrose Phillips (d. 1749) sometimes known as Namby-Pamby Phillips, appears several times in the Dunciad. He was a good Whig; this seems to be the only explanation of the fact that Addison and Steele considered him a good poet. **Settle**; Elkanah Settle (d. 1723) wrote Odes on the Lord Mayor's Day. Dryden has pilloried him in Absalom and Achitophel, ii. 412–456:

> Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
> Made still a blundering kind of melody;—

The Third Book of the Dunciad is largely devoted to him. **Bedlam**; a well-known lunatic asylum in London. During the 18th Century, second-hand bookstores were numerous in the vicinity of Bedlam. **Soho** — 'Old Soho, [which] had already begun to acquire a connection with old curiosities.' — E. and C.'s Pope iii. 373.

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, in the county of Roxburgh, in 1700—the year of Dryden's death. He studied at the University of Edinburgh in a somewhat desultory fashion, and in 1725 went to seek his fortune in London. Thanks to influential friends and to good letters of introduction, Thomson, though sometimes pressed for money, seems to have escaped the starveling period incident to poets. In 1726 he published the *Winter*. Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, to whom it was dedicated, gave Thomson twenty guineas; the friendly exertions of Aaron Hill, once manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and a favorable notice by Spence in his Essay on the Odyssey, assisted to bring Thomson's work prominently before the public. The popularity which he then attained he has never lost; his occasional Latinisms, his ponderosities and his mannerisms are easily forgotten in the delight we feel in his keen observation of Nature, in his sympathy with all that is charming in her sights and sounds, in his power of putting together a landscape and bringing it vividly before us, and in the melodious roll of his easy blank verse. The *Winter* was published when Pope was at the height of his fame; a greater contrast than that between him and Thomson it would be hard to imagine, or a more striking proof of the intellectual versatility of an age that could appreciate them both. In his *Summer*, *Spring* and *Autumn*, Thomson never quite reached the level he attained in the *Winter;* his *Ode on Liberty* and his plays are distressing performances. In the first canto of the *Castle of Indolence* (1746), written with a sincere love of the subject, he is at his best again; its dreamy gorgeousness reminds us of Spenser and foreshadows Keats.

Personally, Thomson was a good-natured, lazy creature, of indifferent morals, with a fondness for a lord that would have entitled him to the distinction of a long chapter in Thackeray's Book of Snobs. Before his death (1748) he had had the pleasure of seeing his character happily idealized in this flattering stanza by his friend, Lord Lyttelton:

> A bard here dwelt more fat than bard beseems;
> Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
> On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
> Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain;
> The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
> Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
> Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
> Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
> He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.
>
> Castle of Indolence, I. 68.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — A conscientious and thoroughly dull *Life of Thomson* by *Sir Harris Nicholas* will be found prefixed to Little, Brown & Co.'s edition of Thomson (Boston, 1865). For further references, see Bibliography on Pope.

TEXT. — *Child's*, in the edition above referred to.

CRITICISM. — *Johnson*, in his *Lives of the Poets*, is almost the earliest critic of Thomson, and there have been few better.

Hazlitt, in his *Thomson and Cowper* (*Lectures on the English Poets*), has some acute remarks put in his own dogmatic way.

Christopher North, in *A Few Words on Thomson*, lets his sympathy run into enthusiasm, sometimes into over-praise, of a fellow-countryman. Incidentally he shows up the absurdity of Wordsworth's criticism on Thomson. North's comment on the opening of Thomson's Spring is, 'Never had a poem a more delightful beginning.' This is in amusing contrast with Hazlitt, who calls the same opening 'flimsy, round-about, unmeaning.'

Saintsbury, in the second volume of *Ward's English Poets*, has the best short criticism of Thomson from a modern point of view.

WINTER.

1-53. **Capricorn.** The sun enters the sign of Capricorn (Goat's Horn) on the 21st of December. The sign immediately preceding Capricorn is Sagittarius or the Archer, often represented on celestial maps by a Centaur with bow and arrow. Following Capricorn comes Aquarius, or the Water-Bearer, which the sun enters about the 21st of January. Consult your dictionary under the word 'Zodiac.' **the inverted year**; the time of year in which there seems to be neither growth nor life in Nature, but rather decay and death. **long, dark night.** In the latitude of Thomson's birth-place (about 55° 30′), on December 21st, the sun sets at 3.29 P.M., and on December 22d rises at 8.31 A.M.; *i.e.*, the night is seventeen hours long. **broad.** What makes the sun look 'broad'? Verify, from your own observation, the points in this description of the winter sun.

54-71. **crop the wholesome root.** This is a decided anticlimax, weakening instead of strengthening our impression of the severity of winter. **Genius of the coming storm.** Compare Il Penseroso 154 and Lycidas 183. **Fancy**; thus characterized by Milton, in the Par. Lost, v. 103–105.

> . . . of all external things
> Which the five watchful senses represent,
> She forms imaginations, aery shapes.

For 'Imagination' see the Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 14–17:

> . . . as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

Lowell gives an admirable concrete illustration of the difference between Fancy and Imagination when he says that Ariel is a creation of the Fancy and Prospero of the Imagination.

72-105. The vigor of this description of the rain-storm is somewhat impaired by the poet's occasional lapses into stilted phraseology. What do you think, for instance, of 'household feathery people' (87)? Can you imagine Chaucer or Milton writing this? Compare the latter's description of country sights and sounds in L'Allegro, 49–68. There you see what Swift meant when he said that a good style consists in proper words in proper places. Perhaps you can find other places in these lines (72–105) where you can better the phraseology?

223-275. With this description of the snow-storm compare the beautiful opening of Whittier's Snow-Bound. Until that was written, there was nothing better on the subject than these lines of Thomson's. Both the Scotchman and the New Englander are able to interest us because their treatment is based upon Vision — that is, upon clear view and close observation. But Thomson is far inferior to Whittier in Imagination and in Human Sympathy. There is nothing in the Winter that can compare with Snow-Bound 41–65 and 100–115. **the laborer ox demands The fruit of all his toils** (239–241). This line, which has been severely criticised (why?), is almost paralleled by Whittier's

> The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,
> And mild reproach of hunger looked.

In lines 261–263 the poet attributes to 'the bleating kind' an emotion of his own which they are incapable of feeling; moreover, were they in 'despair' (= utter lack of hope or expectation) they would not 'dig,' but would lie down and die. You will find this passage (223–275) furnishes an excellent Study in Epithet.

276-321. In this incident of the cottager lost in the snow we have a bit of genuine pathos, — a recollection, perhaps, of some tale that Thomson had heard when a boy among the Roxburgh hills. Deftly as the touches are laid on, we can hardly, with Christopher North, attribute sublimity (!) to the poet who introduced them, nor can we declare with that enthusiastic fellow-Scot that in this description not a word could be altered for the better. Such laudation argues a provincialism that British critics have been fond of pointing to

in the United States. **Disastered.** Look up the etymology of this word. **shag** = to roughen. This word is not uncommon in Milton and Spenser. In lines 297–302 the syntax is muddy, but you can clarify it by a careful study of the punctuation here given.

424-497. This enumeration of Greek Worthies is an evident imitation of Il Penseroso, 85–120. There is always danger for a man of talent when he tries to imitate a man of genius; Thomson's thought seems diffuse and his diction pedantic when put beside Milton's. His characterizations read like articles from the Classical Dictionary, with which they may profitably be compared. Line 456 refers to Leonidas; the **haughty rival** of 464 is Themistocles. **The Theban pair** = Epaminondas and Pelopidas. By comparing this passage (424–497) with the one immediately preceding (276–321) you will perceive the difference between Poetry and Versified History. Thomson's sense of humor developed late in life or he might have perceived it himself.

691-759. With this description of Frost, compare that in Cowper's Winter Morning Walk, 104–168. **ethereal nitre** = frost. Nitre crystallizes in six-sided prisms. In the East Indies it is found on the surface of the ground. Compare lines 717–720. **Steamed** (721). We must not read into this word our modern and unpoetic notions of steam as associated with intense heat and whirling engines. 'To steam' in Spenser and Thomson means only 'to rise in vapor.' But it must be confessed that in any correct sense 'steamed' goes badly with **icy gale** (723). **the distant waterfall Swells in the breeze** (735–6). This admirable poetic touch is but one of many in this description that it will repay you to study and verify, remembering that Poetry describes things as they seem, Science as they are.

760-777. **Batavia** (Holland), so called from the Batavi, a Keltic tribe who inhabited the regions around the mouth of the Rhine in the time of Cæsar.

988-1023. This description of the Thaw is quite as good as that of the Frost, — omitting **Leviathan and his unwieldy train,** whose clumsy gambols add nothing to the horror of the scene. For a really poetical description of the Leviathan, see Job xli. 18–34.

1024-1046. The transition is awkward from the description of the Thaw to the Concluding Moral. Following the effects of the Thaw we should expect some reflections upon the newly awakened life of the Spring, such, for instance, as are introduced in 1041 *et sqq.*; instead of this we are suddenly jerked back to Mid-Winter. **'Tis done!** What is done? The Thaw? 'No,' says the poet; 'not the thaw, but the work of **dread Winter.**' Then, in 1041, we are shot

back into Spring again. The force of dislocation could no further go. Disregarding the defective arrangement, we must confess that the portion of the conclusion here given contains some excellent lines; among these the best seems to be,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.

This is, perhaps, as fine a line as Thomson ever wrote, and is one we may be glad to remember him by. Peace be to his ashes! He has shown us that in that 18th Century, so much abused for its Materialism, there lived at least one poet who was near to Nature's heart.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BORN at Lichfield, 1709. His father was a book-seller, and in his shop the boy was able to indulge his insatiable desire for reading. From 1728 to 1731 Johnson at Oxford was among the poorest of the poor, 'stoically shut up, silently enduring the incurable,' as Carlyle puts it. He left without taking his degree, and after two unsuccessful attempts at school-teaching came to seek his fortune in London, accompanied by his friend Garrick (1737). The next year appeared his poem, *London*, many passages of which — especially the famous SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESSED — reflect his own bitter experiences as a starving author. At this date, twenty-four years of literary hack-work were ahead of Johnson, during which, however, he managed to make at least one 'honest strike for fame' in his poem *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. His *Dictionary*, his *Rambler*, his *Rasselas*, and his extraordinary conversational powers assisted him to rise to a position of literary dictatorship similar to that held in the seventeenth century by Dryden. In 1762 a small pension bestowed upon him by George III. of unblessed memory relieved him from the unjust ridicule of poverty. During the remainder of his life, he enjoyed a well-earned rest, broken only by the diversions of writing his *Visit to the Hebrides* and his *Lives of the Poets*. On this last-named work, it appears that Johnson's reputation as a prose-writer will chiefly rest.

Like to Achilles without his Homer, like to Æneas without his Vergil, like to Henry V. without his Shakespeare — such would Johnson have been to us without his Boswell. From 1763, when Boswell met Johnson, till 1784, when Johnson died, the daily walk and conversation of the great man have been preserved for us in those incomparable sketches which are at once the joy and the despair of all other biographers. To the reading of Boswell we might apply Hazlitt's description of the reading of a good comedy — it is like keeping the best company, where the best things are said and the most amusing things happen.

FRIENDS — Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith, Boswell, Reynolds, Robertson, Gibbon, Richardson.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — The best edition of *Boswell* is that by *G. Birbeck Hill* (Clarendon Press, 6 vols.). The same editor has also published *The Letters of Samuel Johnson* (excluding those published in Boswell) and a volume entitled *Dr. Johnson, His Friends and his Critics*.

A large portion of *Leslie Stephen's Johnson* (E. M. L.) is a condensation of Boswell, whose 'best things' are skilfully selected. *Hawthorne's Our Old Home* contains a charming account of his visit to Lichfield, Johnson's birth-place, and

to Uttoxeter, where Johnson did penance in the market-place. For the social life of the times, see *Thackeray's Virginians* and his George III. in *The Four Georges*. For the History, *Green*, Chapter X. Secs. 1–2.

CRITICISM.—The best criticism on Johnson has fortunately been brought together within the compass of a single volume by *Matthew Arnold*. His *Johnson's Chief Lives* has appended to it *Macaulay's* and *Carlyle's Essays on Boswell's Johnson*. Macaulay gives us the man Johnson objectively and materially, Carlyle gives us Johnson subjectively and spiritually. Not the least interesting thing in this book is Arnold's own preface, with his high estimate of Johnson as a prose-writer and his Lacustrine inability to see anything but 'mistaken poetical practice' in the eighteenth century poets.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

This poem was published in 1749 and is imitated from the Tenth Satire of Juvenal (see Gifford's translation), as is the *London* from Juvenal's Third Satire. The diction and the constructions in the second poem are more highly Latinized than in the first; the thought is mellower and the tone more resigned.

1-10. Notice the curious tautology in lines 1–2. **Survey** (2), **Remark** (3), **watch** (4), and **say** (5) are all infinitives depending upon **Let** (1). Whitney, §§ 449, 477. **Snares** is hardly a good metaphor with **clouded**.

11-20. The clauses beginning with **How** in 10 and 13 repeat the construction of line 5. Later in the poem the writer gives concrete illustrations of some of the general propositions here advanced.

21-28. **the general massacre of gold** - the general massacre which the desire for wealth causes. **Wide wasting pest!** The thought and the phraseology in this passage are less from Juvenal than from Vergil, Æneid iii. 56–7.

> Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
> Auri sacra fames!

29-36. **madded**, an obsolete form for 'maddened.' In line 31, notice the abstractness of the diction. This use of abstract terms is so frequent in Johnson as to amount to a mannerism. Yet he can write very plain strong English when he wants to; see lines 33, 62, 78, 221. **the Tow'r** = the Tower of London, long used as a state prison.

37-44. **The needy traveller, serene and gay, Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil away.** A most happy rendering of one of Juvenal's most famous lines: 'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.' **Increase**; i.e., If you increase his riches you destroy his peace.

45-72. **Democritus**; notice the accent of this word as determined

by the rhythm. See notes on Epistle to Augustus, 304–337. **motley**; originally a patch-work dress of highly-colored bits of cloth; the costume of the clown or professional jester. As applied here to life, it implies a sneer as well as a description. **man was of a piece**, that is, when men were more consistent than they are now. Doubtless the satirists of the time of Democritus likewise looked back to some Golden Age that existed only in their imaginations. **a new-made mayor's unwieldy state**; a reference to the Lord Mayor's Show, a civic parade that still takes place annually in London on the 9th of November, when the new Mayor is inaugurated. **Attentive** goes with **thou** (61). **robes** and **veils** are subjects of **were** (65). **canvass**; not in our modern (American) sense of 'to solicit,' but in the old sense of 'to examine,' literally, 'to sift through canvas' (bolting-cloth).

73-82. **On every stage**: on every stage of the suppliants' progress to wealth and power. **Love ends with hope**: as soon as their hope of patronage is disappointed, their love for their patron ends. **Sinking** and **growing** are the emphatic words in their respective sentences.

83-90. **the painted face**: the portrait of our former hero and patron. **palladium**: Cl. Myths, p. 305. **better**; this must be taken sarcastically. For gives the reason for the sarcastic **better**: being degenerate, we are unable to see heroic worth in the features where once we found it. **The form distorted** (in our pejorative imagination) justifies us in taking down the picture of him who was once our hero; we detest what formerly we loved, and indignantly rid our house of its presence. (I am aware that the subjective interpretation of this difficult passage is not free from objections, but an objective interpretation creates even more difficulties, it seems to me, while a mixture of the two methods produces hopeless confusion.)

91-98. **remonstrance rings.** It is difficult to surmise what period of English History Johnson had in mind, as the Tory party, of which he was a staunch adherent, has never been noted for assaults upon aristocratic and kingly power. Lines 95 and 96 seem to refer to the premiership of Henry Pelham, who, at the time this satire was written, had almost broken up the Opposition that destroyed Walpole by taking into the Cabinet the most distinguished members of that Opposition. **septennial.** Members of the House of Commons hold office for seven years, unless the Crown orders a dissolution and a new election within that time. This prerogative of the Crown is now lodged practically in the hands of the Prime Minister. **full** is best taken as an adverb with **riot** and **rail.**

99-120. Wolsey in this sketch takes the place of Juvenal's Sejanus. For the latter, consult a History of Rome under the years 14–31 A.D. For the idealized Wolsey, see Shakespeare's Henry VIII.; for the real Wolsey, Green, Chapter VI. Sec. 5. **the regal palace;** Hampton Court, ten miles west of the city of London. Wolsey's arms are still to be seen above the clock-tower, and the magnificent carved roof of the hall was begun by him. Hampton Court was the favorite residence of Cromwell and of William III.

121-134. Villiers: great is hardly an appropriate adjective for George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, the frivolous and unprincipled favorite of James I. and Charles I. He was stabbed to the heart by Felton in 1628. **Harley,** when a member of the Cabinet (1711), was stabbed with a pen-knife by a French refugee named Guiscard. The wound was not serious and brought Harley a good deal of cheap popularity. Intemperance rather than this wound fixed disease on Harley's closing life. What Johnson, in his Tory fashion, calls the murder of **Wentworth** (better known as Strafford) was in reality a perfectly legal and richly deserved execution for treason (1641). **Hyde.** Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Prime Minister of Charles II., was impeached in 1667 and fled to France. Refusing to return and stand his trial, he was banished for life. He has left a History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England, much admired — by Tory writers.

135-164. the gown. The cap and gown are still worn by students at Oxford and Cambridge. **Bodley;** Sir Thomas Bodley, an Elizabethan diplomatist who founded the Bodleian Library at Oxford. **Bacon's mansion.** 'There is a tradition that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.' — Johnson. **Novelty thy cell refrain** = Novelty refrain from approaching thy cell. So in the ballad of Robin Hood and Little John (Childs, v. 222):

> . . . the whole train the grove did refrain
> And unto their caves they did go.

Lines 153–4 are a bit of autobiography. **pause . . . from learning, to be wise.** Compare Tennyson's Locksley Hall, 143–4;

> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
> Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

the patron and **the jail** are placed in admirable juxtaposition. Some six years after writing this Satire, Johnson, in his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, gave 'noble' patronage in Literature a knock-down blow from which it has never recovered. **nations . . .**

meanly just. 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say: If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.' Matt. XXIII. 29–30. **Lydiat,** who died in 1646, suffered persecution not because he was a mathematician, but because he was a Royalist. This is but one instance of others we have noticed, where the good Doctor looks at history through Tory spectacles. **Galileo's** experiences with the Inquisition are too well known to call for recital here. He died in 1642.

165-174. **Laud,** Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Persecutor of the Puritans, was executed by order of the House of Commons in 1645. Macaulay, as strong a Whig as Johnson was a Tory, also disapproved of the execution of Laud, but for not exactly the same reasons. 'The severest punishment which the two Houses could have inflicted on him would have been to set him at liberty, and send him to Oxford. There he might have stayed, tortured by his own diabolical temper — hungering for Puritans to pillory and mangle; plaguing the Cavaliers, for want of somebody else to plague, with his peevishness and absurdity; performing grimaces and antics in the Cathedral; continuing that incomparable Diary, which we never see without forgetting the vices of his heart in the imbecility of his intellect, minuting down his dreams, counting the drops of blood which fell from his nose, watching the direction of the salt, and listening for the notes of the screech-owls. Contemptuous mercy was the only vengeance which it became the Parliament to take on such a ridiculous old bigot.' — Essay on Hallam.

175-190. **the rapid Greek:** Alexander, whose Asiatic conquests were completed between 334 and 323 B.C. **This praise,** etc., = The desire for praise has such power over men that virtue [valor?] can scarce incite them to arduous deeds till fame lends her aid. **everlasting debt.** When Johnson wrote this satire, the English National Debt was about £78,000,000. In 1860, our National Debt was $64,842,287. In 1865 (August 31) it was $2,844,649,626.

191-222. **Swedish Charles;** Charles XII. (1697–1718). His life has been written by Voltaire. Juvenal uses Hannibal as his example of the emptiness of military glory. **adamant;** one of the finest words in our language. Look up the etymology. **Surrounding kings;** Peter the Great (Russia), Augustus (Saxony and Poland), Frederick IV. (Denmark). **one capitulate;** Frederick IV. in 1700. **one resign;** Augustus. In 1706, Charles compelled him to resign his claim to the Polish crown in favor of Stanislas Leszczinski. **Moscow's walls.** After his defeat at Smolensk (1708)

Peter the Great made overtures for peace. Charles is said to have replied, 'I will treat with the Czar at Moscow.' **Pultowa**, where Charles was totally defeated, July 8, 1709. **distant lands.** Charles fled to Turkey and succeeded in embroiling that country in a war with Russia. In 1714 he returned to Sweden. **petty fortress:** Frederickshall in Norway. **dubious hand.** It was long disputed whether the fatal bullet came from an enemy in the front or a traitor in the rear. In 1859 it was proved by an examination of the King's skull that he had been shot from the front. It would be well for you to commit to memory this fine passage (191–222), of which lines 196 and 221–222 have become household words. If you compare this characterization of Charles XII. with that of Villiers (Absalom and Achitophel, I. 544–568) you will see that where Johnson draws a *type*, Dryden paints a *man*.

223-240. **Persia's tyrant; Xerxes.** See a History of Greece, under the years 486–479 B.C., and compare the third and fourth stanzas of Byron's Isles of Greece (p. 152 of this book).

241-254. **The bold Bavarian;** Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria; elected Emperor of Germany in 1742 under the title of Charles VII. **Cæsarean** = Imperial. 'Kaiser' and 'Czar' are both derived from 'Cæsar.' **fair Austria;** Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria. Upon the death of her father Charles VI. in 1740, she was treacherously attacked by Prussia, France, Bavaria and Saxony. Her people rallied around her with enthusiasm; after an heroic resistance, peace was made with Prussia, and the Bavarian troops, at first successful, were driven back. The Austrian cavalry, composed largely of Croats and Hussars, over-ran Bavaria, and the unlucky Charles, deserted by his allies and a prey to disappointed ambition, died after an inglorious Kaisership of only three years. For a lively picture of these events, see the opening pages of Macaulay's Essay on Frederick the Great.

255-282. This is one side of Old Age, and admirably drawn. Compare As You Like It, ii. 6 (near the end):

> The sixth age shifts
> Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
> With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
> His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
> For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice,
> Turned again toward childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> In second childishness and mere oblivion;
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

But there is another and a pleasanter side to Old Age. See Thackeray's touching description of the last days of Colonel Newcome (The Newcomes, Chapters LXXV. and LXXX.); also the character of Adam in As You Like It.

283-290. **The Miser**; a favorite theme with great descriptive writers. Well-known types are Golden Trapbois in Scott's Fortunes of Nigel, Harpagon in Molière's L'Avare and Père Grandet in Balzac's Eugénie Grandet.

291-310. **prime**; the first part, the spring of life. **Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage**; a famous line — and famous because the poet has herein expressed, in striking phrase, an observation on life that we instantly recognize as true.

311-318. **Lydia's monarch**; Crœsus, renowned for his wealth. The story goes that Crœsus, exhibiting his treasures to Solon, asked the sage if he did not consider the owner of such treasures a happy man. To this Solon replied, 'Count no man happy until he is dead.' This story is probably apocryphal. **Marlb'rough** died in 1722. Johnson seems to have drawn upon his imagination and his Tory prejudice for this line. The comparison would be extremely effective did it not lack the first condition of effective comparison — Truth. **Swift** was hopelessly insane for some five years before his death (1745).

343-368. The poet has now enumerated some of the chief blessings that men long for in this troublous world — Wealth, Political Power, Literary Fame, Military Glory, Long Life, Beauty. He has shown — often by concrete examples — that these so-called blessings are more often curses in disguise. Is there then nothing for which we may safely petition heaven? 'Yes,' he replies, 'but very little.' Lines 360–368 tell us what this little is. They contain the sum and substance of that somewhat melancholy but thoroughly sincere philosophy by which Johnson bravely lived his own life, — a life not unacquainted with grief.

THOMAS GRAY.

BORN in London, 1716; educated at Eton and Cambridge with Horace Walpole. From boyhood his health was delicate and he was subject to periods of gloom and depression. Something more than two years (1739–1741) spent in France and Italy brightened his mental tone and quickened his artistic sensibilities. His *Ode to Spring* (written in 1742), breaking away from the conventional eighteenth century forms — the heroic couplet and the rimed octo-syllabic — marks the beginning of the return to freer lyrical movements. For many years he resided at Cambridge; his opinion of life at his *alma mater* may be gathered from the opening of his *Hymn to Ignorance:*

> Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers . . .
> Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary power!
> Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.

Perhaps to escape these horrors he plunged into a severe and prolonged course of study which made him one of the most learned men and most accomplished critics in Europe. To the development of this critical faculty may be partly attributed the small amount of Gray's verse — for the critical and the creative faculties seem mutually destructive. His studies in Norse poetry opened up a field that is being vigorously worked to-day, while of the *Elegy*, did not Wolfe say, on the eve of Quebec, 'I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow'? In 1757 Gray had the good sense to decline the laureateship. In 1768 he was appointed to the sinecure Professorship of Modern Literature and Modern Languages at Cambridge, and never delivered any lectures. Three years later he died.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — Gray is best studied in *Gosse's* 4-vol. edition (London, 1884), which gives the Poems, Journals, Essays, Letters, and Notes on Aristophanes and Plato. The Journal in the Lakes (in Vol. I.) is especially valuable as showing that Gray exploited the Lake Country before Wordsworth was born. The only good *Life of Gray* is also by *Gosse* (E. M. L.).

CRITICISM. — *Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Thomas Gray.* Attributes Gray's scantiness of production to the fact that he lived in an age unfavorable to 'genuine poetry' — that is, poetry 'conceived and composed in the soul' as distinguished from poetry composed in the 'wits' (!).

Lowell: Latest Literary Essays and Addresses: Gray. Takes a much wider range than Arnold's Essay and is not tied to a theory. Classes Gray with Dryden as a 'well of English undefiled.' Written in Lowell's best manner.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

This poem, which was seven years a-making, was published in 1751 — within two years of The Vanity of Human Wishes. Johnson, a severe and unsympathetic critic of Gray, confesses that 'The "Churchyard," abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo.' This is undoubtedly the chief cause of the wide-spread popularity of this poem; a secondary cause is the exquisite felicity of the diction. Perhaps the two may be summed up in Pope's line:

> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

While it would be easy to point to exemplars for many of Gray's famous lines, the fact remains that the thought lives, not in other men's phrases, but in his. In this lies his triumph as an artist.

1-12. **The curfew.** See note on Il Penseroso, 74–84. The second stanza owes something, perhaps, to the third stanza of Collins' Ode To Evening:

> Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
> With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
> Or where the beetle winds
> His small but sullen horn.

The moping owl. Compare Tennyson's two songs, The Owl. **reign** = realm.

13-20. Notice the love of Nature, which we saw in Thomson, reappearing here. From this time on, we shall find it becoming more and more prominent in English verse.

21-24. Compare the third stanza of Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night.

25-56. **storied urn**; an urn on which a story is carved. **animated** = life-like. **provoke** = call forth, arouse.

57-60. **Hampden.** John Hampden, a wealthy country gentleman, refused to pay the illegal ship-money tax levied by Charles I. He was the first cousin of Oliver Cromwell, and, so far as we can judge, a man of scarcely less ability than the Protector himself. He was wounded in a skirmish at Chalgrove Field in June, 1643, and died within a few days. His death was a national calamity. Since the publication of Carlyle's Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches (1845) no intelligent person has ventured to uphold the view of Cromwell approved by Gray.

61-92. **madding** = raging, distracted. Compare 'madded,' Vanity of Human Wishes, line 30. **uncouth.** See note on L'Allegro, 5. **rimes.** See note on Lycidas 11. **elegy.** The eighteenth century was much given to elegy and epitaph writing — as the

disfigured walls of Westminster Abbey testify. **to dumb Forgetfulness** seems best taken as indirect object with **resigned**. In lines 89-92, some critics find a regular climax in thought. Do you agree with this interpretation, or do you find it far-fetched? Johnson finely said of lines 77-92: 'Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.'

93-128. **chance** = perchance. **Contemplation**; compare Il Penseroso, 51–54. **wan** may mean either 'pale' or 'sad.' In Old English it generally means 'dark' or 'gloomy.' **forlorn.** The prefix in this word is merely intensive; in 'forbid' it is negative. 'Lorn' is from the Old English 'leósan,' to lose; compare the German 'verloren.' **for thou canst read.** Reading was not a common accomplishment in eighteenth century England, nor is it as common in the United States to-day as it is in Prussia and Saxony. **lay** is generally associated with the idea of music and seems an inappropriate word for an Epitaph. In Gray's manuscript, after line 116, came the following:

> There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

This beautiful stanza — enough to make the fortune of an ordinary poet, as Lowell says — Gray relentlessly cut out, because he thought it too long a parenthesis in this place. Had other poets shown a tithe of this artistic conscientiousness, how many tons of verse would the world have been happily spared!

THE BARD.

Gray worked at this poem through some two years and a half; in 1757, with the Ode on the Progress of Poesy, it was 'Printed at Strawberry Hill for R. & J. Dodsley, in Pall Mall.' Though many 'Pindaric Odes' had been published in England before this time, these are the first that give the English reader an idea of the real manner of Pindar. The argument of the Ode is best given in Gray's own words: 'The army of Edward I., as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the King with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot.'

Metrically, the poem is divided into three Pericopes or groups of systems (1–48, 49–96, 97–144). Each Pericope is divided into Strophe, Antistrophe and Epode. Thus, in Pericope I., the Strophe is 1–14, the Antistrophe is 15–28, the Epode is 29–48. The metrical arrangement of the Antistrophe corresponds with that of the Strophe; that of the Epode is a law unto itself and in Gray's time was considered an unintelligible experiment.

1-14. **ruthless King.** 'This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.' — Gray. **hauberk.** 'The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings, interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body and adapted itself to every motion.' — Gray. **Cambria.** Latin name for Wales. **Snowdon.** The suffix in this word is of Keltic origin and signifies 'hill' or 'mound.' It appears as a prefix in *Dumbarton, Dunstable.* **Glo'ster; Mortimer.** 'They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.' — Gray.

15-28. **Loose his beard,** etc. 'This image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being, in the vision of Ezekiel.' — Gray. **Hoel; Llewellyn;** Welsh bards.

29-48. **Cadwallo, Urien, Modred** [Merlyn?], are probably as real as King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. **Plinlimmon;** in central Wales. **Arvon.** 'The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite the island of Anglesey.' — Gray. See note on Lycidas, 54.

49-62. **agonizing King.** Edward II. (the first English Prince of Wales) was murdered at Berkeley Castle in 1327. **She-wolf of France;** Isabelle, daughter of Philip the Fair, and wife of Edward II., is accused of having contrived the murder of her husband. **The scourge of heaven;** Edward III., who began the Hundred Years' War against the French and defeated them in the great battle of Crécy (1346).

63-76. **Mighty Victor.** The vigorous faculties of Edward III. were seriously impaired some time before his death (1377). He came under the evil influence of an unworthy woman, who is said to have robbed and deserted him on his death-bed. **the Sable Warrior;** Edward the Black Prince, who died the year before his father. **Fair laughs the Morn.** 'Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign [1377–1399]. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.' — Gray.

77-96. **Reft of a crown.** Richard II. was deposed by Parliament in favor of his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke, who, it is alleged,

caused him to be starved to death. Shakespeare represents him as assassinated by Sir Pierce of Exton (Richard II. v. 5). **Long years of havock**; the wars of the Roses. **London's lasting shame**; 'Henry VI., George Duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard Duke of York, etc., believed to be murthered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that Structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.' — Gray. **his Consort's faith**; 'Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.' — Gray. She appears in Scott's Anne of Geierstein, in the three parts of Shakespeare's Henry VI. and in his Richard III. **his Father's fame**; Henry V. **the meek Usurper**; Henry VI. Gray calls him 'Usurper' because his grandfather Henry IV. was not the hereditary heir to the crown. But Henry IV. was no usurper, for he was practically elected by Parliament, as was William III. nearly three hundred years later. **the rose of snow**; the device of York. **her blushing foe**; the red rose of Lancaster. See 1 Henry VI. ii. 4. In later times the white rose became the Stuart emblem. Compare the opening lines of the Cavaliers' Chorus in the opera of Villiers, ii. 3:

> There's not a flower that blooms a-field
> But doth to thee in fragrance yield,
> Dear rose, with leaf of driven snow,
> Whose beauty takes both friend and foe.
>
> A nation's king hath died for thee,
> A nation's grief hath sighed o'er thee;
> Watered by England's richest blood,
> Thou brav'st the storm of fire and flood.

The bristled Boar was the badge of Richard III., who caused his two little nephews to be murdered in the tower.

97-110. **Half of thy heart**; Eleanor of Castile, the devoted wife of Edward I. She died many years before her husband. **Arthur.** 'It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land and should return again to reign over Britain.' — Gray. **genuine Kings.** Consult an English History for Henry VII.'s claim to the throne (1485).

111-124. **a Form divine.** Queen Elizabeth. **lion-port** goes comically with **virgin-grace.** Gray is stiff at a compliment, compared with the subtle and graceful Shakespeare:

> . . . between the cold moon and the earth
> Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal throned by the west;

> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from the bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
> And the imperial vot'ress passed on
> In maiden meditation, fancy free.
>
> Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 97–105.

Taliessin. 'Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.' — Gray.

125-134. These lines refer to Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Determine the particular lines that refer to each poet.

135-144. repairs the golden flood. Compare Lycidas, 169.

Few poets would have the artistic self-restraint to end this poem where Gray ended it. Thomson, for instance, on such a subject could hardly have contented himself with less than a thousand lines. Even Shelley, sometimes, 'cannot get done.' Gray's practice was based upon a sound theory which he states in a letter to Mason, as follows: 'The true lyric style, with all its flights of fancy, ornaments, and heightening of expression, and harmony of sound, is in its nature superior to every other style; which is just the cause why it could not be borne in a work of great length, no more than the eye could bear to see all this scene that we constantly gaze upon — the verdure of the fields and woods, the azure of the sea and skies — turned into one dazzling expanse of gems.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN at Pallasmore in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728. His father was a poor clergyman and with difficulty sent his son to Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered at the bottom of his class. In 1749 he was graduated in the same honorable position; after a year and a half's intermittent study of medicine at Edinburgh, he spent some two years strolling over western Europe. How he supported himself during much of this time is a mystery; possibly the twentieth chapter of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and parts of *The Traveller* may furnish a clue. Between 1756 and 1759 he tried clerking it in a chemist's shop, practising medicine, proof-reading, school-teaching, and hack-writing. In only the last did he succeed; in the *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759) he emerges from the purlieus of Grub-Street and in *The Citizen of the World* he has left us some of the most delightful Essays in English. While we may well object to the unphilosophic conclusion of *The Traveller* we are charmed by its pen-pictures of Italy, Switzerland, Holland and France, its easy and melodious versification, its sweet and genial humanity. The manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) was sold by Johnson for £60 to release Goldsmith from an arrest for debt. His excellent comedy *The Good Natured Man* brought him further pecuniary relief — but temporary only, for Goldsmith had now accustomed himself to a manner of living that could dispense with the comforts of life, but must have the luxuries. In poetry, Goldsmith reaches his culmination in *The Deserted Village;* in comedy, it would be difficult to find a writer, French or English, who can better the skilful construction and easy, natural dialogue of *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773). Goldsmith's later years were honored by the friendship of such men as Garrick, Reynolds, Burke and Johnson. Johnson really loved him. When Goldsmith died in 1774, owing two thousand pounds, it was Johnson who gave us the key to his friend's character in saying 'Was ever poet so trusted before?'

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LIFE AND TIMES. — Of the numerous books on Goldsmith, *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith by John Forster* is the most scholarly extended study. But perhaps Goldsmith would not have thanked the author for his attitude of persistent and sentimental compassion. Among the shorter works, the life by *Dobson* (Gt. Wr.) contains much trifling and uninteresting detail; *Black's Life of Goldsmith* (E. M. L.) is artistically proportioned, exquisitely sympathetic and admirably sane. *Boswell* has many anecdotes of Goldsmith, all colored by Bozzy's lack of the sense of humor and by his jealousy of anybody who got nearer to Johnson than did Bozzy himself.

CRITICISM.— *Macaulay; Essay on Goldsmith.* Brings out clearly the fact that Goldsmith's misfortunes were due more to himself than to the neglect of society. In nearly every other respect, shows a complete misunderstanding of Goldsmith's character.

DeQuincey; Essay on Goldsmith. A review of Forster's Life of Goldsmith, in sympathy with the general tone of that work. Contains also, in characteristic DeQuincey style, digressions on the state of the literary body in France, and on the relation of literature to politics.

Thackeray; Sterne and Goldsmith in *The English Humorists.* Contains little about Goldsmith's works, but shows a loveable estimate of his character.

Fitzgerald; Principles of Comedy. Those interested in Goldsmith's dramatic genius will find some excellent criticism here.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

This poem, published in 1770, was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Six years later Adam Smith published *The Wealth of Nations*, from which, had Goldsmith lived, he could have learned that the economic change he laments was a blessing in disguise for those poor emigrants to whom it seemed a curse. But we do not read *The Deserted Village* for its Political Economy: we read it for its idyllic sweetness; for its portraits of the village preacher, of the village schoolmaster, of the country inn; for its pathetic description of the poor emigrants; for the tender and noble feeling with which Goldsmith closes the poem in his Farewell to Poetry.

1-34. Sweet Auburn! Attempts to identify 'Sweet Auburn' with any particular village are futile and unnecessary. The description is idealized, as any one who has had even small experience in the making of verses can see. **lent** (16) = yielded. **simply** (25) — artlessly. **Smutted** (27) would not be used in serious poetic diction to-day. No description of Rustic Mirth to compare with these thirty-four lines had been written in England since Milton's L'Allegro. If one might point out a flaw in this gem, it would be the too frequent personification of abstract terms, such as **gambol** (21) and **sleights** (22).

35-50. The hollow-sounding bittern. The bittern has a hollow, throaty cry, and generally builds its nest on the ground. Perhaps this line is a reminiscence of Isaiah XIV. 23: 'I will also make it a possession for the bittern and pools of water; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts.' **the lapwing,** sometimes called the 'pewit,' from its cry.

51-56. Princes and lords. Compare Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night, 165; also his song, For A' That and A' That (p. 113 of this book). Lines 55 and 56 point a real moral. The strength of a country lies largely in its yeomanry or small-farmer class. In this respect, France leads the world.

57-62. Here we have again the myth of a Golden Age of which the poets are so fond. History teaches plainly that there never was a time ere England's griefs began.

63-74. **trade's unfeeling train.** This is a remnant of the Mercantile Theory, wide-spread in Europe during the Middle Ages and not dead yet in unintelligent communities. According to this theory Commerce is a war, and when A. gains, B. must lose. An elementary knowledge of Economics shows us now, that where Commerce (Trade) is unrestricted, both A. and B. gain; otherwise there would be no Commerce. **rural . . . manners.** The ordinary meanings attached to 'rustic manners' and 'bucolic manners' hardly bear out the poet's eulogy. What is there in city life that tends to refine and polish the manners?

75-96. The sincerity that breathes through these lines makes us feel that here is a bit of genuine autobiography.

97-112. **unperceived decay.** Evidently suggested by Vanity of Human Wishes, 293. Throughout this passage the influence of Johnson is perceptible. **his latter end.** 'Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.' Proverbs XIX. 20.

113-136. **careless** = free from care. **loud laugh.** Fatness and laughter have long been associated — perhaps unjustly — with the idea of weak mentality. Compare:

> Let me have men about me that are fat:
> Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
> Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look:
> He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
>
> Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 192–5.

Yet Falstaff was a tun of a man. **pause**; the interval between the strains of the nightingale's song.

> Listen Eugenia,—
> How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
> Again — thou hearest?
> Eternal passion!
> Eternal pain!
>
> Matthew Arnold's Philomela, 28–32.

Compare also Keats' Ode to a Nightingale (p. 168 of this book). **No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale.** A stiff and commonplace line, in Pope's earliest and worst manner. **bloomy.** Compare the opening lines of Milton's Sonnet to the Nightingale:

> O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
> Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still.

mantling = covering as with a mantle.

137-162. We can find many points of resemblance between this beautiful portrait of the village preacher and Chaucer's Poor Parson (Dryden's character of a Good Parson). Goldsmith's sketch seems to contain allusion to his father and to his brother Henry. To the latter he had dedicated The Traveller. **disclose** = allow to be seen. **mansion**; in its original sense of 'dwelling-place' (Latin, 'manēre,' to stay, remain). **place** = position, as in 'He has a place in the Custom-House.' **doctrines fashioned to the changing hour.** Perhaps Goldsmith was thinking of The Vicar of Bray:

> And this is law that I'll maintain
> Until my dying day, Sir,
> That whatsoever king shall reign
> Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

tales of sorrow done. For this absolute use of the participle, compare L'Allegro 115, and see Whitney, § 395–7. **shewed how fields were won.** Compare Alexander's Feast, 66–8. **His pity gave**; his natural sentiment (*Pity*) relieved them before his theological virtue (*Charity*) came into play.

163-192. **Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.** In Chaucer:

> But Christes lore and his apostles twelve,
> He taughte, but first he folwed it him-selve.

dismayed = affrighted (the dying man). **fools, who came to scoff.** Compare Pope's

> For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
> Essay on Criticism, 625.

The service past. For the construction, compare line 157. **As some tall cliff.** See this same figure with a different but equally fine application, in Matthew Arnold's Sonnet on Shakespeare:

> For the loftiest hill
> Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
> Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
> Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling place,
> Spares but the cloudy border of his base
> To the foiled searching of mortality.

193-216. **his morning face.** Compare

> . . . the whining school-boy, with his satchel
> And shining morning face. . . .
> As You Like It, ii. 7 (near the end).

terms = periods during which the Justices hold court. **tides** = ecclesiastical times or seasons, as Whitsuntide (= White + Sunday + Time). **presage** = foretell. **gauge** [gage]= to measure the content of a barrel. **words of learned length and thundering sound.** Goldsmith must have been thinking of the conversation of his friend Dr. Johnson, of whom he once said that it was no use arguing with Johnson; if his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt end of it.

216-236. **the twelve good rules**; such as (4) Reveal No Secrets, (9) Encourage No Vice. They are all given in Hales' Longer English Poems, p. 353. In our day they have been transferred from the wall to the copy-book. **game of goose**; Fox and Geese, or something like it. **royal** has never been satisfactorily explained; perhaps the poet, being in a reminiscential mood, uses 'royal' subjectively, as when we say, 'I had a royal good time yesterday.' **Chimney** = fire-place.

237-264. **An hour's importance.** Compare Burns'

> Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
>
> Tam O'Shanter, 57-8.

the barber's tale. Since men first shaved, barbers have been noted for their talkativeness. See the character of Nello in George Eliot's Romola. **woodman,** in its original meaning of 'hunter.' **the smith.** Compare Longfellow's beautiful poem, The Village Blacksmith. **mantling bliss** — the foaming ale. **Shall kiss the cup.** Compare Ben Jonson's song To Celia beginning:

> Drink to me only with thine eyes
> And I will pledge with mine;
> Or leave a kiss but in the cup
> And I'll not look for wine.

265-302. This is very pretty poetry, but very poor Economics. Consult some elementary treatise on that subject, such as Laughlin's Elements of Political Economy.

303-308. The fencing-in of land once common is undoubtedly a grievous wrong to the English peasant. For the counterbalancing advantages which he has derived from the progress of civilization, see the concluding pages of the Third Chapter of Macaulay's History of England.

309-320. It is amusing to notice how the poets abuse the city, yet how, with rare exception, they cannot bear to live anywhere else. **Artist** = artisan. **dome** = building, house; thus Coleridge:

In Xanada did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.
Kubla Khan, 1–2.

321-336. Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. 'Goldsmith wrote in a pre-Wordsworthian age, when even in the realms of poetry a primrose was not much more than a primrose; but it is doubtful whether, either before, during or since Wordsworth's time, the sentiment that the imagination can infuse into the common and familiar things around us ever received more happy expression than in [this] well-known line.' Black's Life of Goldsmith, Cap. XIV.

337-362. Goldsmith's geography and natural history are not his strong points. The **Altama** [Altamahá] river in Georgia enters the Atlantic near the thirty-first parallel; the flora and fauna he describes are tropical. Tigers in Georgia!

363-384. For a somewhat similar scene, compare Longfellow's Evangeline, i. 5. **seats.** See note on Alexander's Feast, 26.

385-394. The thought here is certainly just, though the expression (especially in line 394) is feeble. In lines 343–368 of The Vanity of Human Wishes, Johnson has worked out this thought to a logical conclusion that agrees pretty well with that arrived at by Agur the son of Jakeh, some three thousand years ago: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.'

395-426. anchoring commonly means 'coming to anchor,' but in Lear iv. 18–20, we have it used as here, meaning 'lying at anchor.'

. . . yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight.

strand = beach. The Strand in London, now the busiest street in the world, was once, no doubt, a mere path by the river-side. **degenerate times.** The time (1770) was certainly degenerate so far as Poetry was concerned. Thirteen years had elapsed since Gray published his Odes, and during this long night Goldsmith's Traveller (1764) twinkled a lonely star. **My shame in crowds.** Though he occasionally struck off a good thing, Goldsmith did not shine in conversation. In the blaze of Johnson's talk, who could? No one save Burke, and he modestly said, 'It is enough for me to have rung the bell for him.' **Keep'st me so.** It was not Poetry that kept Goldsmith poor, but his own thriftlessness. **Torno** [Tornea or Torneo], a river that marks the boundary-line between Sweden and Russia. It flows into the Gulf of Bothnia. **Pambamarca.** A mountain in Ecuador.

427-430. These four lines were added by Johnson and can hardly be said to improve the conclusion of the poem.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BORN at Berkhampstead, 1731. His father was a Church of England clergyman and court chaplain. At the age of six, Cowper lost his mother; his touching little poem *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk*, written many years later, commemorates his emotion on this occasion. He acquired some knowledge of the Latin poets at Westminster School, but did not proceed to the University. Admitted to the bar, success there was interfered with by an attack of insanity under the influence of which he attempted suicide. Eighteen months' medical treatment restored his intellect, but left him with a deep-seated religious melancholia that in a few years brought on another attack of insanity. After his second recovery, while leading a life of intolerable dulness at Olney, he took to writing moral satires for diversion. Only by exceeding charity can this diversion be said to be shared by his readers. To the inspiration of his vivacious friend Lady Austen we owe *John Gilpin*, perhaps the most humorous ballad in English — written by the most melancholy poet. To her suggestion also we owe *The Task* (1785), a poem which, though it has neither beginning, middle nor end, has a discernible purpose — to sing 'the praise of retirement and of country life as most friendly to piety and virtue.'[1] Its still-life descriptions, within their narrow limits, are almost perfect; its asceticism, its sentimentalism and its provincialism are easily discoverable — and easily skipped. Cowper's translation of Homer (1791) proved — as might have been expected — that the man who found a congenial subject in *The Sofa* and *The Time Piece* was not the man to sing of the heroes who drank delight of battle on the plains of windy Troy. His *Letters* preserve for us charming glimpses of English country life in the last century, and perhaps by these he will be remembered longer than by his more formal works. The declining years of his life were clouded by a third attack of insanity; from this he was mercifully delivered by death in 1800.

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[1] Goldwin Smith's Cowper, Cap. V.

CRITICISM. — *Bagehot; Literary Studies, Vol. I.; William Cowper.* Contains some good remarks on Society as a proper object for the exercise of the poetic imagination, with a comparison between Pope, the poet of Town Life, and Cowper, the poet of Rural Life.

Sainte-Beuve; Causeries du Lundi, Tome Onzième; William Cowper, ou De La Poésie Domestique. The nature of this study is sufficiently indicated by the sub-title. A translation will be found in *English Portraits, by C. A. Sainte-Beuve* (Henry Holt & Co., N.Y.).

Leslie Stephen; Hours in a Library (Third Series); Cowper and Rousseau. Dwells almost exclusively on the moral sentiments common to Cowper and Rousseau.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

This poem forms the fifth book of The Task. The poet evidently writes with his 'eye on the object;' he sees a good deal and he sees it accurately and minutely. Though occasionally commonplace, he is never insincere either in thought or in diction.

1-40. **Spiry.** See note on 'beaked promontory,' Lycidas, 94. **bents** = stalks of stiff, wiry grass. This word has no etymological connection with 'bend,' but is cognate with the German 'Binse,' a rush. With lines 21–32 compare Thomson's Winter, 232–242. **deciduous** = liable to fall.

41-57. The Woodman and His Dog; — perhaps the best specimen of Cowper's Naturalism. Homer could hardly have painted this vignette with more fidelity. **lurcher**; a cross between the greyhound and the collie. **churl.** See note on 'the Bear,' Il Penseroso, 87.

58-76. **pale.** See note on Il Penseroso, 156. **Kind** = family, race. Thomson has the word in this sense in Winter, 261; also Chaucer, in The Wife of Bath's Tale, 245.

77-95. Compare Thomson's Winter, 242-256. **pensioners.** See note on Il Penseroso, 10.

96-126. **Indurated.** Cowper accents this word on the second syllable; Goldsmith (Traveller, 232) on the first. Modern usage prefers the latter. **that** (106), object of *throws.*

127-168. **Imperial mistress.** Anne, Empress of Russia, niece of Peter the Great, erected this ice-palace in St. Petersburg in 1740. It was fifty feet long, with six large windows in front, the frames of which were painted to represent green marble. A balustrade adorned with ice-statues surrounded the building. Orange trees, dolphins and an elephant, all carved from ice, adorned the court thus formed; ice-cannon and mortars defended the approaches. Elaborately carved ice-furniture filled the rooms, and ice-logs were laid ready

to impart a comfortable chill to the bracing atmosphere. When the Empress visited the palace, the ice-cannon succeeded in firing a small salute without breaking, and the elephant shot forth a stream of burning naphtha. **Aristæus; Cyrene.** See Cl. Myths, § 130. **lubricity** = the state or quality of being slippery; hence, figuratively, 'instability,' 'evanescence.' This beautiful description of the Ice Palace is a remarkable instance of the idealizing power of the imagination, when we remember that Cowper had never seen any more impressive ice-formations than those of the sluggish Ouse. What would he have said of Niagara in mid-winter!

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the son of a Scotch peasant-farmer, was born near the town of Ayr in 1759. Inspired by love, he wrote his first song at the age of fifteen; the same passion (though with varying objects) found expression in the profusion of beautiful lyrics he poured out during the next ten years, and relieved for him the monotonous farm-drudgery that was breaking his young manhood. His first volume of poems was published at Kilmarnock in 1786; it immediately attracted the attention of the Edinburgh *literati*, who received Burns with open arms. Burns' manliness and self-respect did not forsake him when thus suddenly elevated from the society of peasants and smugglers to that of Noblemen, University Professors and Lord-Justices. A couple of winters in Edinburgh seemed to exhaust *their* interest in the greatest of Scotch poets; a small place in the Excise was thrown to Burns and he was dispatched to the uncongenial tasks of gauging whiskey-barrels and scraping sterile acres at Ellisland. Here he lived from 1788 to 1791, making a manful fight in the struggle for existence that always presses so hard upon the Scotch peasant. 'God help the children of Dependence,' he writes, when abandoning the hopeless attempt to wring a living out of the Scotch soil. Removing to Dumfries, his duties as Exciseman brought him into contact with low convivial company to which he was by nature inclined; much of his magnificent power was frittered away in tavern-songs and political squibs Penury and despair dogged his few remaining years and sat by his death-bed; when his mighty spirit was at last given surcease of woe, Mr. Pitt — to whose disgrace be it recorded that he had long known of Burns' necessities and could have relieved them with a stroke of his pen — Mr. Pitt condescendingly remarked that since Shakespeare no verse has the appearance of coming so sweetly from nature as Burns'.

In a letter to Miss Helen Craik written in 1793, Burns has drawn his own character with sad truthfulness: 'Take a being of our kind; give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary . . . send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity; and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet.'

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES. Burns' life is best studied in his *Letters*, now published with any good edition of his works. Of the elaborate biographies, *Chambers'* (published in 1851) has not been superseded; of the shorter, *Sharp's* (E. M. L.) is superior in insight and sympathy to *Blackie's* (Gt. Wr.). A thorough study of Burns carries one back, of course, to *Ramsay*, *Fergusson* and the ballads preserved by Scott in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

CRITICISM. — *Carlyle; Essay on Burns.* This famous Essay must stand as the best interpretation of Burns, in spite of some extraordinary literary blunders, such as the statements; (1) that Burns had 'models only of the meanest sort;' (2) that The Jolly Beggars is 'refined;' (3) that Tam O'Shanter is merely 'a piece of sparkling rhetoric.' But it must be remembered that in Carlyle the ethical so overshadowed the æsthetical that he could see in Keats little but 'weak-eyed maudlin sensibility.' *The Hero as Man of Letters.* 'Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both [Mirabeau and Burns].'

Christopher North; Essay on The Genius and Character of Burns. Speech at the Burns Festival (1844). These are elaborate and sympathetic studies, tinged with that over-enthusiasm for Burns which may naturally be felt by a fellow-countryman.

Emerson; Speech at the Burns Centenary (1859). Classes Burns as a reformer with Rabelais, Shakespeare, Cervantes and Butler.

Longfellow; Poem entitled *Robert Burns.*

Ross; Burnsiana; A Collection of Literary Odds and Ends relating to Robert Burns. In this bushel of chaff will be found a few grains of excellent wheat.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

This poem, which appeared in the Kilmarnock edition, owes something to Fergusson's 'Farmer's Ingle.' The person to whom it is dedicated would have died unknown had not Burns preserved him immortal in this inscription. If we had to part with any one poem of Burns, this is the last we should be willing to lose; not because it shows him at his best as a poet, — admirable as it is, — but because it shows him at his best as a man.

1-9. For a poet who had 'models only of the meanest sort,' this handling of the Spenserian stanza is a deft performance!

10-18. Notice with what graceful strength, in the homely passages, Burns drops into his native Ayrshire dialect. **sugh** = sough, a murmuring or rushing sound. **moil** = drudgery. The verb 'to moil' (from the Latin *mollis*, soft) means originally 'to wet, to moisten;' then, 'to soil by labor or toil.' **the morn** = to-morrow. **And weary, etc.** This is one of several lines that show the influence of Gray.

19-27. stacher = stagger. **flichterin** = fluttering. **ingle** = fireplace. **carking** = distressing. This word has no etymological

connection with 'care,' but is from the Old French *charger*, to load. **toil**; pronounced 'tile' as shown by the rime here and in Johnson's London, 218–219:

> On all thy hours security shall smile,
> And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

28-36. **Belyve** = ere long. **ca'** = drive. This word is cognate with 'calk,' as in 'The ship's-carpenter calked the seams.' Compare 'ca'd,' Tam O'Shanter, 25. **tentie** = attentive. **penny-fee** = money-wages, as distinguished from wages paid in board and lodging.

37-45. **spiers** = inquires. **uncos** = un + known (things) = news. See note on 'uncouth,' L'Allegro, 5. **Anticipation.** Compare the first two lines of Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes and the criticism thereon. **Gars** = causes. When Johnson asked Boswell Senior what Cromwell had done for his country, the doughty old Laird replied, 'Gad, Doctor, he gart kings ken they had a lith [joint] in their necks!'

46-54. **eydent** = busy, diligent. **to jauk** = to trifle.

55-72. **hafflins** = half. **ben** = within. As a noun, this word signifies the inner room of a cottage as distinguished from the *but* or outer room. See note on 'bower,' L'Allegro, 87. **cracks** = talks. Compare our colloquial 'He cracks jokes,' 'He cracks up his own wares.' **blate** = bashful. **laithfu'** = loath (unwilling) + ful = shy, reluctant. **lave** = what is left; the rest.

73-90. Lines 80–81 are evidently an echo from L'Allegro, 67–8. For the sentiment of the whole stanza in which they occur, compare Clough's A London Idyll, 1–12:

> On grass, on gravel, in the sun
> Or now beneath the shade,
> They went, in pleasant Kensington,
> A prentice and a maid.
> That Sunday morning's April glow,
> How should it not impart
> A stir about the veins that flow
> To feed the youthful heart.
>
> Ah! years may come, and years may bring
> The truth that is not bliss,
> But will they bring another thing
> That can compare with this?

91-99. **soupe** = (originally) a liquor with something soaked in it. **hawkie** = cow; specifically, a white-faced cow. **hallan;**

a partition between the door and the ingle. **hain'd** means literally 'hedged-in,' 'inclosed;' hence 'kept,' 'preserved.' **keb-buck**: '. . . a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk.'— Scott, Old Mortality, Cap. VIII. **fell** = sharp, biting. **towmond** = twelvemonth. **sin'** = when. **lint** = flax. **i' the bell** = in blossom.

100-108. ha'-Bible; the Bible kept in the hall or principal room of the cottage. See note on 'ben,' line 64. **lyart haffets** — gray temples. **wales** — chooses: cognate with the German 'Wahl,' choice. **Let us worship God.** '[Robert] had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase "Let us worship God," used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for The Cotter's Saturday Night.'— Gilbert Burns (brother of the poet).

109-126. Dundee; Martyrs; Elgin; names of hymn-tunes. **beets** = kindles; originally (1) 'to make better;' (2) 'to mend' (the fire). It is from the same root as *boots* (= profits), for which see note on Lycidas, 64. **Italian trills are tame.** That depends upon whether you are an Italian or a Scotchman. Burns' acquaintance with Italian music was more than limited.

127-135. The priest-like father. It is well known that this portrait is intended for Burns' own father. **the royal Bard** = David. **lone Patmos.** St. John the Apostle was banished to this island in his old age. **great Bab'lon's doom**; as told in Revelation XVIII.

136-162. For line 138, see Pope's Windsor Forest, 111–112:

> See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.

stole. An ecclesiastical vestment worn by priests in the Anglican, Roman Catholic and Greek Churches. It is a long, narrow strip of silk, drawn over the shoulders and hanging down in front to about the knees.

163-171. With line 165 compare line 53 of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Line 167 is line 247 of the Fourth Epistle in Pope's Essay on Man.

172-180. With the exception of the last line, this stanza is a somewhat commonplace paraphrase of sentiments scattered through The Deserted Village.

181-189. Wallace (d. 1305) was Burns' favorite hero. His story is told in Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, First Series, Cap. VII. See Burns' Bannockburn, p. 112, of this book.

TAM O'SHANTER.

Goldsmith justly considered ten lines of The Deserted Village a good morning's work; Burns, incredible as it may seem, actually wrote Tam O'Shanter in one day! The scene is laid within sight of Burns' birth-place, near which the ruins of Alloway Kirk may still be seen. *Brownyis* (Brownies) were supposed to be friendly spirits that haunted farm-houses; *Bogilis* (Bogies) were evil spirits.

1-12. **chapman billies** = pedlar fellows. **drouthy** = dry, thirsty. **gate** = road, often confused with *gate* meaning a 'door.' In the meaning of 'road,' the word survives in many street-names, as Bishopsgate, Kirkgate, and is cognate with the German *Gasse* = street. **nappy** = strong ale; ale that makes you 'nap.' **unco** (a dialectal reduction of 'uncouth') = wonderfully; very. **slaps** = gaps in fences.

13-36. **Tam O'Shanter.** The honor of being the original of this famous character is conceded to one Douglas Graham of the Shanter Farm in the parish of Kirkoswald. His tombstone and that of his shrewish wife are still to be seen in the parish churchyard. **skellum** = scoundrel. **blethering** = blathering = foolish-talking. The form 'Blatherskite' (and the creature) are as well known in the United States as in Scotland. **blellum** = noisy fellow. **ilka melder** = every grinding (of your meal). **ca'd.** See note on 'ca,' Cotter's Saturday Night, 30. **Kirkton**; the village where stands the parish church. **warlocks** = wizards. **mirk** (murk) = darkness. **gars.** See note on Cotter's Saturday Night, 44. **greet** = weep.

37-58. **reaming swats** = foaming ale; Goldsmith's 'mantling bliss.' **Souter** = Shoemaker.

59-78. **tide** = opportunity. See note on 'tides,' in The Deserted Village, 209.

79-96. **skelpit** = hurried. **whiles** = at times. 'Whiles' is the adverbial genitive of the Old English 'hwil,' meaning 'time.' The Scotch use, illustrated here, preserves the original meaning better than does the English use. **smoored** = smothered. **birks** = birches. **meikle** = big. **whins** = furze or gorse. **the cairn** in Burns' time was covered with trees, and a few fields to the left, as you follow the old road from Ayr to Maybole, stands the house in which he was born.

97-110. **bore** = hole (in the wall). **John Barleycorn.** A (too) favorite subject with Burns. See his inimitable ballad, John Barleycorn:

> There were three kings into the east,
> Three kings both great and high,
> And they hae sworn a solemn oath
> John Barleycorn should die.—

boddle. A Scotch coin, issued under Charles II., value 2d.; sometimes called a 'turner.'

111-124. winnock-bunker = window-seat. **in the east** (end of the church). **touzie tyke** = shaggy cur. **skirl** = scream. **dirl** = tremble. It has long been a seriously debatable question whether it is possible to extract music from Scotch bag-pipes. The great authority of Burns cannot be quoted on the affirmative, for you will notice he does not say that auld Nick *succeeded* in giving the company music, but merely that it was his *charge* [duty] to give them music. All that the poet's utmost patriotism can assert is that the bag-pipes did 'scream.' A later and scarcely less eminent authority (Mr. Gilbert), in his pathetic ballad Ellen McJones Aberdeen, comes out less dubitatively in favor of the bag-pipes:

> 'Let's show,' said McClan, 'to this Sassenach loon
> That the bag-pipes can play him a regular tune.'
> 'Let's see,' said McClan, as he thoughtfully sat,
> '*In my Cottage* is easy,— I'll practise at that.'
>
> He blew at his 'Cottage,' and blew with a will,
> For a year, seven months and a fortnight, until
> (You'll hardly believe it) McClan, I declare,
> Elicited something resembling an air.
>
> It was wild, it was fitful; as wild as the breeze—
> It wandered about into several keys;
> It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh I'm aware,
> But still it distinctly suggested an air.
>
> 'Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around;
> And fill a' ye lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
> An air fra' the bag-pipes! Beat that if you can;
> Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus McClan!'

125-142. These are the weakest lines in the poem. Instead of entering into The Horrible and carrying us with him, the author stands outside and laughs at it. We feel all the time that there was really nothing for Tam to be frightened at. **cantrip** = magic. **unchristen'd bairns.** The belief that unchristened babies went to hell was very common during the Dark Ages, and was the origin of the custom of baptizing them within three days of birth. The only evidence we have that Shakespeare was born on the 23d of April is the entry in the register of Trinity Church, Stratford, that he was baptized on the 26th. **gab** = mouth. This word is related to the name of our friend Gobbo, who had the 'infection to serve.'

143-162. cleekit = clutched. **carlin** = old woman. **Rigwoodie**; from *rig* (ridge), the back + *widdie* (withy) = the rope

that goes over a horse's back to support the shafts; hence, 'twisted,' 'mis-shapen.' **spean** = cause to vomit. **crummock** = a staff with crooked head.

163-178. **walie** = beautiful. **perished** = caused to perish; so used in Elizabethan English. **bear** = barley. **harn** = coarse linen. **coft** = bought. **pund Scots.** A pound Scots was equal to $\frac{1}{12}$ an English pound.

179-192. **hotched** = was restless. **syne** = after that; not common except in the expression Auld Lang-Syne = Old Long-Ago. **tint** (preterite of 'tine') = lost.

193-205. Notice how admirably the similes are adapted to the subject; homely and lively. **fyke** = bustle. **byke** = hive. **eldritch** = ghastly.

206-229. **key-stane.** 'It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper, likewise, to mention to the benighted traveller that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger there may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.'—Burns. **ettle** = intention.

This poem carries the reader along with a rush, by means of a kind of Homeric liveliness and directness. With an exception already noted, there is hardly a dull line to be found; the incidents are duly subordinated to the main action, and the interest is not allowed to flag a moment before the end. Burns' acquaintance with Greek literature was probably *nil*, yet in design and execution his poem is thoroughly Greek — that is, in accordance with the best models. A quotation from Matthew Arnold will make this clear: 'The radical difference between the poetic theory of the Greeks and our own is this: That with them the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration; with us, attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole: we regard the parts.'

TO A MOUSE.

Burns' father died in 1784. Upon Robert and Gilbert Burns fell the responsibility of supporting the widowed mother and her younger children. The young men made a brave effort. They leased a small farm (Mossgiel) near Lochlea, and toiled early and late; in two seasons — thanks to bad seed, poor soil and a late harvest — they lost nearly everything they had. 'This overset all my wisdom,' Burns wrote despairingly; in this little poem he has expressed this same thought with a mournful pathos drawn from his own sad experiences.

1-24. **brattle** = hurry. **pattle** = a small spade for cleaning the plough. **whiles.** See note on Tam O'Shanter, 83. **daimen** = occasional. **icker** = ear (of corn). **thrave** = twenty-four

sneaves, set up in the field. **lave.** See note on Cotter's Saturday Night, 72. **big** = build. **foggage** = aftermath. **snell** = piercing; cognate with the German *schnell* = quick.

25-48. But = without (the original meaning). **hald** = holding. **thole** = endure, suffer. **cranreuch** = hoar-frost. **no thy lane** = not (thyself) alone. **a-gley** = awry.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

This is another poem written in those depressing days at Mossgiel and coming straight from Burns' heart.

1-35. stoure = dust. **bield** = shelter; (from the same root as 'bold'). **histie** = dry, barren. With lines 19–28, compare

> In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
> Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
> Pleased at his greeting thee again;
> Yet nothing daunted
> Nor grieved if thou be set at naught:
> And oft alone in nooks remote
> We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
> When such are wanted.
>
> Wordsworth; To the Daisy, **17–24.**

37-54. card; a synecdoche for 'compass.' Pope has the same figure with nearly the same application:

> On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
> Reason the card, but Passion is the gale.
>
> Essay on Man, **ii. 107–108.**

'This passage,' Warton tells us, 'is exactly copied from Fontenelle.' Thus do the poets live off each other! — Or shall we rather say, with more conventional dignity: Thus do the poets hand down from age to age the intellectual treasures of their stock in trade?

When Burns was living, he asked of the world bread and they gave him a stone. When he was dead and wanted nothing, they builded him a tawdry monument; nay, worse, two tawdry monuments, one on the banks of Doon, near Alloway Kirk, the other at Dumfries. To injury they added insult by inscribing on the latter a long eulogium in doubtful Latin. Better had they have cut thereon —

> Such is the fate of simple Bard,
> On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!

BANNOCKBURN.

Burns' expressed sympathy with the French Revolution came near costing him his place in the Excise; he was instructed by his superior officer (one

Corbet) that his 'business was to act, *not to think*.' This would have been an exceedingly easy instruction for Corbet himself to follow, but Burns was not a Corbet. The poet's pent-up feeling found relief in *Bannockburn*, of which he writes that the 'recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused my rhyming mania.'[1] In the same letter he writes of the air *Hey tuttie tatie*: '. . . well I know that . . . it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. So may God ever defend the cause of truth and liberty as he did that day! Amen.'

The battle of *Bannockburn* was fought on the 24th of June, 1314, and resulted in the total defeat of the English under Edward II.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

This triumphant lyric of Democracy was written on New Year's Day, 1795. Some two years earlier the *Marseillaise* had spread like wild-fire through France; but the Marseillaise is a local song:

Français, pour ***nous***, ah! quel outrage!

For A' That is a song for all men of all nations; it breathes 'the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come.'

1-8. **gowd** = gold. Compare:

> Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,
> The rest is all but leather or prunella.
>
> Pope, Essay on Man, iv. 203–204.

9-40. **hodden-grey** = coarse woollen cloth. **birkie** = conceited fellow. **coof** = lout. A prince can make a belted knight. Compare The Deserted Village, 53–54, and The Cotter's Saturday Night, 165. **fa'** = pretend to. **gree** = prize, honor.

[1] Letter to G. Thomson, Sept., 1793.

THE REVIVAL OF ROMANTICISM.

THE great writers of the eighteenth century, with Pope at their head, had a deep distrust for all forms of politics and literature characterized by Visionariness, Enthusiasm, Mysticism, and Fantasticism. With a shudder at the remembrance of a Rump Parliament and a Cowley, they turned to Reality and moralized their song. Who shall blame them? — But given the human mind, constituted as it is, the reaction against their habit of thought was sure to come. However excellent the quality of the bread, men will not live on bread alone. The craving after the Supernatural, the longing to escape from the bonds of Sense, the desire to identify the life of Man with the life of Nature, the fond looking-back to the mythical ideals of the Past, — all this is in the heart of man and must, from time to time, find expression. From such subjects the classical poets of the eighteenth century resolutely averted their faces; hence, in due time, there arose to treat these subjects, a new school of poets: their morning star glimmered in Collins, and their sun rose in full splendor in Coleridge. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Scott, and Wordsworth, dissimilar as they appear at first sight, will all be found, on closer study, to belong to this, the Romantic School.

Southey, Lovell & Coleridge formed a pantisocratic dream colony.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BORN in Devonshire in 1772. He speaks of himself as an imaginative child who, at the age of six, had read Belisarius, Robinson Crusoe and Philip Quarll. At nine he entered Christ's Hospital School,[1] where Charles Lamb was already a pupil. Debts, disappointed love and Pantisocratic dreams interfered sadly with his studies at Cambridge (1791–94), which he left without taking his degree. One Cottle, a publisher, having offered to buy at a guinea and a half a hundred (eight cents a line) all the verses Coleridge could write, the young bard married on this brilliant prospect. The dreary struggle for bread and butter that followed brought on nervous prostration, and this that opium habit which DeQuincey says killed Coleridge as a poet. *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel: Part the First*, were written in 1797. His growing intimacy with the Wordsworths led him to publish *The Ancient Mariner* in Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads (1798). The same year a small annuity bestowed by some generous friends enabled him to visit Germany. From Göttingen he writes: 'I shall have bought thirty pounds' worth of books, *chiefly metaphysics, and with a view to the one work to which I hope to dedicate in silence the prime of my life.*'

With Coleridge the metaphysician and the theologian we are not greatly concerned here. The thirty-six years of life that remained to him after 1798 were devoted chiefly to those subjects — with what success we may be content to let the metaphysicians decide. Occasionally Coleridge would make an excursion into the fields of Belles-Lettres and sow there such precious seeds as are to be found scattered through the *Biographia Literaria* and the *Lectures on Shakespeare*. At rarer intervals he would rouse his dormant poetic faculty, as when he wrote *Christabel: Part the Second, The Ballad of the Dark Ladié* (both of these unfinished and unfinishable), and the magnificent *Hymn Before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni*. These fragments, thrown off during nearly four decades of inglorious dependence upon rich men's bounties; innumerable projects for a *magnum opus* that never came to anything; the worship of a little philosophical coterie whose feeble influence is rapidly waning; — such are the literary results of the manhood and old age of one whose youthful performance declares him to have been one of the most splendidly endowed of English poets.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES. — Prefixed to the latest and best edition of Coleridge's Poems is a careful and elaborate biography by *J. Dykes Campbell*. (Macmillan.)

[1] See Thackeray's Newcomes, Cap. LXXV.

This does not attempt any literary estimate in connection with the life; such a treatment will be found in *Traill's Coleridge* (E. M. L.). *Hall Caine's Life of Coleridge* (Gt. Wr.) contains a good Bibliography. The poet's grandson, E. H. Coleridge, has in preparation another and more elaborate biography: it is difficult to imagine what useful or pleasant result will be attained by exhibiting to the world in more detail the characteristics of the poetical Skimpole who dwelt at Highgate. Contemporary portraits will be found in *Lamb's* (fanciful) *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago;* in *DeQuincey's Literary and Lake Reminiscences* and in his *Coleridge and Opium Eating;* in *Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets* and in his *Literary Remains (Essay XIX.);* in *Carlyle's Sterling, Part I. Cap. viii.*

CRITICISM. — *James Wilson (Christopher North): Essay on Coleridge's Poetical Works.* If any one lack enthusiastic admiration for Coleridge, he should read this Essay, which places the Hymn before Sunrise ahead of any strain in Milton or Wordsworth!

Whipple: Essays and Reviews; English Poets of the Nineteenth Century; also, *Coleridge as a Philosophical Critic.* Two little studies as admirable for their sanity as for their brevity.

Swinburne: Essays and Studies; Coleridge. The most poetically-appreciative estimate we have; ranks Coleridge as the greatest of lyric poets 'for height and perfection of imaginative quality.'

Courthope: The Liberal Movement in English Literature; (Poetry, Painting and Music): Coleridge and Keats. Contends that whatever unity there may be in Coleridge's poems is not logical unity, but musical unity.

Lowell: Address on Unveiling the Bust of Coleridge at Westminster Abbey. A charming little speech that judiciously avoided taxing the thinking-power of the audience.

(Those who are courageous enough to follow Coleridge into what he himself called the 'holy jungle of transcendental metaphysics' will find an exposition and critique (1) of his social and political philosophy in *J. S. Mill's Dissertations and Discussions, Vol. ii.;* (2) of his moral, religious and metaphysical systems in *Shairp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.* The latter is the Fine Old Tory view, and declares Coleridge to have been 'the greatest thinker whom Britain has during the century produced.' (!) *Mr. G. E. Woodberry* hardly shares this conviction, for he asserts (*N. Y. Nation*, 39, 549) that it is plain not only that Coleridge's 'mind ranged through a vast circuit of knowledge habitually, but also that it touched the facts only at single points and superficially.' Most of us, I think, will also agree with Mr. Woodberry when he adds: [Coleridge's] 'theology and metaphysics, in pursuit of which he wasted his powers, are already seen to be transient.' An artistic description of Coleridge as a critic is given by *Professor H. A. Beers* in the Introduction to his *Prose Extracts from Coleridge.*)

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The origin of this poem is thus related in Wordsworth's Memoirs: 'In the autumn of 1797, he [Coleridge], my sister and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones

near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine* set up by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aiken. Accordingly, we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages* a day or two before, that while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw Albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening; I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

> And listened like a three years' child,
> The Mariner had his will.

These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog.'

The effect for which Coleridge strove in this poem he has fortunately described for us in Cap. XIV. of his Biographia Literaria: 'During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry: the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be in part, at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being, who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, sub-

jects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

'In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads; in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth, sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief, for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.'

This exposition by the author leaves little need for more comment on The Ancient Mariner, save perhaps a word as to the form. This is modelled on that of the medieval ballad; but if you compare it with one of these — The Demon Lover, for instance, or Sir Patrick Spens — you will notice the incomparable superiority of Coleridge, both in the depth of his psychological observation and in the bewitching melody of his cadences.

PART I.

Eftsoons (12); from the Old English *eft* = again + *sone* = soon = at once, speedily. With lines 21–24 compare the opening stanzas of Tennyson's The Voyage; indeed the whole of that poem shows Coleridge's influence. **minstrelsy** (36) = company of musicians. Compare, 'But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him.' 2 Kings, iii. 15. **thunder-fit** (69) = a noise like thunder. The oldest meaning of this word 'fit' is 'struggle;' it has no etymological connection with the adjective 'fit,' nor with the noun 'fit' = ballad, song. **shroud** (75). Shrouds are supporting ropes that run from the mast-head to the sides of the ship. **vespers** (76) = evenings.

PART II.

'em (92); dative case = to or for them. The form *'em* is directly from the Old English dative plural 'him,' Middle English 'hem.' Our modern form 'them' is from 'þâm' or 'þǽm,' the dative plural of the demonstrative 'se, seô, þæt' (that), whose plural has entirely supplanted that of the third personal pronoun. When at Mt. Saint Jean, then, the Duke of Wellington said (if he did say), UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM! he was not guilty of a barbarism, but was indulging a laudable fondness for Choicest Old English. **uprist** (98). A weak preterite: = uprose. See Whitney, §§ 240, 244. The stanza beginning **All in a hot and copper sky** reminds one of some of Turner's pictures. This great artist, as well as Coleridge, had a keen eye for the subtle aspects of nature that hard and brilliant minds like Macaulay's find so uninteresting. For similar touches see lines

171–180, 199–200, 263–271, 314–326, 368–372. **death-fires** (128); sometimes called 'fetch-candles' or 'corpse-candles;' supposed to portend the death of the person who sees them. 'Another kind of fiery apparition peculiar to Wales . . . appeareth . . . in the lower region of the air, straight and long, not much unlike a glaive, mours, [mulberry-leaves?] or shoots directly and level . . . but far more slowly than falling stars. It lighteneth all the air and ground where it passeth, lasteth three or four miles or more, for aught is known, because no man seeth the rising or beginning of it; and when it falls to the ground, it sparkleth and lighteth all about. These commonly announce the death or decease of freeholders by falling on their lands. . . .' Brand's Popular Antiquities, iii. 237.

PART III.

they for joy did grin (164). 'I took the thought of 'grinning for joy' from poor Burnett's[1] remark to me when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me: 'You grinned like an idiot.' He had done the same.' — Coleridge in Table-Talk, May 31, 1830. **the hornéd Moon** (210). 'It is a common superstition among sailors that something evil is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon.' — Coleridge. Did you ever see the phenomenon described in lines 210–211? Has Coleridge made a mistake?

PART IV.

Lines 226–227 were written by Wordsworth.

PART V.

silly (297) = (originally) blessed; then, 'simple-hearted,' 'guileless,' 'weak,' 'foolish' and (as here) 'empty,' 'useless.' **sheen** (314) = bright, shining. **The Sun, right up above the mast** (383). The ship has now reached the equator, returning north. In line 30 she is represented as having crossed the line, going south. In Coleridge's prose comment on lines 103–106, he represents the ship, *at that point of the narrative*, as having reached the line, going north. But this is contradicted by lines 328, 335, 367–368, 373–376, all of which imply a sailing north from the point reached in 107.

[1] Campbell (p. 598) says 'Berdmore of Jesus Coll. Cambridge,' but gives no authority.

PART VI.

After line 475, in the edition of 1798, came these five stanzas:

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow
Those dark-red shadows were;
But soon I saw that my own flesh
Was red as in a glare.

I turned my head in fear and dread,
And by the holy rood,
The bodies had advanced, and now
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,
They held them straight and tight;
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,
A torch that's borne upright.
Their stony eye-balls glittered on
In the red and smoky light.

I prayed and turned my head away,
Forth looking as before.
There was no breeze upon the bay,
No wave against the shore.

After line 503, in the edition of 1798, came this stanza:

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;
The bodies rose anew:
With silent pace, each to his place,
Came back the ghastly crew.
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
On me alone it blew.

ivy-tod (535) = ivy-bush. 'Tod' is etymologically the same word as the German 'Zotte,' a tuft of hair or wool. **a-feared.** The prefix here is merely intensive, as in

'He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'

Tennyson's Mariana, 9–11.

I pass, like night, from land to land (586); a line doubtless suggested by the legend of the Wandering Jew. **teach** (590) = tell. The Old English meaning of 'teach' is 'point out,' 'show.' **What loud uproar bursts from that door!** (591). Notice with what dramatic skill this poem is *set*. The mariner's tale — gloomy, weird, supernatural — stands out in compelling contrast against the scenery of the bridal — cheerful, domestic, humanistic. If you look especially at the marvellous way in which the supernatural element is introduced, you will perhaps agree with me that no poet — not even the mighty Shakespeare himself — has so brought home to us those spiritual existences which, to a devout mind, attend our every moment and preserve our going out and our coming in.

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, sixth Baron Byron of Rochdale, was born in London in 1788. Much of his youth was passed in Scotland, where he acquired the love of mountain scenery that appears so constantly in his poems. Harrow and Cambridge seem to have done little for him save to excite in him a loathing for the pedantry of the schools. The *Hours of Idleness* (1807) being savagely condemned by the Edinburgh Review, Byron consoled himself by drinking three bottles of claret at a sitting and by writing *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, — a satire that contains some lines not unworthy of Pope. Two years on the continent (1809–1811) furnished the material for the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold*, wherein he showed for the first time his great powers of idealistic description. Seven editions were sold within a month. Then followed a long list of lurid Oriental romances in verse, concerning which we must agree with the author when he declares they show his own want of judgment in publishing and the public's in reading. The same public made itself equally ridiculous by treating Byron as the object of a persistent lionism; this period of heroic vacuity in the poet's life, was brought to an abrupt close by differences arising from an unhappy marriage; in 1816 he wisely left England for Italy, never to return. The third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold* (1816 and 1818) give us those splendid pictures of the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy upon which Byron's reputation as a poet must largely rest. His numerous dramas, though containing magnificent lyrical passages, are all lacking in the first essentials of a good play — Action and Contrast of Character. Just what it is Byron has given us in *Don Juan* the critics seem unable to agree upon: Watkins has called it the 'Odyssey of Immorality;' Shelley declares it to be 'Something wholly new and relative to the age and yet surpassingly beautiful.' However this may be, certain it is that the varying moods of this poem, with its wonderful range of humor, passion and imagination, come straight from Byron's soul, which he has here exposed — as he was too fond of doing — to the gaze of the world. The revolt of Greece against Turkey enlisted his ardent sympathies; in 1823 he left Italy for Greece, where he unselfishly devoted his money, his talents and his health to the cause of Hellenic independence. Had he lived, he bid fair to become the Cavour of his age; this glorious prospect was eclipsed by death, which came to him untimely, at Mesolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824.

No English poet is so well known on the Continent of Europe as Byron, nor has any foreigner ever exercised such an influence as he on the poetry of modern France, Germany and Italy.

FRIENDS. — Scott, Moore, Sheridan, Shelley, Hobhouse, Trelawny.

ANTIPATHIES. — Wordsworth, Southey, Castlereagh, George IV.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — Of the innumerable Lives of Byron, few add anything worth knowing to *Moore's*. Byron's Letters, contained therein, are, it seems to me, the very best letters in English. *Shelley's Julian and Maddalo* is inestimably precious as a portrait by the contemporary who understood Byron best and loved him most. Of the shorter Lives, *Nichol's* (E. M. L.) is greatly superior both in appreciation and in arrangement to *Noel's* (Gt. Wr.); the latter, indeed, is written in a style that can be called English only by courtesy, and reminds one of Walt Whitman at his worst. *Irving's Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey* gives a charming account of his visit to Byron's ancestral home. For the History, see *Green, Cap. X. Sec. 4;* also, *Spencer Walpole's History of England, Cap. i.-vi.* The last mentioned author is at home in political and social questions; when he wanders into Literature (Cap. iv.) he is in a foreign country whose features he is able to sketch but crudely and superficially.

CRITICISM. — *Sir Walter Scott: Quarterly Review, XVI. 172, and XIX. 215.* Over-generous reviews of Childe Harold, Cantos iii. and iv., and of some of the minor poems.

Macaulay: Moore's Life of Lord Byron. Macaulay was twenty-four when Byron died, and this Essay is written with the sincerity and force of a man who had experienced the poetical effects he describes. Yet it is chiefly objective in its descriptions and seldom gets at the heart of things.

Morley: Critical Miscellanies, Vol. i.; Byron. A study of Byron as the spiritual exponent of the revolutionary spirit.

Swinburne: Essays and Studies; Byron. Shows a sympathetic insight into the high qualities of Byron's poetry such as only a poet could display.

Swinburne: Nineteenth Century; XV. 583 and 764. Wordsworth and Byron. The first of these articles is a lamentable exhibition of bad taste and bad temper; it deluges Byron with a flood of literary abuse (drawn forth by Matthew Arnold's preference for Byron over Shelley). The second article is devoted chiefly to Wordsworth and contains some sound criticism mixed with assumptions of critical authority that are equally offensive and ridiculous.

Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Byron. This is the article which roused Mr. Swinburne's ire — although it judiciously praises Byron, in Mr. Swinburne's own words, for 'the excellence of sincerity and strength.'

Andrew Lang: Letters to Dead Authors; Lord Byron. A caustic review (in verse) of the Arnold-Swinburne controversy.

Courthope: The Liberal Movement in English Literature, Essays i., iv. and vi. Shows conclusively that the Arnold-Swinburne controversy is internecine; that Byron's permanence is due to *reality* in description, feeling and style; that the final test of classic poetry is not 'high seriousness' (Arnold) nor 'imagination and harmony' (Swinburne), but is the extent and quality of the pleasure it produces for the imagination by means of metrical language.

For Continental criticism, see *Goethe; Conversations with Eckermann: Oct. 19, 1823; Feb. 22, 1824; May 18, 1824: Jan. 10, 1825; Dec. 25, 1825; March 26, 1826; Nov. 8, 1826; June 20, 1827; Dec. 16, 1828. Taine; History of English Literature: Book iv. Cap. 2. Castelar; Vida de Lord Byron* (translated by Mrs. Arthur Arnold; London, 1875). *Mazzini; Byron and Goethe* (in Vol. VI. of Mazzini's Life and Writings; London, 1891).

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

In his Preface to the First and Second Cantos Byron wrote: 'A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece, which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinion I set a high value, that in the fictitious character, Childe Harold, I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave once for all to disclaim; — Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. . . . It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe,' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification [Spenserian stanza] which I have adopted.'

Childe; in Middle English ballads = a noble youth, a squire. Compare

Childe Roland to the dark tower came,

in King Lear, iii. 4, and Browning's poem with the same title.

MODERN GREECE.

1-27. Tritonia = Athene. Cl. Myths, pp. 416–417. **Colonna's cliff** = Sunium, the most southerly point of Attica. **olive.** The olive was fabled to be the gift of Athene (Minerva). **Hymettus**; a mountain near Athens famed for marble and honey. **Apollo** = the sun. For interpretation of the sun-myth, see Cl. Myths, p. 419. **Mendeli**; a corruption of 'Pentelicus,' a mountain about twelve miles from Athens. Here are situated the quarries whence came the marble for the temples of the city.

28-54. Athena's tower. This must mean the Parthenon, but it would be difficult to find a more inappropriate word than **tower. Marathon.** See a History of Greece under the year 490 B.C.; compare also Byron's Isles of Greece, p. 152 of this book. **distant Glory** = glory to which we look back through a long distance of time. **The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow**; a slovenly construction not justified by the gain in rhetorical emphasis. With line 49 compare lines 60–62 of Gray's Bard. **the violated mound,** on the field of Marathon, where the Greeks who fell there are said to have been buried. Stanza xc. closely resembles Stanza xvii. of the Third Canto of Childe Harold.

55-81. voyager with th' Ionian blast = he who comes from the Ionian Sea (the West). **Pallas** = Wisdom (for the sages); **Muse** = Poetry (for the bards). **Delphi**; the oracle of Apollo, in Phocis: Cl. Myths, p. 420.

VENICE.

For the history of Venice as interpreted by her art, see Ruskin's St. Mark's Rest; for the Ducal Palace in particular, see his Stones of Venice, Vol. ii. Cap. 8.

1-27. **The Bridge of Sighs**; too well known by means of photographs to need description here. The **palace** (2) is the Ducal Palace; the **prison**, the state prison, just across the Rio del Palazzo. 'This Rio, or canal, is usually looked upon by the traveller with great respect, or even horror, because it passes under the Bridge of Sighs. It is, however, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city; and the bridge and its canal together occupy, in the mind of a Venetian, very much the position of Fleet Street and Temple Bar in that of a Londoner, — at least, at the time when Temple Bar was occasionally decorated with human heads. The two buildings closely resemble each other in form.' — Ruskin: Stones of Venice, ii. 8. **when many a subject land**: in the fifteenth century. **the wingéd lion** (of St. Mark); the emblem of Venice. **Cybele**; pronounced here according to the Italian method, with the accent on the second syllable; the classic form requires Cyb'ele.

> Hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera
> Idaeumque nemus; hinc fida silentia sacris
> Et juncti currum dominae subiere leones.
>
> Æneid iii. 111–113.

In Æneid vi. 785, we read of her,

> Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,

suggesting Byron's **tiara of proud towers**. In the Prado of Madrid there is a beautiful statue of Cybele and her lions, embodying the Vergilian conceptions quoted above. For the attributes of the goddess, see Cl. Myths, § 45a. **Tasso** (d. 1595), author of Jerusalem Delivered, the epic of the Crusades. Passages from this famous poem took such a strong hold upon the imagination of even the common people, that the gondoliers used to recite them as they rowed. For the Gondolier's Cry, see Stones of Venice, Vol. ii. Appendix 1.

28-45. **Dogeless.** 'Doge' was the title of the chief magistrate of the Venetian Republic. This office was established in the seventh century, and was abolished by Napoleon when he overthrew the Venetian Republic in 1797. 'Doge' and 'Duke' are both from the Latin 'dux.' **Rialto**; 'The best building raised in the time of the Grotesque Renaissance; very noble in its simplicity, in its proportions and its masonry. . . . The bridge was built by Antonio da

Ponte in 1588. It was anciently of wood, with a drawbridge in the centre. . . . the traveller should observe that the interesting effect both of this and the Bridge of Sighs depends in great part on their both being *more* than bridges; the one a covered passage, the other a row of shops, sustained on an arch.' — Venetian Index to the Stones of Venice, article 'Rialto.' See, also, Merchant of Venice, iii. **Pierre**; the heroic character in Otway's Venice Preserved. See note on Pope's Epistle to Augustus, 278. **that which** = bright and cheerful thoughts. **these spirits** = these ideal creations of the imagination. **what we hate**; i.e., the hard, dull lot of commonplace existence. With the sentiment of this passage compare

> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
>
> Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

46-63. The spouseless Adriatic. The prosperity of Venice was based upon her commerce; this fact was symbolized by the ceremony known as The Marriage of the Adriatic, wherein the Doge cast a ring into the sea. The vessel in which he was conveyed to the appointed place was called the **Bucentaur.** **St. Mark yet sees his lion . . . stand,** where he stands to-day, in the Piazetta west of the Ducal Palace. '. . . that noble winged lion, one of the grandest things produced by mediæval art, which all men admire and none can draw. I have never yet seen a faithful representation of his firm, fierce and fiery strength.' — Ruskin: Stones of Venice, iii. Appendix 10. **Emperor** (52); **Suabian** (55): Frederick Barbarossa, who attempted to enforce his authority over the cities of northern Italy (the Lombard League), but was defeated by them at the battle of Legnano (1176). Sismondi calls this 'the first and most noble struggle ever maintained by the nations of modern Europe against despotism.' The Pope, Alexander III., had sided with the League, and to him the Emperor made submission in Venice, the year after the battle. **the Austrian.** Venice was under Austrian rule from 1797 to 1805, and from 1814 to 1866. For the condition of Venetian society during the last days of the Austrian occupation, see Howells' delightful Venetian Days. **lauwine** (German) = avalanche. **Dandolo.** There were several distinguished Doges of this name; the one here referred to is Enrico Dandolo, who, though old and blind, led the men of the fourth Crusade to the capture of Constantinople in 1204.

64-81. **Doria**: Pietro Doria, a Genoese admiral who told the Venetians, when they sued him for peace in 1379, that they should have no peace until a rein was put upon their unbridled horses on the porch of St. Mark's. These four bronze horses were brought to Venice from Constantinople by Enrico Dandolo; they are supposed to date from the time of Nero. Napoleon took them to Paris, where they adorned his triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. At the restoration of the Bourbons they were returned to Venice. **byword** — a word used proverbially. The word referred to is 'Pantaloon,' which Byron explains in the next line as derived from (Italian) *piantar*, 'plant,' + *leone*, 'lion.' This etymology is of doubtful value. A more probable explanation of 'Pantaloon' is from S. Pantaleone (πᾶς (παντ-) + λέων), the patron saint of Venice. The subsequent history of this word was probably: (1) a common name among Venetians of the lower orders; (2) any low-born foolish fellow; (3) a foolish old man in Italian comedy. **Candia**, in Crete, was held by the Venetians against the Turks for twenty-four years; **Troy** was besieged for but ten. **Lepanto**; the great sea-fight (1571) in which the Turks were defeated by Don John of Austria. The Venetian fleet under Sebastiano Veniero contributed largely to the success of that day.

82-99. **Syracuse.** By the failure of her ill-advised expedition against the Dorian city of Syracuse, Athens was irretrievably ruined and the supremacy of Greece passed to Sparta (413 B.C.). 'Several [of the Athenian captives] were saved for the sake of Euripides, whose poetry, it appears, was in request among the Sicilians more than among any of the settlers out of Greece. And when any travellers arrived that could tell them some passage, or give them any specimen of his verses, they were delighted to be able to communicate them to one another. Many of the captives who got safe back to Athens are said, after they reached home, to have gone and made their acknowledgments to Euripides, relating how that some of them had been released from their slavery by teaching what they could remember of his poems, and others, when straggling after the fight, had been relieved with meat and drink for repeating some of his lyrics. Nor need this be any wonder, for it is told that a ship of Caunus, fleeing into one of their harbors for protection, pursued by pirates, was not received, but forced back, till one asked if they knew any of Euripides' verses, and on their saying they did, they were admitted and their ship brought into harbor.' — Plutarch: Life of Nicias. Upon the incident referred to in the last sentence, Browning has founded his Balaustion's Adventure (p. 253 of this book).

100-117. shameful . . . most of all, Albion! to thee. One of the finest things about Byron is his perpetual protest against that self-satisfied Philistinism, moral, social and intellectual, into which the English settled down after the battle of Waterloo. In the dedication of this Fourth Canto to his friend Hobhouse, he writes: 'And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, 'Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima' [Rome! 'tis not now as in former days], it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns over the carnage of Mount St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France. . . .' **Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare**: 'Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; The Ghost-Seer or Armenian; The Merchant of Venice, Othello.'—Byron. Mrs. Radcliffe was never in such good company before, and was probably as much surprised as we are when she saw her name coupled with Shakespeare's.

CASCATA DEL MARMORE.

About fifty miles north-east of Rome and near the little city of Terni, the Velino breaks down, in three leaps, through a distance of some 650 feet, thus forming the Cascata del Marmore, or Marble Cascade. The rainbow mentioned in Stanza lxxii. is formed at the central fall. In a note on Stanza lxxi. Byron writes: 'I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice, at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the torrents and cascades of Switzerland put together. . . .' **Phlegethon**, in the Hellenic mythology, is a river of fire in the Underworld.

In this description Byron is at his best. His restless spirit sympathizes with the rush and whirl of the falling waters; their mad uproar finds a responsive echo in his own wild heart; he is uplifted to a true poetic ecstasy and in

> Love watching Madness with unalterable mien

he rises to what may fairly be called The Sublime.

THE COLISEUM.

1-18. The Gladiator; referring to the famous statue long known as The Dying Gladiator, but now correctly designated The Dying

Gaul. This masterpiece was found at Rome in the sixteenth century, and is now in the Capitoline Museum; in the same room stands the Satyr of Praxiteles, which suggested Hawthorne's Marble Faun. See his Italian Note Book for April 22, 1858. **Consents to death, but conquers agony.** What a world of heroic resignation and dauntless courage does this display to the imagination! Professor G. H. Howison tells me that for artistic condensation of a vast moral meaning he thinks it would be hard to match this line in the poetry of the world. **Dacian.** The outlying province of Dacia, on the northern bank of the Danube, was a fertile source of supply for the Roman *Munus Gladiatorium*. Notice the modified survival of this inhuman institution in the Spanish Bull-Fight, in the English Prize-Ring and (shall we say it?) in American Foot-Ball. **Goths.** They sacked Rome under Alaric in 410 A.D.

19-45. **the ways**: the passages that led to the seats of the Coliseum. **the playthings of a crowd.** When the victor in a gladiatorial combat had disabled or disarmed his foe, he appealed to the spectators to know whether he should slay or spare the vanquished. If the mob desired to witness a death-scene, — as they generally did, — they turned their thumbs towards their breasts (up).[1] **the loops of time**: the envious rents which time has made. **Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head**; a most unsavory simile, degrading instead of elevating the subject. Byron's note on this line is interesting as history, but does not mend his poetry. He says: 'Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the Senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.' **this magic circle**; a metaphor from Witchcraft.

46-54. **While stands the Coliseum**, etc. 'Quamdiu stabit Colyseus, stabit et Roma; quando cadet Colyseus, cadet Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus (Beda in Excerptis seu Collectaneis apud Ducange Gloss. med. et infimae Latinitatis, tom. ii. p. 407, edit. Basil). This saying must be attributed to the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who visited Rome before the year 735, the aera of Bede's death; for I do not believe that our venerable monk ever passed the sea.' — Gibbon: Decline and Fall, Cap. lxxxi., Note 52.

[1] Query: In Gérôme's famous picture, are not the thumbs turned the wrong way? See the authorities as cited by Mayor in his note on Juvenal iii. 96.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

1-7. These lines refer to the scenery of the Higher Alps, upon which Manfred gazes from his castle.

8-45. **the blue midnight.** The vault of heaven, with the moon shining on it, looked blue contrasted with the trees, which looked black. Similarly, trees that intervene between us and the setting sun look black, not green. **the Cæsars' palace.** West of the Coliseum rises the Palatine Hill, with ruins of the palaces of Augustus, Tiberius and Caligula.

Notice with what beautiful pathos the poet interprets for us the associations of the past. Remove the human element from this description and more than half the charm is lost. Compare this description with an account of the Coliseum in Baedeker or in Murray, and we see that Idealism is truer than Realism.

ST. PETER'S.

1-9. **the dome** = the building. See note on this word in The Deserted Village, 319. The original design of St. Peter's was by Bramante. The corner stone was laid in 1506, and the church was consecrated in 1626. Among the distinguished architects employed upon it was Michael Angelo. **Diana's marvel.** The temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of antiquity. For a vivid portrayal of the feeling of the Greeks towards this shrine, see Acts xix. 23-41. **his martyr's tomb.** The church is built on the site of the Circus of Nero, where St. Peter is said to have suffered martydom. **Sophia.** The mosque of St .Sophia in Constantinople, formerly a Christian church. The length of this building is 354 feet; of Milan Cathedral, 444 feet; of St. Paul's in London, 510 feet; of St. Peter's, 639 feet; of the Capitol at Washington, 751 feet.

10-36. **Zion's desolation.** Jerusalem was taken by Titus in 70 A.D. **only find a fit abode** = find only a fit abode. This unfortunate word 'only' is abused by more careful writers than Byron. **so defined** = just as clearly. 'See' must be supplied after 'now.' **dome** (34) must refer specifically to the dome of St. Peter's, constructed from designs by Michael Angelo. Its diameter is 138 feet; from the ground to the top of the cross is 435 feet.

37-45. **That ask the eye** = That demand your attention.

46-54. About half of this slovenly stanza needs to be translated into English. The meaning (such as it is) seems to be: Just as the most intense feeling outstrips expression, so this mighty edifice

baffles the foolish gaze that would pierce its mysteries; being so great, it cannot be grasped in its entirety by us little men until, etc. It is curious to notice how Byron, as soon as he gets away from the objective and concrete and begins to analyze, becomes not only dull, but sometimes even ungrammatical.

55-63. Line 60 utters a doubtful truth. Judging by what they did accomplish, there is nothing in St. Peter's which the architects of Greece and Rome could not have accomplished had they chosen to; — but they chose to accomplish better things. For the impression made by St. Peter's upon Hawthorne, see his Italian Note Book for 1858; Feb. 7 and 19, March 27, April 10. **can** (63) = are able to accomplish.

THE OCEAN.

Byron's love of the ocean dates from childhood. He was a daring swimmer and many instances are recorded of his achievements in that line, such as his swimming the Hellespont to see if Leander *could* have done it. He was never so happy as when sailing the blue Ægean; in this Apostrophe to the Ocean, he has given voice to those feelings of awe and sublimity which the ocean brings to all who love it, but which no poet has ever expressed so well as he.

1-27. **unknelled, uncoffin'd and unknown** (18). An echo from Hamlet i. 5, 76–77:

> Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
> Unhouseled, disappointed, unanèled.

spurning him to the skies (23). Compare Vergil's description of the fleet of Æneas in a storm off the coast of Sicily:

> Tollimur in cælum curvato gurgite et idem
> Subducta ad Manes imos desedimus unda.
> Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere;
> Ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.
>
> Æneid, iii. 564–567.

lay (27). This verb is the causal of 'lie;' as used in this line it is an indefensible solecism.

28-81. **Armada; Trafalgar** (36). Consult a History of England under the years 1588 and 1805. **Thy waters washed them power** (39). In the first edition this line was printed by mistake, 'Thy waters wasted them,' and the error has been repeated in many subsequent editions. **sandal** (79). The sandal is of Oriental origin and hence became associated with pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre; for **scallop-shell**, see Brewer under that title, and compare the description of the Palmer in Marmion, i. 27.

The scallop shell his cap did deck,
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

For an account of the struggle for Greek independence, see Müller's Political History of Recent Times, Period i. § 5.

1-6. **Sappho**; the lyric poetess of Lesbos, who flourished in the seventh century B.C. Only fragments of her poetry have come down to us. Some idea of her sentiment and rhythm may be gained from the following translation (Symonds) of her Ode to Anactoria.

Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silverly speaking,
Laughing love's low laughter.' Oh this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;
Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;
Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter
Lost in the love-trance.

Compare Tennyson's imitation in his Eleänore. **Delos**, in the Ægean Sea, the birth-place of Phœbus Apollo, was fabled to have risen from the sea. See the Æneid, iii. 73–77, and Spenser's Fairy Queen, II, xii, 13.

7-42. **Scian.** Scio (Chios) is one of the seven cities that claimed the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. **Teian.** Anacreon the lyric poet (sixth century B.C.) was born at Teos in Asia Minor. See line 63. **Islands of the Blest.** The classic tradition about the Islands of the Blest may have been based upon the tale of some adventurous trader who got as far as Madeira or the Azores. **Marathon.** See note on this word in Childe Harold, ii. 78. **Salamis; Thermopylae.** Consult a History of Greece under the year 480 B.C.

43-48. Byron's consecration to the cause of Greek independence proves how sincerely he felt these lines. They were written only three years before his death; five years after that event, by the aid of England, France and Russia, Greece regained her freedom.

49-72. **Pyrrhic dance**; said to be named from the inventor Pyrrhicus. It is accompanied by the flute and is intended to imitate the motions of a combatant. **Pyrrhic phalanx**; so called from Pyrrhus (= The Red-haired) King of Epirus. See the History of Rome under the years 281–275 B.C. **Cadmus**, is fabled to have brought the alphabet from Egypt to Greece. This story corresponds with the teachings of Comparative Alphabetics. **Polycrates**: Tyrant (Prince) of Samos, a generous patron of the Arts and of Letters. **Miltiades**: Commander of the Greek army at Marathon.

73-96. **Suli**; **Parga**; in Epirus. **Doric** = Spartan. **Heracleidán blood** = the heroic race descended from Herakles (Hercules). There may be an allusion here to the myth of the Heracleidæ. **the Franks** = the French. **a king**: Louis XVIII.

HEBREW MELODIES.

With these two little lyrics, each indicative of a constantly recurring mood, we may appropriately close our study of Byron.

'Farewell, thou Titan fairer than the Gods!
Farewell, farewell, thou swift and lovely spirit,
Thou splendid warrior with the world at odds,
Unpraised, unpraisable, beyond thy merit;
Chased, like Orestes, by the Furies' rod
Like him at length thy peace dost thou inherit;
Beholding whom, men think how fairer far
Than all the steadfast stars the wandering star.'

(Andrew Lang.)

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS, the son of a livery-stable keeper, was born in London in 1795. He was removed from school at fifteen and apprenticed to a surgeon. His imaginative faculties were roused by reading the Faerie Queene, and when he came of age he resolved to devote himself to Literature. Cowden-Clarke and Leigh Hunt early discovered his genius; the latter published the *Sonnet on Chapman's Homer* in The Examiner, Dec. 1, 1816. Keats' first volume of poems (1817) attracted little attention — which is not wonderful when we remember that Scott and Byron were publishing at this time. *Endymion* (1818) is Greek only in its central conception of Beauty as a thing to be worshipped. In execution it is Gothic: like Alph, the sacred river, it runs

> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea.

Blackwood's and The Quarterly descended like mastodons on this poem, tearing up its luxuriant over-growth and trampling under foot the tender flowerets that gave promise of so glorious a summer. Financial troubles, his own delicate health, the death of a brother and a distracting love-affair tightened the strain upon Keats' sensitive nature, already overwrought. While struggling against these ills, he produced his most beautiful work, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, the *Ode to a Nightingale* and *The Eve of St. Agnes*. After many experiments, he had at length found subjects suited to the display of his peculiar genius. To what more aërial heights he might have soared, we can only in sorrow conjecture. Consumption laid upon him its cruel grasp; the unfinished *Hyperion* is his swan-song. A voyage to Italy gave no relief; in the twenty-sixth year of his age, in the Eternal City he closed his eyes in easeful death. He was buried 'in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'[1]

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES. — The tendency of this generation to think over-highly of Keats and his work comes out plainly in *Sidney Colvin's Keats* (E. M. L.), which

[1] Shelley: Preface to Adonais.

ranks him by power, temperament and aim as 'the most Shakespearean spirit that has lived since Shakespeare.' *Rossetti's Keats* (Gt. Wr.) is more judicious in tone and contains a more critical examination of the quality of Keats' verse. Those who wish to make a study of Keats at first hand must consult *The Poetical Works and Other Writings of John Keats, edited by H. Buxton Forman:* 4 vols. and supplement; London, 1889–1890.

CRITICISM. — *Leigh Hunt's Principal Reviews of Keats* are to be found as follows: (1) *First Volume of Poems* (1817) in Forman i.; (2) *The Stories of Lamia, The Pot of Basil, The Eve of St. Agnes*, etc., in Forman ii.; *Memoir of Keats* in Forman iv.; *Selections from Keats, with Critical Notice* in *Hunt's Imagination and Fancy*.

Shelley: Adonais; An Elegy on the Death of John Keats. In reading this impassioned monody it must be remembered that Shelley was misinformed as to the immediate cause of Keats' death. Scattered through *Shelley's Letters* are many references to Keats. These are indexed in Forman iv.

DeQuincey: Notes on Gilfillan's Literary Portraits; John Keats. Ten pages devoted to Horace, Lucretius, Johnson, Addison and Homer; six pages to Keats. Condemns unsparingly the affectations and solecisms of Endymion, but speaks highly of Hyperion. The latter poem is also touched on in DeQuincey's *Milton v. Southey and Landor*.

Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticism, Second Series; John Keats. Brings out finely what is best in Keats as a man, and dwells upon his power of 'naturalistic interpretation.'

Lowell: Among my Books, Second Series; Keats. Written in 1856 and chiefly biographical; a great deal of this essay has therefore been superseded by more recent works. In concluding, Lowell claims for Keats 'more of the penetrative and sympathetic imagination which belongs to the poet, of that imagination which identifies itself with the momentary object of its contemplation, than any man of these later days.'

Courthope: The Liberal Movement in English Literature; Essay V. 'With his brilliant pictorial fancy [Keats] was able to conjure up before his mind's eye all those *forms* of the Pagan world which were, by his own confession, invisible to Wordsworth; but, on the other hand, to the actual strife of men, to the clash and conflict of opinion, to the moral meaning of the changes in social and political life, he was blind or indifferent.'

See also Bibliography on Shelley and Wordsworth.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

The legend of St. Agnes tells us that she was a Roman virgin of noble family who suffered martyrdom in the fourth century. The 21st of January was sacred to her, and it was believed that on the eve of that day, maidens, by fasting, might get sight of their future husbands.

1-9. for = in spite of. his frosted breath. 'The breath of the pilgrim, likened to pious incense . . . is a simile in admirable 'keeping,' as the painters call it; that is to say, is thoroughly harmonious with itself and all that is going on. The breath of the

pilgrim is visible, so is that of a censer; his object is religious, and so is the use of the censer; the censer, after its fashion, may be said to pray, and its breath, like the pilgrim's, ascends to heaven. Young students of poetry may, in this image alone, see what imagination is, under one of its most poetical forms, and how thoroughly it 'tells.' There is no part of it unfitting. It is not applicable in one point, and the reverse in another.' — Hunt.

10-18. **purgatorial rails.** '. . . most felicitous [is] the introduction of the Catholic idea in the word 'purgatorial.' The very color of the rails is made to assume a meaning and to shadow forth the gloom of the punishment.' — Hunt. **ache in icy hoods and mails.** 'Most wintry as well as penitential. . . .' — Hunt.

19-45. **flattered** = softened, soothed. Hunt's rhapsody on this word seems a trifle far-fetched. **their pride** = their proud array. **the brain, new-stuffed with triumphs gay.** Compare Il Penseroso, 5–8.

46-72. **couch** = cause to recline. The diction here and in the preceding stanza shows suggestions of Romeo and Juliet — Keats' favorite Shakespearean play. See Act ii. Sc. 3, lines 37–38 of that play:

> And where unbruiséd youth with unstuffed brain
> Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

Indeed the Eve of St. Agnes thrills with the same high-wrought emotion that throbs and glows throughout the Balcony-Scene in Romeo and Juliet. **train** (58). 'I do not use *train* for 'concourse of passers by,' but for 'skirts' sweeping along the floor.' — Keats; Letter to Taylor, 11 June, 1820. **Hoodwinked** = blinded. **faery fancy** = fancies of Fairyland. **amort** = deadened: a corruption of *à la mort*, 'to the death.' Compare

> How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
> Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3, 36.

her lambs unshorn (71). 'In the Catholic church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass.' — Hunt.

73-105. **beldame** (90). The prefix in this word, though etymologically cognate with the French 'beau,' 'belle' (beautiful), was regularly used in Middle English to indicate secondary relationship: thus, *beldame* = grandmother; *belsire* = grandfather. This usage is also discernible in Modern French: 'beau-fils' = son-in-law; 'beau-frère' = brother-in-law. **Gossip** (105). On this word as

text, Archbishop Trench preaches a delightful sermonette, in English Past and Present, Lecture iv.

106-135. **a little moonlight room.** 'The poet does not make his 'little moonlight room' comfortable, observe. The high taste of the exordium is kept up. All is still wintry. There is to be no comfort in the poem, but what is given by love. All else may be left to the cold walls.' — Hunt. **St. Agnes' wool.** See note on line 71. **liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays:** Oberon. **brook,** seems inaccurately used for 'restrain' or 'refrain from.' Keats' earlier poems abound with such inaccuracies, and they justly aroused DeQuincey's wrath. **Tears.** 'He almost shed tears of sympathy to think how his treasure is exposed to the cold; and of delight and pride to think of her sleeping beauty and her love for himself. This passage 'asleep in lap of legends old' is in the highest imaginative taste, fusing together the imaginative and the spiritual, the remote and the near.' — Hunt.

136-171. **Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose.** Both the color and the perfectness of the full-blown rose enter into this comparison. **passing-bell.** The church-bell, tolled at the death of a parishioner, for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits that would seize the departing soul.

> When the passing-bell doth toll
> And the furies in a shoal
> Come to fight a parting soul,
> Sweet Spirit, comfort me!
>
> Herrick: Litanie to the Holy Spirit, 21–24.

the monstrous debt, 'was his monstrous existence, which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Viviane.' — Forman, ii. 84. For the storm referred to in line 170, see Tennyson's Merlin and Vivien (near the end):

> . . . ever overhead
> Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch
> Snapt in the rushing of the river rain
> Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
> Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
> Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
> Moaning and calling out of other lands,
> Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
> To peace.

172-198. **a missioned spirit:** a spirit sent (*mitto*) to aid the aged woman. **ring-dove fray'd and fled** = a ring-dove which has been frightened and has fled.

199-207. **Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died.** 'This is a verse in the taste of Chaucer, full of minute grace and truth. The smoke of the wax taper seems almost as ethereal and fair as the moonlight, and both suit each other and the heroine.'— Hunt. **But to her heart, her heart was voluble, Paining with eloquence her balmy side.** 'The beauty of such a phrase is no mere beauty of fancy or of sound; it is the beauty which resides in truth only, every word being chosen and every touch laid by a vital exercise of the imagination. The first line describes in perfection the duality of consciousness in such a moment of suspense, the second makes us realize at once the physical effect of the emotion on the heroine, and the spell of her imagined presence on ourselves.' — Colvin's Keats, Cap. ix.

208-216. Keats' manuscript shows that this gorgeous picture was completed only after many revisions and elaborate toil. Notice especially the exquisite comparison in line 213.

217-225. **Rose-bloom fell on her hands.** Moonlight shining through stained glass is not strong enough to produce this effect. But as we read this description, we cannot help wishing it were! **Porphyro grew faint.** 'The lover's growing 'faint' is one of the few inequalities which are to be found in the latter productions of this great but young and over-sensitive poet. He had, at the time of his writing this, the seeds of a mortal illness in him, and he doubtless wrote as he had felt, for he was also deeply in love; and extreme sensibility struggled in him with a great understanding.' — Hunt.

226-243. **clasp'd like a missal,** etc. Hunt takes this to mean '. . . where Christian prayer-books must not be seen and are therefore doubly cherished for the danger.' But 'cherished' by whom? And how does this explain 'clasp'd'? Her soul is certainly the thing 'clasp'd;' i.e., tight-closed, unopened as would be a Christian prayer-book in a land of Paynims.

244-261. **carpet.** An anachronism (repeated in line 360). Mediæval chambers and halls were strewn with rushes; 'carpets' were then coverings for tables and couches, such as the 'cloth' described in line 256.

262-270. Notice the Oriental richness of the coloring. This stanza owes something to Paradise Lost, v. 331–348.

271-297. **carpet** (285); here used correctly, referring to the 'cloth' of line 256. **La belle dame sans mercy;** the title of a poem written by Alain Chartier in the fifteenth century. Keats' poem of the same name has almost nothing in common with the original.

298-315. **tunable** = harmonious, musical. See note on Lycidas, 37–49.

316-324. Notice the striking effect produced by the sharp contrast

between the warmth and passion of the hero and the unsympathetic chill of his surroundings.

325-351. **heart-shaped and vermeil dyed.** The best we can say for this conceit is that it is in Shakespeare's earliest and worst style. **Rhenish** = Rhine wine, as in

> The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;
> And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,—
> Hamlet, i. 4, 8–10.

352-378. Not the least artistic portion of this wonderful poem is its conclusion — carefully prepared for by the allusions in lines 22–23 and 155–156. Such exquisite dramatic propriety is rare in Keats; it is nevertheless indispensable in every work of art that would claim for itself the first rank.

The Eve of St. Agnes is the one considerable effort of Keats in which he has been able to invent a human interest and a human action manifesting themselves in a manner at once rational and noble. Yet even in this masterpiece, we feel that the poet is least at home in the human part of the story; that his strength lies in the more limited field of Word-Painting; in his ability to individualize a scene and represent it for us in words as the painter does in colors.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

During the autumn and winter of 1818 much of Keats' time was occupied with the sad duty of nursing his brother Thomas, — ill with that same hereditary consumption which took off Keats himself. Thomas Keats died in December, 1818; this Ode, written in the following spring, is tinged with the melancholy that was thenceforth to accompany Keats to his early grave.

1-10. It must be confessed that this opening stanza is not clear. No sufficient reason is assigned for the poet's 'drowsy numbness.' **Lethe**; the river of Forgetfulness in the Underworld; Cl. Myths, pp. 81, 195, 351. **Dryad**; Wood-nymph. Compare Keats' Ode to Psyche, given in Cl. Myths, pp. 160–161.

11-30. **Flora**; goddess of Flowers and Spring. **Hippocrene.** See note on Lycidas, 15–22. **What thou . . . hast never known, The weariness,** etc. This treatment is not strictly classical; the following is:

> O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
> Still, after many years, in distant lands,
> Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
> That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain!
> Say, will it never heal?

And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night
And the sweet, tranquil Thames
And moonshine and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Matthew Arnold's Philomela: 5–15.

31-50. **Not charioted by Bacchus.** A sudden change of mood from that expressed in lines 11–20; he will have none of the inspiration of Wine; Poesy shall convey him to some Land of Faery. In line 35 he imagines himself there. Was there ever a more lovely picture of this Land than is suggested in the fifteen lines that follow? See also the exquisite picture in lines 69–70, and compare the remarks in the Notes at the conclusion of *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

51-60. **I have been half in love with easeful Death.** A sigh from the depth of Keats' own soul. Less than two short years of life were before him when he wrote this line.

61-80. **Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird.** The enduring *type* (the Bird) is here illogically contrasted with the passing *individual* (the Poet). **No hungry generations tread thee down,** 'is Dantesque in its weird vigor, . . . bringing before us visions of many terrible things, and chiefly of multitudinous keen and cruel faces more relentless in the relentless oppressiveness of their onset upon the sensitive among men than anything [?] in the mighty visions of damnation and detestableness seen five hundred years ago in Italy.' — Forman, i. xxi.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Keats seems never to have acquired any knowledge of Greek; the crude but vigorous version of the Elizabethan furnished the sole inspiration for this magnificent Sonnet. True, it was Balboa and not Cortez that discovered the Pacific, but what matter? Hunt's criticism on the last line can hardly be bettered: it leaves the reader, he says, 'with all the illimitable world of thought and feeling before him to which his imagination will have been brought, while journeying through these "realms of gold."'

Keats was only twenty-one when he wrote this Sonnet (1816). In 1848 was published the following *Sonnet to Homer*, found among his papers: whether written in 1816 or in 1818 is not known.

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.

So thou wast blind;—but then the veil was rent,
For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;
Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in midnight,
There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti told Forman he considered

There is a budding morrow in midnight

one of the finest lines 'in all poetry.'

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, the son of a wealthy, commonplace Sussex baronet, was born in 1792. His hatred of tyranny made Eton anything but a bed of roses for him. The same Oxford that still maintains in a place of honor[1] a statue to James II. — this Oxford expelled Shelley for the utterance of religious opinions which, however mistaken, were inspired by a youthful and generous enthusiasm for truth. This same noble enthusiasm partly redeems the follies and eccentricities of the next five years; in *Alastor* (1816) dawned upon the world another poet in this age of poets. Impartial judgment cannot acquit Shelley of all responsibility for his first wife's suicide, nor can it fail to approve the legal decree that deprived him of the guardianship of her children; Shelley had to learn by this bitter experience that mere iconoclasm saveth the soul neither of society nor of the individual. *Laon and Cynthia* (1818) shows Shelley in all his glory and all his weakness: his vehement passion, his splendor of imagery, his idealizing spirituality, his monotony in character-delineation, his inability to gain any 'wide and luminous view' of life. — The same year (1818) he left England for the third time — never to return. The next four years he spent chiefly in Italy; the impressions of that residence, recorded in the prose of his *Letters*, Matthew Arnold prefers to his poetry. His intimacy with Byron gave us *Julian and Maddalo;*[2] a profound and admiring study of the Greek tragedians gave us the *Prometheus Unbound* (1821), 'a genuine liking [for which],' Mr. Symonds declares, 'may be reckoned the touch-stone of a man's capacity for understanding lyric poetry.'[3] Of all his works, *Adonais* (1821) is the most artistic in form. Years were bringing to Shelley the philosophic mind; had he lived he would undoubtedly have produced something great. But this was not to be: he was drowned while sailing on the Gulf of Spezzia, July 8, 1822.

Keats, Napoleon, Shelley, Byron — all died between 1820 and 1824. Was there ever, within so short a time, such an in-gathering of mighty spirits to the abodes of dusty death!

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[1] Over the entrance to the main quadrangle of University College — Shelley's College!

[2] See Bibliography on Byron.

[3] O Cruel Test! Must all lack the lyric sense who cannot 'like' a 'Lyrical Drama,' a production whose very title is a contradiction in terms? — The Lyrics in the Prometheus Unbound are undoubtedly beautiful, though at times dangerously near to 'words, detached from meaning' (Symonds, p. 124). But how about the 'Drama' part of this play, — a 'Drama' where the characters are abstractions, where the action obeys no law but that of unreason, and where the fundamental philosophy (if anything) is mere Rousseauism?

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES.—All that is worth knowing about Shelley (and a good deal that is not) is collected in *Dowden's Life of Shelley*. This is a special plea, the general plan of which is drawn with great literary skill, while many of the details are filled in with fervid and unnecessary rhetoric *à la Swinburne*. *Shelley* (E. M. L.), by the lamented *John Addington Symonds*, gives us the life and the poetry with less attempt to gloss over the faults; *Sharp's Shelley* (Gt. Wr.) gives a favorable coloring to the main facts of Shelley's life, with little comment on the poetry. Prefixed to *Woodberry's Text of Shelley* (the most recent) is a brief Memoir.

CRITICISM.—*DeQuincey: Notes on Gilfillan's Literary Portraits; Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Though written when material for Shelley's biography was comparatively scanty, this essay gauges the character of 'the eternal child' with a fine discrimination that Shelleyites would do well to study. Attempts no estimate of Shelley's poetry.

Bagehot: Literary Studies, Vol. i.; Percy Bysshe Shelley. A subtle study (1) of some of the characters of Shelley's poems as reflecting the *impulses* of the poet; (2) of Shelley's religious(?) philosophy; (3) of the Classical quality of his Imagination as distinguished from the Romantic Fancy of Keats.

Shairp: Aspects of Poetry; Shelley as a Lyric Poet. Follows the line of thought suggested under (1) and (2) of Bagehot's Essay. Concludes with an examination of the most famous lyrics; even these the author does not rank high, finding them limited in range and unsound in substance.

Swinburne: Essays and Studies; Notes on the Text of Shelley. As to the *Notes*, I confess my judgment jumps with Mr. Arnold's when he writes: 'Shelley is not a classic, whose various readings are to be noted with earnest attention.'—For pure, unconscious humor there is hardly a critic to equal Mr. Swinburne since the death of the lamented Hosea Biglow. He tells us that 'Byron was a singer who could not sing;' that Shelley 'was alone the perfect singing-god,' the man of 'flawless work and perfect service, . . . [who] holds the same rank in lyric as Shakespeare in dramatic poetry — supreme, and without a second of his race.' (!)

Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Shelley. A review of Dowden's Shelley, marking 'firmly what is ridiculous and odious in the Shelley brought to our knowledge,' and showing that the 'former beautiful and lovable Shelley nevertheless survives.' Points out Shelley's self-deception and want of humor. (How persistently and naturally these defects re-appear in Shelley's followers!)

Courthope: The Liberal Movement in English Literature; Essay iv. Attributes Shelley's failure in Epic and Drama to his 'imperfect perception of the limits of art.'

See also Bibliography on Byron and on Keats.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

This poem was written in the autumn of 1818 when the Shelleys were living near Venice. Their home is thus described by Mrs. Shelley in her Note on the

Poems of 1818: 'I Capuccini was a villa built on the site of a Capuchin convent, demolished when the French suppressed religious houses; it was situated on the very over-hanging brow of a low hill at the foot of a range of higher ones. The house was cheerful and pleasant; a vine-trellised walk, a Pergola, as it is called in Italian, led from the hall door to a summer-house at the end of the garden, which Shelley made his study, and in which he began the Prometheus; and here also, as he mentions in a letter, he wrote Julian and Maddalo; a slight ravine, with a road in its depth, divided the garden from the hill, on which stood the ruins of the ancient castle of Este, whose dark massive wall gave forth an echo, and from whose ruined crevices, owls and bats flitted forth at night, as the crescent moon sunk behind the black and heavy battlements. We looked from the garden over the wide plain of Lombardy, bounded to the west by the far Apennines, while to the east, the horizon was lost in misty distance. After the picturesque but limited view of mountain, ravine, and chestnut wood at the Baths of Lucca, there was something infinitely gratifying to the eye in the wide range of prospect commanded by our new abode.'

1-44. Notice the hurrying force of the imagery; there is neither pause nor let until the figure is worked out (line 26). For **welter-ing** (18) compare Lycidas, 13. **Are** (43): ungrammatical.

45-65. If there is any specific reference intended in these lines, I confess I am unable to trace it. Perhaps they merely continue the imagery of 1-26. The syntax of 64-65 is hardly 'flawless work,' nor should great poets hold themselves to be above the rules of grammar.

66-114. In these lines the general features of the landscape, as described by Mrs. Shelley, are easily recognizable; but how beautifully idealized! **grain** (80). See note on Il Penseroso, 33. **Amphitrite** (97); a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus. Cl. Myths, § 52.

115-141. And thou soon must be his prey. Referring to the belief that the tides were encroaching on the foundations of Venice. Engineering Science has made it improbable that Venice will ever suffer seriously from this danger. **thy conquest-branded brow.** In 1818 Venice was under Austrian rule; see note on 'the Austrian,' Childe Harold, Canto iv. Stanza 12, line 55.

142-166. Celtic Anarch. Celtic is here vaguely and incorrectly used for 'Austrian.' In the Prometheus Unbound, ii. 4, 94, with like inaccuracy, Shelley uses 'Celt' for 'European.' **Thou and all thy sister band.** Like the cities of the Lombard League. See notes on Childe Harold, Canto iv. Stanzas xi. and xii.

167-205. a tempest-cleaving Swan: Byron. See the Julian and Maddalo. **thunder-fit.** See note on this word in The Ancient Mariner, 69. **Scamander:** a river of the Troad. See Iliad, xxi. **Petrarch,** died at Arquà in the Euganean Hills, in 1374. In common with Shelley, his mind seems haunted with the vision of Ideal

Loveliness; on this subject these poets can sing interminably with a sublimity that sometimes verges perilously on the ridiculous.

206-235. **the brutal Celt.** See note on **Celtic Anarch**, line 152. **the sickle to the sword Lies unchanged.** The imagery of lines 225-230 seems to be suggested by Joel iii. 10-13. Hebrew poetry was a favorite study with Shelley. **foison** = abundance; a fine old word, seldom used now except in poetry. 'Fusion' is a doublet of **foison**, and both are from the Latin 'fundere,' to pour.

236-284. **Ezzelin.** 'Ezzelino, a small, pale, wiry man, with terror in his face and enthusiasm for evil in his heart, lived a foe to luxury, cold to the pathos of children, dead to the enchantment of women. His one passion was the greed for power, heightened by the lust for blood. Originally a noble of the Veronese Marches, he founded his illegal authority upon the Captaincy of the Imperial party delegated to him by Frederick. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Feltre and Belluno made him captain in the Ghibelline interest, conferring on him judicial as well as military supremacy. How he fearfully abused his power, how a crusade was preached against him, and how he died in silence, like a boar at bay, rending from his wounds the dressings that his foes had placed to keep him alive, are notorious matters of history . . . by his absolute contempt of law, his inordinate cruelty, his prolonged massacres and his infliction of plagues upon whole peoples, Ezzelino established the ideal in Italy of a tyrant marching to his end by any means whatever.' — Symonds: Renaissance in Italy; i. 107-108. **Padua.** The University of Padua was a famous institution of learning as early as the thirteenth century. Galileo was Professor of Mathematics there from 1592-1610.

285-319. **an air-dissolvéd star,** that mingles **fragrance** (with light) is certainly a false image; or is this one of those 'impressionist' lines that we are to-day so loudly called upon to admire? Lines 315-319 seem to express about as definite a religious belief as Shelley ever attained to.

320-334. **that silent isle,** must be the hopeful mood that came to the poet, this beautiful autumn morning among the hills. The **remembered agonies** of Shelley's life were neither few nor far between, but their causes lay chiefly in his own ill-regulated impulses.

335-374. This is certainly a lovely picture of the Ideal Life for humanity, but if we try to apply this Ideal to life on Earth we find at once it is applicable only to life in Cloud-Land. Matthew Arnold has summed up this failing of Shelley's in one telling sentence: 'The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing.'

THE CLOUD.

In her preface to the 1839 edition of her husband's poems, Mrs. Shelley wrote: 'There are others, such as the *Ode to the Skylark* and *The Cloud*, which, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted: listening to the carolling of the bird, aloft in the azure sky of Italy, or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens while he floated in his boat on the Thames.' There are few, perhaps, who will not agree with Mrs. Shelley in thinking that this poem, the Ode to a Skylark [and the Ode to the West Wind] 'bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions.' Notice the exquisitely light effect of the anapæstic movement and how it fits the subject.

For **rack** (33) in the sense of 'floating vapor,' compare Shakespeare's use of this word in The Tempest, iv. 1, 159.

TO A SKYLARK.

'In the spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends who were absent on a journey to England. — It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes whose myrtle-hedges were the bowers of the fire-flies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems.' — Mrs. Shelley's Note on the Poems of 1820.

1-5. The lark, when addressed, is supposed to be already high in the heavens.

6-10. The punctuation in our text follows that of the first edition: **Like a cloud of fire,** then, refers to the ascending motion of the bird and not to its appearance. If, as some editors propose, we remove the semi-colon from the end of the eighth line to the end of the seventh, we get a meaning at variance with that of the third line.

11-60. In these lines we see illustrated Courthope's remark: 'If greatness in poetry consisted in a succession of dazzling images and a rapid flow of splendid verse, Shelley would be entitled to almost the first place in English literature.' When we read the Prometheus Unbound, we see the other side of the shield and understand what the critic means when he adds: 'But in all the higher qualities of epic and dramatic construction, his work is defective.'

61-90. **Sprite** (61), an archaism for 'spirit;' so used also in Lines Written among the Euganean Hills, 371. **knew** (80): ungrammatical.

91-105. This passage Bagehot[1] compares with the fifth and sixth stanzas of Keats' Ode to a Nightingale, to illustrate the difference between the Classical Imagination and the Romantic Fancy. 'When

[1] See Shelley Bibliography, p. 116.

we speak of this distinction, we seem almost to be speaking of the distinction between ancient and modern literature. The characteristic of the classical literature is the simplicity with which the imagination appears in it; that of modern literature is the profusion with which the most various adornments of the accessory fancy are thrown and lavished upon it. . . . With a single soaring effort imagination may reach her end; if she fail, no fancy can help her; if she succeed, there will be no petty accumulations of insensible circumstances in a region far above all things. Shelley's excellence in the abstract lyric is almost another phrase for the simplicity of his impulsive imagination.' For a further illustration, compare the concluding stanza of Shelley's poem with the concluding stanza of Coleridge's Kubla Khan.

SONNET. — TO THE NILE.

In February, 1818, Keats, Hunt and Shelley agreed each to write a Sonnet on the Nile. It was long supposed that the Ozymandias Sonnet was Shelley's contribution on this occasion, but in 1876 it was pretty well established that this Sonnet — To the Nile — is the one in question (Forman, i. 410).

Keats' Sonnet is as follows:

> Son of the old moon-mountains African!
> Stream of the Pyramid and crocodile!
> We call thee fruitful, and that very while
> A desert fills our seeing's inward span:
> Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
> Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
> Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
> Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?
> O may dark fancies err! They surely do;
> 'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
> Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
> Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
> The pleasant sun-rise. Green Isles hast thou too,
> And to the sea as happily dost haste.

The thought in Shelley's concluding couplet is repeated from his *Laon and Cynthia*, vi. 41:

> love had nursed us in the haunts
> Where knowledge, from its secret source, enchants
> Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,
> Ere yet its gathered flood feeds human wants
> As the great Nile feeds Egypt; ever flinging
> Light on the woven boughs which o'er its waves are swinging.

SONNET — OZYMANDIAS.

'After all, it is something to have seen those red waters. It is only low green banks, mud-huts and palm-clumps, with the sun setting red behind them, and

the great, dull sinuous river flashing here and there in the light. But it is the Nile, the old Saturn of a stream — a divinity yet, though younger river gods have deposed him. Hail! O venerable father of crocodiles! . . . At dawn in the morning we were on deck; the character had not altered of the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side, recovering from the subsiding inundations; near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roosting under the date trees; the landscape everywhere stretching away level and lonely. In the sky the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal color, then orange; then, behold, the round red disc of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon. All the waters blushed as he got up; the deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward and praised the maker of the sun; it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling and gilt[?] up his bronze face and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances, which had been gray, were now purple; and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale and the river and the surrounding landscape were dazzlingly clear. . . . It is poor work, this landscape painting in print. Shelley's two Sonnets are the best views that I know of the Pyramids — better than the reality; for a man may lay down the book, and in quiet fancy conjure up a picture out of these magnificent words, which sha'n't be disturbed by any pettinesses or mean realities.' — Thackeray; Cornhill to Cairo, xv.

Lines 6–8 are not clear. The meaning seems to be: The passions of Ozymandias (stamped on the broken statue) survive the hand of the sculptor that mocked (imitated) them and the heart of the vain-glorious king that nourished them.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in Cumberland in 1770, — fifteen months before the death of Gray. His family was of that upper middle class, the backbone of English society, which has furnished the mother-country her greatest poets, statesmen, sailors and men of science (Shakespeare and Milton, Pitt and Gladstone, Nelson and Rodney, Newton and Darwin). The beauty of the lonely Cumberland hills sank deep into his boyish heart; deep sank also the spirit of reverence which men of mediæval Cambridge lovingly expressed in

> That branching roof[1]
> Self-poised and scooped into ten thousand cells,
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
> Lingering and wandering on as loth to die.

After taking his degree in 1791, he travelled in France, — sympathizing at first with the French Revolutionists, but soon recoiling in horror at their excesses. A small legacy enabled him to devote himself to literature; the result was the *Lyrical Ballads*,[2] published with Coleridge in 1798. From this time on, for nearly fifty years, Wordsworth made his home among the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; here it was he grew into closer and closer communion with Nature, interpreting her every mood and

> hearing oftentimes
> The still sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue.

Such a life brings with it the bliss of solitude, but he who lives it cannot touch the depths and heights of passion explored by those who live in the great world and are themselves a part of the great deeds they sing. Nor did Wordsworth mistake his calling; he states clearly that his office is '. . . to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous.'

In 1813 Wordsworth settled at the home indissolubly associated with his name — Rydal Mount. He was now forty-three years of age and nearly all his best work was done. After this there came to him, slowly but surely, the reverence and affection of all that was best in England — but the fountains of poetic

[1] King's College Chapel. Wordsworth was a student at St. John's.

[2] See Introduction to The Ancient Mariner.

inspiration had well-nigh run dry. In 1843 he reluctantly accepted the Laureateship. He died on the 23d of April, 1850, —

> With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
> In frosty moonlight glistening,
> Or mountain torrents, where they creep
> Along a channel smooth and deep
> To their own far-off murmurs listening.

FRIENDS. — Coleridge, DeQuincey, Scott, Southey, Lamb, Dr. Thomas Arnold.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — Those who have the courage to read all the verse that Wordsworth wrote will find it in the splendid 11-vol. edition of *Professor William Knight* (Paterson). Vols. ix.–xi. contain the Life. Opinions will always differ widely as to whether it is possible to make an interesting biography out of Wordsworth's uneventful and self-centred existence, but there can hardly be two opinions as to the dulness of *Myer's Wordsworth* (E. M. L.). The nature of *Calvert's Wordsworth, A Biographic Æsthetic Study*, is sufficiently indicated by noting that the author considers The Idiot Boy an 'incomparable artistic feat.'

Coleridge: Biographia Literaria; Cap. iv. xiv. xvii.–xx. xxii. A much better exposition of Wordsworth's poetic philosophy than the poet was able to give himself; does not fail to point out what Wordsworth could never see, — the characteristic defects in his verse.

DeQuincey: Autobiography, from 1803 to 1808; Cap. iii.–v. (The Lake Poets.) These are chiefly personal reminiscences; — the unsympathetic might call them small-beer chronicles. They leave us with the impression that Wordsworth's personality was decidedly unlovely. *Essay on Wordsworth's Poetry.* Examines (briefly) Wordsworth's 'theory of Poetic Diction and the philosophy of The Excursion;' calls attention to the penetration of Wordsworth's vision, and the depth of his sympathy with The Permanent in human nature.

Lowell: Among My Books, Second Series; Wordsworth. About half this Essay is biographical; the other half does not spare 'the historian of Wordsworthshire,' yet declares that his 'better utterances have the bare sincerity, the absolute abstraction from time and place, the immunity from decay that belong to the grand simplicity of the Bible.'

Stephen: Hours in a Library, Vol. iii. This is an elaborate and eulogistic exposition of that Wordsworthian philosophy which (Mr. Matthew Arnold takes pains to assure us), 'so far at least as it may put on the form and habit of 'a scientific system of thought,' and the more it puts them on,' — is an illusion.

Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Wordsworth. In this Essay the most distinguished disciple of Wordsworth gives up about four-fifths of his master's verse as of little permanent value, but presents us with the other one-fifth as a 'great and ample body of powerful work' that will rank him superior to all modern poets save Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton and Goethe. French and German critics find it hard to treat this *dictum* with

seriousness, but it appeals strongly to the insularism and conservatism of the English mind.

Courthope: The Liberal Movement in English Literature, Essay iii. (Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry). Shows that Wordsworth's best poems are written on principles that are directly opposed to the theories laid down in his Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.

Those who desire more Wordsworthian Criticism should consult *J. S. Mill's Autobiography, Cap. v.; Shairp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy; John Morley's Studies in Literature; Whipple's Essays and Reviews, Vol. i.*

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

The person and the place herein idealized are thus described by Dorothy Wordsworth in her Tour of a Journey in Scotland: August 28, 1803. 'The landing was as pretty a sight as ever I saw. The bay, which had been so quiet two days before, was all in motion with small waves, while the swollen waterfall roared in our ears. The boat came steadily up, being pressed almost to the water's edge by the weight of its cargo; perhaps twenty people landed, one after another. . . . The women . . . were dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and with their scarlet cardinals, the tartan plaids of the men and Scotch bonnets made a gay appearance. There was a joyous bustle surrounding the boat, which even imparted something of the same character to the waterfall in its tumult, and the restless grey waves; the young men laughed and shouted, the lassies laughed and the elder folk seemed to be in a bustle to be away. . . . The hospitality we had met with at the two cottages and Mr. MacFarlane's gave us very favorable impressions on this our first entrance into the Highlands, and at this day the innocent merriment of the girls, with their kindness to us, and the beautiful face and figure of the elder, come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall of Loch Lomond, and I never think of the two girls but the whole image of that romantic spot is before me, a living image as it will be to my dying day.' Clough's delightful poem, The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich, is an epic treatment of a subject similar to this.

TO A SKYLARK.

Wordsworth classed this beautiful lyric among his Poems of the Fancy,—why, it is difficult to see. Its quality is more akin to that of Shelley's Ode to a Skylark than to that of Keats' Ode to a Nightingale. See notes on the former poem.

TO THE CUCKOO.

See remarks, in the Biography, on Wordsworth's boyhood. Of the lines,

> Shall I call thee Bird
> Or but a wandering Voice?

Wordsworth has given the following exposition: 'This concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature of a corporeal existence; the imagination being tempted to this

exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.' — Wordsworth's Prose Works, edited by Grosart, ii. 137.

TINTERN ABBEY.

This is the last poem in the first edition of The Lyrical Ballads (1798). Wordsworth classed it among his Poems of the Imagination. Matthew Arnold declares that the author's 'categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory.' The critic accordingly places this composition among the Reflective and Elegiac Poems.

Coleridge tells us that Wordsworth's object, in the Poems of 1798, was 'to give the charm of novelty to things of every day and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonder of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes yet see not, ears that hear not and hearts that neither feel nor understand.'

Had Wordsworth never pushed his poetical theories beyond this safe and desirable point, he would have spared the world many thousands of verses, his critics much grief and his friends many apologies.

But Tintern Abbey needs no apology: *me judice*, it attains almost perfectly the object which Coleridge has described; it answers perfectly to the author's definition of good poetry as 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling.'

35-49. It must have been of some such lines as these that John Stuart Mill was thinking when he wrote (Autobiography, Cap. v.): 'From them [Wordsworth's poems] I seemed to learn what would be the perennial source of happiness, when all the greater evils of life should have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence. There have certainly been, even in our own age, greater poets than Wordsworth; but poetry of deeper and loftier feeling could not have done for me at that time what his did. I needed to be made to feel that there was real, permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in the common feelings and common destiny of human beings. . . . At the conclusion of the Poems came the famous Ode, falsely called Platonic, 'Intimations of Immortality': in which, along with more than his usual sweetness of melody and rhythm, and along with the two passages of grand imagery but bad philosophy so often quoted, I found that he too had had similar experience to mine. . . . I long continued to value Wordsworth less according to his intrinsic merits, than by the measure of what he had done for me. Compared with the greatest poets, he may be said to be the poet of unpoetical natures, possessed

of quiet and contemplative tastes. But unpoetical natures are precisely those which require poetic cultivation. This cultivation Wordsworth is much more fitted to give, than poets who are intrinsically far more poets than he.'

65-83. 'The forces that made Wordsworth a poet were far different from those conscious reasonings on Man and Society, of which he gives an account in the Prelude: his inspiration sprang from mysterious sources which, as he shows us in the first book of his curious metrical autobiography, had been *unconsciously* pouring images into his mind from earliest childhood.' — Courthope: The Liberal Movement in English Literature; Essay iii.

93-102. In his old age Wordsworth became a High Churchman and a Tory. With what curious feelings must he have read this confession of the Pantheistic faith of his youth! Byron might have written these lines; his own belief in Pantheism is not more unmistakably nor more beautifully expressed:

> My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
> Earth, air, stars — all that springs from the great Whole
> Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.
>
> Don Juan, iii. 54.

121-133. Such sentiment as this, unintelligible to many, was undoubtedly religious truth to Wordsworth. Professor C. C. Everett suggests as explanation of the joy we receive in the contemplation of Nature: 1) our more or less conscious recognition of the freedom of the life of Nature; 2) the identity of our lives with that of Nature; 3) the fulness of the life of Nature; 4) its divinity; 5) its prefiguration of a perfection which we have not yet attained.[1]

LAODAMIA.

Protesilaus was a Thessalian chief in the army of Agamemnon. While the Grecian fleet lay wind-bound at Aulis, the oracle declared that victory in the coming contest should rest with that side which should lose the first warrior. Protesilaus resolved to sacrifice himself for his country. When the fleet reached Troy, he was the first to leap ashore and the first to meet death from the sword of Hector.

When Laodamia, the wife of Protesilaus, heard of his death, she besought the gods to grant her once more sight of her husband. — At this point in the story Wordsworth's poem begins.

[1] For the ingenious and beautiful argument by which this explanation is supported, see Everett's Poetry, Comedy and Duty, Cap. I. For a very different view of Nature, see J. S. Mill's Essay entitled Nature.

65-66. Parcæ. See note on 'Fury,' Lycidas, 75. **Stygian.** See note on this word in L'Allegro, 3.

79-84. Alcestis. See Notes on Childe Harold, Canto iv. Stanza xvi. **Medea; Aeson:** Cl. Myths, § 145–146.

115-120. Aulis. For the story of Iphigenia in Aulis, see Cl. Myths, p. 288; Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women, 101–120.

158-163. Wordsworth changed this stanza twice, each time for the worse. The version on p. 202 is his latest and is therefore given there; the second reading is:

> By no weak pity might the Gods be moved;
> She who thus perished, not without the crime
> Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
> Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
> Apart from happy Ghosts — that gather flowers
> Of blissful quiet mid unfading bowers.

The original reading is:

> Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!
> Her, who in reason's spite, yet without crime,
> Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
> Delivered from the galling yoke of time
> And those frail elements — to gather flowers
> Of blissful quiet mid unfading bowers.

During the years 1814–1816 Wordsworth made a deep study of Vergil; the effects of this ennobling discipline are perceptible in the lofty tone and (at times) majestic diction of Laodamia. — With whatever fatuity Wordsworth may have clung to his theory 'that there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and [of] metrical composition,' his practice, and that of all great poets, show there *is* a decided difference. No man can employ the language of the peasantry (to this *reductio ad absurdum* was Wordsworth driven in defending his theory) and write a poem like Laodamia; — a poem that ranks not unworthily with the creations of that

> Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

'Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth, — the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds, — this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say

what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things."'— Matthew Arnold: Essay on Wordsworth.

See also remarks by J. S. Mill, quoted in Notes on Tintern Abbey, 35–49.

ODE TO DUTY.

Had the man who wrote this Ode lived in the days of Ahab the son of Omri he would have rested under the juniper-tree with Elijah the Tishbite and would have ascended with him unto Horeb the mount of God.

Had he lived in days of Milton, stoutly would he have fought against the profane Cavalier, the word of the Lord in his mouth and a two-edgéd sword in his hand.

When the bugle-call of Duty sounds, such men are Ready! Aye Ready! If they fall, they fall with face to foe; their names shine forth imperishable, emblazoned forever in the Book of The Hero and The Martyr!

SONNET. — TO MILTON.

This Sonnet was written in 1802. No one acquainted with the social condition of England then, can deny the truthfulness of Wordsworth's picture. — In both the matter and the manner of this Sonnet we see Wordsworth at his best; we have here a fine illustration of one part of Arnold's oft-quoted criticism: 'Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.'

MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was the friend and co-adjutor of Wilberforce. At fifteen Macaulay had read widely enough to deliver a critical judgment on the comparative merits of Chaucer and Boccaccio; at Cambridge (1818–1822) he detested mathematics, but took prizes in the classics and in English. His Edinburgh Review articles on *Milton* (1825) and on *Mill* (1829) made him famous; the Whigs were glad to secure so promising a recruit and in 1830 he entered Parliament under their patronage. The debates on the Reform Bill of 1832 showed him to be a match for the most experienced orators of the day; after four years of intense political and literary activity, he accepted the lucrative position of Member of the Supreme Council of India, with the honorable motive of assisting his younger brothers and sisters, and of making possible for himself a purely literary life. Returning to England in 1838, he was induced to assume, for three years more, the 'wasteful drudgery of office;' this delayed the publication of the *Lays* until 1842, and of the first two volumes of the *History of England* until 1848. In 1852 his health began to fail, but he worked on manfully, publishing occasional *Essays* and the third and fourth volumes of his *History*. He was raised to the peerage in 1857, but lived to enjoy his well-earned honors a short time only. He passed quietly to rest on the 28th of December, 1859.

Truthfully may we apply to him almost the very words he wrote of Johnson: The more we know of his private life, the more is our conviction strengthened that he was not only a great but a good man.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES.—The sincerity and sweetness of Macaulay's character portray themselves in his *Life and Letters* edited by his nephew *G. Otto Trevelyan*. No one can afford to be ignorant of this delightful book. *Morison's Macaulay* (E. M. L.) is more critical than biographical. Thackeray's *Nil Nisi Bonum* (in his *Roundabout Papers*) contains an affecting tribute to Macaulay by one who knew and loved him well. For the History, see *Macaulay's Speeches; Spencer Walpole's History of England, Cap. vii.–xiv.* (1820–1837); *McCarthy's History of Our Own Times, Cap. i.–xl.* (1837–1859).

CRITICISM (on the Poetry).—*J. S. Mill* in the *Westminster Review; Vol. xxxix.* (Old Series); *Leslie Stephen* in *Hours in a Library, Third Series; J. Cotter Morison* in his *Life of Macaulay, Cap. iv.* Those who desire to study Macaulay's Poems with a copious and scholarly commentary, can find it in the excellent edition of the *Lays* by *Professor J. C. Rolfe* (Harpers).

HORATIUS.

In his General Preface to The Lays of Ancient Rome, Macaulay writes:

'In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in nowise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

'It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the Iliad still greater obligations are due; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

'It would have been easy to swell this little volume to a very considerable bulk, by appending notes filled with quotations; but to a learned reader such notes are not necessary; for an unlearned reader they would have little interest; and the judgment passed both by the learned and by the unlearned on a work of the imagination will always depend much more on the general character and spirit of such a work than on minute details.'

Macaulay's Preface to Horatius is as follows:

'There can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

'These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will

furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in a single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter, he is taken, and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says:

'Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
Call it the battell of Otterburn:
At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monnyn day.
Ther was the dougghte Doglas slean:
The Perse never went away.'

'The other poet sums up the event in the following lines:

'Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede away.'

'It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favourite with the Horatian house.

'The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

'The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

'Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.'

'It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments may be, — and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense, — can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school.

Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

'Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus.'

'Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

'Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram;'

and again,

'Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magne, jubebas.'

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

'Niebuhr's supposition, that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes, is both ingenious and probable and has been adopted in the following poem.'

1-17. **Lars** (English, *Lord*); a title of the Etruscan Kings, as 'Pharaoh' was of the Egyptian. See note on **Aruns**, line 323. **Clusium**; at this time the most important of the Etruscan cities. **Tarquin.** The Tarquins (an Etruscan family) were expelled probably during the sixth century B.C. Tradition has assigned the exact date — 509. **Etruscan.** The Etruscans were not a Latin race and their origin is not definitely known.

18-41. With the exception of Massilia, all the towns mentioned in these lines can easily be located on the map of Etruria. **Volaterræ** (Volterra) still shows the ruins of massive Etruscan fortifications. **Populonia** became a manufacturing city in early times, drawing its iron-ore from the island of Ilva (see line 304). **Pisæ**; the modern Pisa. **Massilia**; Marseilles. The **fair-haired slaves** must have been Gauls. **Clanis**; a tributary of the Tiber. **Cortona**; near lake Trasimenus. Remains of the ancient walls are still to be seen.

42-57. **Auser**; **the Ciminian hill** (Monte Cimino); **Volsinian mere** (Lago di Bolsena); in Etruria. **Clitumnus**; in Umbria. Byron has a beautiful description of this stream in Childe Harold iv. 66-68. Macaulay's lines 54-55 are from the 5th and 6th lines of Byron's Stanza 66.

58-65. **Arretium** (Arezzo) in Etruria was early famous for its pottery. In later times it became celebrated as the home of Mæcenas and the birthplace of Petrarch. **Umbro** (Ombrone); next to the Arnus (Arno), the largest river in Etruria. **Luna**, the most northerly city of Etruria, famed for its wine, cheese and marble.

66-80. **verses** = prophecies. See the story of the Sibyl in Æneid iii. 441-460. **Traced from the right**: the Etruscan manner of

writing. The Chinese write in vertical columns, beginning at what we should call the end of the book. **Nurscia**; the Etruscan Fortuna. Her temple was at Volsinii. See line 49. **golden shields.** See Rich, article *Ancile*.

81-97. **tale.** See note on this word in L'Allegro, 67. **Sutrium** (Sutri); about thirty miles north-west of Rome. **Mamilius,** son-in-law of Tarquinus Superbus and the most powerful of the Latin princes. His home, **Tusculum,** was only fifteen miles from Rome. It was situated among the hills and in later days became a favorite resort for wealthy Romans. Here Cicero had a villa and here he composed his Tusculan Disputations.

98-121. **champaign** = flat, open country. The English words *champaign*, *Champagne*, *campaign*, *camp;* the French *champagne*, *campagne*, *campagnard*, *champ;* the Italian *campagna*, are all from the Latin *campus*. Trace the extensions of meaning. **litters** (for travelers) and **skins** (for carrying wine) are commonly used in the Madeira Islands to-day. **roaring gate.** Compare Tennyson's

> Now thy Forum roars no longer,
> fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
> Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
> sound for ever of Imperial Rome—
>
> To Vergil; 15-16.

122-153. **Tarpeian.** For the legend, see Classical Dictionary, article 'Tarpeia.' **The Fathers of the City;** the Senate (*Senex*) or Patres Conscripti. **Crustumerium;** a Latin city some ten miles north-east of Rome.

> Five cities forge their arms, the Atinian powers,
> Antemnæ, Tybur with her lofty towers,
> Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town;
> All these of old were places of renown.
>
> Dryden's Translation of the Æneid; vii. 871-874.

Verbenna; Astur: invented by Macaulay. **Ostia;** once the bustling seaport of Rome, sixteen miles to the south-west of the city. Centuries of alluvial deposits have left the ancient site three miles inland. **Janiculum;** a fortified hill opposite Rome, on the west bank of the Tiber; connected with the city by the Pons Sublicius. See Cl. Myths, p. 359, and Cl. Dictionary, article *Janus*. **I wis** = I know. This is a spurious form, arising from a confusion between the Old English verb *witan* (to know) and the Middle English adverb *i-wis* (certainly), incorrectly written in the manuscripts *i wis*

or *I wis*. **they girded up their gowns.** When the Trojans dragged the wooden horse into their city, Vergil tells us that 'all gird themselves for the work' (*accingunt omnes operi*, Æneid, ii. 235). The phrase is common in the Old Testament; see I. Kings xviii. 46, where Elijah 'girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.'

154-191. **Sir.** This abbreviated form has acquired such commonplace, nineteenth-century associations, that it seems inappropriate here. On the other hand, it is used in Julius Cæsar (iv. 3, 246 and 250) and in mediæval ballads, whose style Macaulay is imitating. **Umbrian.** The Umbrians preceded the Etruscans in the supremacy of Northern Italy. **port** = bearing, carriage. **vest** = garment, dress. **Lucumo.** An Etruscan word, meaning 'one inspired,' hence a Priest or Prince, and by extension of meaning, any Etruscan. **Cilnius.** Mæcenas was of the family of the Cilnii; see note on Arretium, line 58. **fourfold shield**; made of four thicknesses of ox-hide. **Tolumnius.** There was a king of the Veientes of this name, who was slain in war with the Romans in 438 B.C. **Thrasymene** [Trasimenus]; the largest lake in Etruria. The Romans were heavily defeated here by Hannibal in 217 B.C.

192-248. **Fast by** = near to. **Fast** in this sense is from the Old English adjective 'Fæst' = fixed, firm. In lines 219–230 Macaulay has given poetical expression, both just and noble, to the spirit that made Rome great. **the holy maidens**; the Vestal Virgins. See Cl. Myths, § 42. **Ramnian; Titian.** The three original patrician tribes of Rome were the Ramnes, the Tities and the Luceres. Horatius is represented as belonging to the Luceres. See the last paragraph of Macaulay's Introduction to Horatius.

249-280. **Then lands were fairly portioned.** A certain portion of the land of conquered enemies was set aside by the Romans and called *ager publicus*. The income from this was supposed to go to the State, but by means of what we should call a Credit Mobilier, the patricians managed to turn most of the proceeds into their own purses. **Spoils.** A reference to the charge of peculation brought against the patrician dictator Camillus. See Cl. Dictionary, under his name. **the Tribunes,** (originally two, afterwards ten) were first appointed in 494 B.C. It was their duty to protect the rights of the plebeians against the encroachments of the patricians; they gradually became the most influential magistrates of Rome. They instituted the veto power, which has been adopted, in one form or another, by all modern republics.

281-310. **Tifernum**; in the northern part of Umbria. **Aunus** is invented for the occasion; **Seius** and **Picus** are Roman names, but

there is no reference here to the historical or legendary personages who bore these names. **Ilva** (Elba). See note on Populonia, line 30. **Nequinum**, in Umbria, fifty-six miles north of Rome. After the Roman conquest (299 B.C.), it was called Narnia. The waters of the **Nar** are impregnated with sulphur; hence, **pale.**

311-347. **Ocnus; Lausulus.** See remarks on Seius and Picus, above. **Aruns** is an Etruscan word used as a title for younger sons, the elder being called Lar or Lars. See note on that word, line 1. **Falerii; Volsinium** [Volsinii]; **Cosa**: all cities of southern Etruria. See line 49. **Urgo** or Gorgon (Gorgona); a small island between Etruria and Corsica. The river **Albinia** enters the sea near **Cosa.**

348-373. **Astur.** See lines 136–137 and note. **Luna.** See line 62 and note. **she-wolf's litter**; an allusion to the well-known legend that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf.

374-397. In this fine and spirited description of Action, it would be difficult to better a word. It will not suffer by comparison with that other splendid description of Combat, — the fight between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, in the Fifth Canto of The Lady of the Lake. **Alvernus**; near the source of the Tiber.

398-499. **Palatinus**; the first-settled of the seven hills of Rome. See notes on Byron's Manfred. Macaulay was in Rome in the winter of 1838. He writes in his Journal: 'I then went to the river, to the spot where the old Pons Sublicius stood, and looked about to see how my *Horatius* agrees with the topography. Pretty well; but his house must have been on Mount Palatine, for he could never see Mount Cœlius from the spot where he fought.' **father Tiber** See Cl. Myths, p. 357, and Cl. Dictionary, article, Tiberis.

500-541. **I ween** (518) = I think, suppose; very common in Chaucer, as

> I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene
> Seyn yow a song to glade yow, I wene.
>
> Clerkes Tale, 1173–4.

Bare bravely up his chin (525). Here Macaulay quotes as follows:

> Our ladye bare upp her chinne.
>
> Ballad of Childe Waters.

> Never heavier man and horse
> Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;
> . . . . . .
> Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace
> At length he gained the landing place.
>
> Lay of the Last Minstrel, i. [29].

542-589. **Corn-land.** See note on line 261. **a molten image.** A. Gellius tells us (*Noctes Atticæ*, iv. 5) that this statue was once struck by lightning. Etruscan soothsayers being consulted as to the meaning of this prodigy, treacherously advised that the statue be placed in a sheltered spot where the sun's rays could not shine on it. Their treachery being discovered, the soothsayers were put to death and the statue was placed in an elevated spot on the Vulcanal: this brought the state good luck again. **Comitium.** An enclosed space at the foot of the Palatine hill where elections were held and justice administered. It is sometimes spoken of as included in the Forum Romanum. See Rich, articles *Comitium* and *Forum*. **Volscian.** The territory of the Volsci touched that of the Romans on the south and east. The two peoples were engaged in almost constant border warfare, the Volsci being finally subdued in 338 B.C. See the legend of Coriolanus, as treated by Shakespeare. **Juno.** Cl. Myths, § 34. **Algidus** (= Cold); a mountain in Latium. From Horace it appears that this mountain was sacred to Diana (Carmen Sæculare, 69), and that oak-timber grew there (Odes, iv. 4. 57–58).

Some critics, who find nothing so good but they must have better, claim that *Horatius* is not poetry. We must allow that the versification, if correct, is somewhat mechanical and that the epithets show a poor eye for color, but having admitted this much, we have admitted about all that can fairly be said in dispraise of *Horatius*. The theme chosen[1] is one admirably adapted to poetic treatment, the action is well sustained, the characters are thoroughly human and real, the imagery and diction are appropriate to the subject; above all, the sentiment that pervades this poem is national and noble. In this respect Macaulay reaches a higher ethical level than Scott, 'the great restorer of our ballad-poetry,' who can seldom rise to anything loftier than the idea of feudal allegiance.

[1] No such easy matter, this finding of a subject! Look at Shelley's numerous failures.

CLOUGH.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born at Liverpool in 1819. When four years old his parents took him to Charleston, South Carolina, where they lived some four years. Returning to England, he had the good fortune to spend seven years at Rugby under Dr. Arnold. At Oxford he paid more attention to independent reading than to required studies; in spite of this he was elected Fellow and appointed Tutor of Oriel College. These positions he resigned in 1848 on account of conscientious scruples, glad to be free from what he called his 'bondage in Egypt.' Instead of defending his action, as was expected, by a polemic against the Thirty-nine Articles, Clough delighted his friends and puzzled his enemies by publishing his charming Highland pastoral, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* [The Hut of the Bearded Well]. The form of this was suggested by reading Longfellow's Evangeline. A visit to Rome during the stormy days of '49 produced the *Amours de Voyage;* a visit to Venice gave the background for *Dipsychus,* — The Man of Two Souls, whose conscience struggles with the Spirit of the World. In 1852 Clough went to seek his literary fortunes in Boston, making the voyage in the same vessel with Thackeray and Lowell. To this voyage we owe the *Songs in Absence* and the best parts of the *Mari Magno*. In a few months he returned to England to accept a position in the Education Department of the Government. His remaining years brought him the happiness that comes from the love of a good woman and from the consciousness of even lowly work faithfully performed. He died at Florence in November, 1861, and was buried in the little Protestant cemetery there. That same resting-place, a few months before, had received the remains of Mrs. Browning; three years later, the aged Landor came to lay his bones beside theirs.

Mr. Lowell has said: 'We have a foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dying before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the requirements of his art, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived.'

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LIFE AND TIMES. — Clough taught in verse the old but oft-forgotten philosophy that Carlyle taught in prose: While the doing of your nearest duty may not solve the problem of Life, other solution is there none. Unlike Carlyle, Clough practised what he preached: this comes out clearly and beautifully in his *Prose Remains, with a Selection from his Letters and a Memoir: Edited by his Wife.*

(Macmillan.) *Waddington's Clough, a Monograph* (Bell) is a sympathetic and scholarly study of Clough's life as illustrated by his poems.

CRITICISM. — *Bagehot: Literary Studies, Vol. ii.; Mr. Clough's Poems* Maintains that Clough was the 'one in a thousand' for whom the influence of Arnold was *not* beneficial; that it disturbed the development of Clough as a thinker and a poet.

Hutton: Essays in Literary Criticism; Arthur Hugh Clough. Shows the influence of Goethe and Wordsworth on Clough; traces his resemblance to Chaucer, and points out his habit of leaving half-solved nearly every intellectual problem he touched.

Coventry Patmore: Principle in Art; Arthur Hugh Clough. Places a low value upon Clough's metaphysical poems, but considers the Bothie 'healthy, human and original.'

Matthew Arnold: Thyrsis; A Monody, to commemorate the Author's friend Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861. One of the most beautiful elegiac poems in English. The scenery is the same as in The Scholar-Gypsy (p. 241 of this book). At the end of his lectures *On Translating Homer (Essays in Criticism, First Series)* Mr. Arnold has a touching tribute to the sincerity and simplicity of Clough's character.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

This lyric represents the emotions of two friends who, meeting accidentally after the lapse of years, find they have drifted far apart in thought and feeling. The imagery is free and noble; the concluding chord is struck with a hand firmer and bolder than is usual with Clough.

MARI MAGNO, OR TALES ON BOARD. — [PROLOGUE.]

Mrs. Clough tells us these Tales were written only a few months before the author's death and had not been revised by him.

1-23. These lines, of course, refer to Clough's voyage to the United States in 1852.

24-33. This description seems meant for Mr. Lowell. Time could not dull his youthful spirit. In 1882, — thirty years after these lines were written, — I had the honor of a twenty-minute talk with Mr. Lowell in London, and found him just as here described — save that his tales were not then of Yankeeland but of Cockneyland.

33-52. This sketch of a Nineteenth Century Parson is as good in its way as Chaucer's Fourteenth Century Parson or Dryden's Seventeenth Century Parson. **Canon**; a dignitary in the Church of England connected with a cathedral or collegiate church. With the Dean, the Canons form the Chapter or governing body of the cathedral. **Quarter-Sessions**; A Criminal Court held quarterly in boroughs and counties.

53-76. Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed; an adaptation of Johnson's London, line 173,

> Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

76-100. The Yankee friend plays the part played by the Hoste in Chaucer's Prologue; see lines 788–809 of that poem. Indeed it is impossible not to be reminded of Chaucer in reading Clough: there is the same sly humor, the same power of character-drawing and the same directness of phrase.

In the early editions of Clough the Prologue ends here. In the latest edition these eight lines are added:

> '*Infandum jubes!* 'tis of long ago
> If tell I must, I tell the tale I know:
> Yet the first person using for the freak
> Don't rashly judge that of myself I speak.'
> So to his tale; if of himself or not
> I never learnt; we thought so on the spot.
> Lightly he told it as a thing of old,
> And lightly I repeat it as he told.

THE LAWYER'S FIRST TALE.

A tale called *Primitiæ or Third Cousins* is, in the most recent edition, assigned to the Lawyer as his First Tale; while what in our text is called The Lawyer's First Tale is there called The Clergyman's First Tale. It would be interesting to know whether the changes in Clough texts are based upon ms. authority, or whether they are due to the caprice of the editor.

135-143. This seems to be a bit of autobiography.

169-173. Here we have Shelley's Rule for Right Living, which may be briefly stated as: If you see a thing you want, take it. — It is the application of this principle that makes Penitentiaries a social necessity.

176-180. The influence of Wordsworth is perceptible here. Compare the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

183-184. Compare Clough's poem *Wen Gott Betrügt, Ist Wohl Betrogen* (Whom God Beguiles, Is Well Beguiled).

191-199. Compare Byron's

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

205-210. Compare Tennyson's Locksley Hall, 17–20.

273-274. Compare Portia's soul-portraying speech beginning,

> You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
> Such as I am: —
>
> Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

278-279. **love-in-idleness.** See the Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2, 106–109.

> Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
> It fell upon a little western flower, —
> Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound
> And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

301-302. **gave.** This is certainly a slip for *give*.

321-322. The rime shows the common pronunciation of *clerk* in England.

352. **They met — I know not — in each other's arms.** Keats would have ended the poem at this line. But Clough saw deeper into life than the poet who summed up his philosophy in

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was born in 1822. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford. Like his friend Clough, Arnold was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, but resigned this position within two years. His *Strayed Reveller and Other Poems*, published in 1848, show Hellenic form and Wordsworthian sentiment. In 1851 he was appointed a Government Inspector of Schools; in this occupation he spent more than thirty years of his life and rendered good service in elevating the tone of primary and secondary education in England. His unsparing criticism of the vulgarity and sordidness of middle-class life earned him the desirable hatred of the Philistines, to whom he never grew weary of preaching their crying need for Culture, for Sweetness and for Light. From 1857–1867 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford; his *Essays* (published under various titles) set a new standard for Criticism in England as Sainte-Beuve had already done for France. His numerous theological writings attempt to supply a πού στῶ for those who feel the ground of old beliefs cut from under them by the sharp-dividing spade of Science; his limitations as a political philosopher may be illustrated by noting that the most interesting thing in his *Irish Essays* is the little critique on *The French Play in London*. In 1883 and 1886 he visited our country: in his *Civilization in the United States* he did not hesitate to tell us some unpleasant but wholesome truths about ourselves. His Complete Poems were collected in 1885; by these his memory will be preserved, more effectually perhaps than even by his literary criticism. His death (1888) was sudden, — thus fulfilling almost literally the desire he had expressed in his poem, *A Wish:*

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

. . . . . .

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom, —
All which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

. . . . . .

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes, —

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aërial landscape spread, —
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

There let me gaze till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
. . . . . .

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

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LIFE AND TIMES. — For biographical articles, see *Poole's Index* under the year of Mr. Arnold's death (1888). Most easily accessible to American readers are the article on p. 41 of *Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia for 1888* and the article by *Augustine Birrell* in *Scribner's Magazine, November, 1888* (reprinted with additions in his *Res Judicatæ*). For the History, see *McCarthy's History of our Own Times: Cap. xli.-lxvii. and Appendix* (1859-1886).

CRITICISM. — *Clough: Review of Some Poems by Alexander Smith and Matthew Arnold (N. A. Review, July, 1853.* Reprinted in the Prose Remains.) Interesting chiefly on account of the close personal relations of Clough and Arnold. Condemns the *Empedocles* (a judgment in which the author concurred) and the general 'poetic dubiousness' of the poet's tone. Perhaps to this frank and just criticism is due, in part, the clearer form and firmer treatment of Arnold's later verse.

Hutton: Essays in Literary Criticism; The Poetry of Matthew Arnold. Points out how the poet recognizes (with Goethe) the spiritual unrest of the day, and how (with Wordsworth) he finds, in the contemplation of Nature, calm for this unrest; decides that his power of expression lies in a certain 'delicate simplicity of taste,' and in a nobly rhetorical cast of thought. (This fine essay is a long and thought-compelling piece of exposition, which no summary can represent even faintly).

Swinburne: Essays and Studies; Matthew Arnold's New Poems. This Essay was (fortunately) written before the Shelley-Byron-Arnold-Swinburne controversy; it does full justice — more than justice — to the form of Arnold's verse, abounding in such exaggerated (and awkwardly expressed) sentiments as this: 'No poem in any language can be more perfect [than Thyrsis] as a model of style, unsurpassable certainly, it may be unattainable.' This essay also

condemns unrimed lyrics and English hexameters; it criticises with just severity Arnold's limited appreciation of the great French poets.

Birrell: Res Judicatæ; Matthew Arnold. For popular reading, a pleasant résumé of Arnold as poet, theologian and critic.

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY.

1-30. cotes = sheep-folds. The line in which this word occurs is evidently a reminiscence of Comus, 344:

The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes.

cross; recross: infinitives depending upon **seen.** **cruse.** For the story with which this word is commonly associated, see I. Kings xvii. 8–16. **Oxford's towers.** Though a severe critic of the religious faith which Oxford represents, Mr. Arnold never freed himself — nor wished to free himself — from the spell which Oxford must exercise over poetic minds. 'Beautiful city!' he writes;[1] 'so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

'There are our young barbarians, all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? — nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him; — the bondage of *was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine?*'

31-70. Glanvil. 'There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gypsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his

[1] Preface to the Essays in Criticism, First Series.

carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gypsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others; that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.' — Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661.

71-130. Mr. Arnold's theory of an ethical standard as the best test for poetry receives no help from his practice in these lines. Mr. Courthope is quick to see this, and pertinently questions:[1] '. . . will Mr. Arnold ever persuade any reader of average sensibility that what ought to be enjoyed in the Scholar-Gipsy is rather the moral of the poem, than the beautiful and affecting images of the Oxfordshire landscape with which the poet has surrounded the story? Never!' **Christ-Church** (129): the largest college of the University. The chapel of Christ-Church is also the cathedral of the diocese of Oxford.

131-140. **yew-tree.** The yew is commonly planted in English grave-yards. It grows slowly, lives long, and has thick dark foliage. With this line compare Wordsworth's splendid poem, Yew-Trees, no portion of which can be torn from its context without irreparable loss.

141-170. This note of lassitude is struck often — perhaps too often — in Arnold's poems. See the Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann. For the author's less desponding mood, see his Rugby Chapel. **teen** (147) = grief, sorrow; from the Old English 'teóna' = injury. Line 165 = Which many attempts and many failures bring.

171-180. **it**, in line 180, refers to **spark from heaven** in line 171.

181-190. This seems to fit Carlyle as well as any one, but it is probably intended for a type rather than for an individual.

191-230. **Averse as Dido.**

> In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
> With tears and prayers and late repenting love;

[1] The Liberal Movement in English Literature, Essay I.

Disdainfully she looked, then turning round
But fixed her eyes unmoved upon the ground,
And what he says and swears regards no more
Than the deaf rocks when the loud billows roar.
(Dryden's Translation.)

For the entire episode, see Æneid vi. 450–476.

231-250. Notice the force of this elaborate and exquisitely sustained image; how the mind is carried back from these turbid days of sick unrest to the clear dawn of a fresh and healthy civilization. For another example of a poem that closes with a figure not less beautiful and not less ennobling, see Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

The title of this poem inevitably brings to mind Tennyson's two poems, The Merman and The Mermaid. A comparison will show that, in this instance at least, the Oxford poet has touched his subject not less melodiously and with finer and deeper feeling. — Margaret will not listen to her

Children's voices wild with pain; —

dearer to her is the selfish desire to save her own soul than is the light in the eyes of her little Mermaiden, dearer than the love of the king of the sea who yearns for her with sorrow-laden heart. Here is there an infinite tenderness and an infinite tragedy.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE father of Robert Browning was a clerk in the Bank of England whose ear was attuned to other melodies than the chink of gold upon the counter: the companions of his leisure hours were Horace, Anacreon and the Talmud. The poet was born in London in 1812. Shelley and Keats first stirred the singing spirit within him; their influence is easily perceptible in *Pauline* (1833). In *Paracelsus* (1835) he found a congenial subject, — the History of a Soul: upon this theme he constructed the first in his long series of psychological epics. For Macready he wrote his first play, *Strafford* (1837), followed in the next eight years by six other plays. The devotees of Browning assure us that on the rare occasions when any of these plays have been acted, they have succeeded. Is it so? Why then so rare? — In the preface to *Sordello*, Browning clearly states his poetic belief: 'My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study.' Mrs. Carlyle read this poem (?) and declared herself unable to make out whether *Sordello* was a man, a city or a book; other readers not less intelligent, had even more disastrous experiences. The 21,116 lines (to be exact) in that Realistic Romance of the Police Court, *The Ring and The Book*, argue an astonishing perseverance in both author and reader, but for the few and evil days allotted man upon this earth, most people will prefer the lyrics in *Pippa Passes* and the incomparable portraits in *Men and Women* (1855) and in *Dramatis Personae* (1864). In 1846 Browning married Elizabeth Barrett and from that time until her death (1861) resided principally in Italy. The poems of these fifteen years are full of rich Italian coloring. During the last twenty-five years of his life Browning wrote a large amount of religious and metaphysical verse, but very little poetry, save when he rendered into English the *Alkestis* of Euripides and the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. To compensate him for the decline of his poetic faculty, he enjoyed perfect health, an easy fortune, unbounded faith in God, Immortality and Humanity, and the worship of the appreciative and the undiscriminating banded together in the Browning Society. He died in Venice in 1889 and was duly honored with a grave in Westminster Abbey.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES. — The innumerable magazine articles that appeared at Browning's death will be found classified in *Poole's Index for 1890*. *Sharp's Life of Robert Browning* (Gt. Wr.) is written by one who knew the poet well: while it has the charm of a story told by an eye-witness and a disciple, it is yet free from that hero-worship which makes so much Browning-talk a weariness

to the flesh. *The Life and Letters of Robert Browning, by Mrs. Southerland Orr*, indulges in much *personalia*, and contains some interesting remarks by Browning on his own works.

CRITICISM. — The world of Browning Criticism is so wide that any exploration of it in these Notes would be quite impossible. All that can here be done is to indicate some safe guides for those who would climb its sublimities, descend into its abysses, and skirt around its banalities.

F. Mary Wilson: A Primer of Browning. Contains a brief account of the life of the poet, of the characteristics of his poetry, and a series of simple introductions to the poems.

W. J. Alexander: Introduction to the Poetry of Browning. Somewhat more advanced in thought and style than the foregoing: contains a statement of the scope of Browning's philosophy, with careful interpretation of a few of the principal poems.

G. W. Cooke: A Guide Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Contains, among other things, (1) a carefully selected and (necessarily) short Bibliography of the Best Things said of Browning; (2) mention of the dates, places, and circumstances under which the poems were written; (3) sources of the poems; (4) Browning's own explanations of his poems; (5) explanations of many historical, biographical, and artistic allusions; (6) descriptions of the principal characters in Browning's poems; (7) accounts of the stage presentation of such dramas as have been acted.

Edward Berdoe: The Browning Cyclopædia. An exhaustive Dictionary of the sources of the poems and of the historical and literary material and allusions necessary to an understanding of them. Contains also a Bibliography (much inferior to that in *Cooke*) and a Table of Contents of the publications of the Browning Society.

A TRANSCRIPT FROM EURIPIDES.

The full title of the poem from which this extract is taken is *Balaustion's Adventure, Including a Transcript from Euripides.* The scene is laid in the year 413 B.C., when the inhabitants of Rhodes determined to transfer their allegiance from Athens to Sparta. Balaustion (Wild-pomegranate-flower), a maiden of Kameiros in Rhodes, was so loyal to the Athenian tradition, that she persuaded her family to fly with her to Athens. Driven out of their course by a storm, they were chased by a pirate to the entrance of the port of Syracuse. The hostile Syracusans, cherishing bitter memories of the recent Athenian expedition against their city, refused harborage to the vessel carrying Balaustion and her friends; in despair, they were about to turn and face death from the pirate, when the Syracusans demanded if any on board could recite verses from Euripides. Balaustion knew the *Alkestis* almost by heart: —

> We landed; the whole city, soon astir
> Came rushing out of gates in common joy
> To the suburb temple; there they stationed me
> O' the topmost step: and plain I told the play,
> Just as I saw it; what the actors said,
> And what I saw, or thought I saw the while,

At our Kameiros theatre, clean-scooped
Out of a hill-side, with the sky above
And sea before our seats in marble row:
Told it, and, two days more, repeated it,
Until they sent us on our way again
With good words and great wishes. —

See note on Childe Harold, iv. 16, for the incident in Plutarch on which Balaustion's adventure is founded.

Non-classical readers who are interested to notice in what respects Browning has departed from his original, should consult *Potter's Translation of Euripides* (Morley's Universal Library, No. 54); *R. G. Moulton's Browning's Balaustion, a Beautiful Perversion of Euripides' Alcestis* (Browning Society's Papers, Part xiii. No. 67); *J. R. Dennett* in the N. Y. Nation, xiii. 178.

1-3. **Admetos.** King Admetos had been sick unto death: at the request of Apollo, the Fates had agreed to spare his life, on condition that some one would die in his stead. Of all his friends and dependents, his faithful wife Alkestis was the only one found willing to save him. This sacrifice Admetos meanly accepted. The play opens on the day appointed for her death. — For the story in full see Cl. Myths, § 80–81.

4-33. Chorus of Ancient Servitors. **Pelias**: Cl. Myths, § 147. **Paian** (Paeon): in Homer, the god of Healing. (See Iliad v. 900–904). Later, used as here, as an epithet of Apollo. **clipt locks** (25). Compare Æneid iv. 693–706, from which we gather it was a common belief that no one could die until Proserpina had clipt a lock from the head and thus consigned the soul to Pluto.

34-52. **Iolkos** (Iolcus): an ancient city of Thessaly. The Argonautic expedition started thence.

53-54. Here Admetos speaks. 55-60: Alkestis. In 58–60 she quotes the words of Charon. 60-63: Admetos. 64-69: Alkestis. 70-72: Admetos. 73-78: Alkestis. 79-86: Admetos.

87-149. Passages of such pathos as this, make Euripides the most modern in tone of all the Greek poets.

150-178. A little care in study will show the lines appropriate to each character. In line 166, Alkestis means it is not necessary that Admetos should sacrifice himself: her death is sufficient to appease the Fates.

179-200. There is nothing in the original to correspond with these lines: they are, of course, the interpretation of Balaustion. **A great voice**: the voice of Herakles. **this dispirited old age**: the chorus of Ancient Servitors.

201-203. Herakles and Admetos were bound by ties of long friendship.

204-227. Balaustion again, — and so in many subsequent places

that will hardly need indication. **their monarch tried**, etc. (218) = their monarch tried to discover if any loved him more than he loved them.

228-248. In the lines omitted after line 248, Admetos gives ambiguous answers to Herakles' questions as to the cause of grief. This is a weak point in the play: Admetos admits that he 'must inter a certain corpse to-day,' and the dramatist must dower Herakles with preternatural stupidity to keep him from stumbling on the true explanation.

249-271. In this episode the character of Admetos appears in its most favorable light. In the main, he is a contemptible fellow.

272-293. **the snake**: the Lernean Hydra. **the lion's hide**: the Nemean lion. For the exploits of Herakles, see Cl. Myths, § 139–143.

294-331. **Chaplet** (317); **myrtle-sprays** (318). See Alexander's Feast, line 7, and note thereon.

332-359. **Tiruns** (Tiryns) a city in Argolis, where Herakles made his home during the twelve years in which he was accomplishing his Twelve Labors. Hence he is sometimes called Tirynthius. **boltered** = clotted. This is a very rare word that seems to have survived only in the Warwickshire dialect. Shakespeare (a Warwickshire man) uses it in Macbeth, iv. 1. 123.

> For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me.

Koré (Core) = The Maiden, a title of Persephone (Proserpina).

360-397. **By the stand-still**: by the stopping of the funeral procession on its return from the tomb. **peplos** (peplum): an upper garment worn over one arm and draped at will around the body: richer and more voluminous than the *himation*.

398-419. Too late Admetos recognizes his own selfishness and the worth of her he had lost.

420-482. **the king o' the Bistones** = Diomedes. His horses lived on human flesh; to capture them was the eighth labor of Herakles.

483-535. This is certainly a strong dramatic situation. Compare Shakespeare's treatment of a similar theme in the Winter's Tale, v. 3.

536-588. Do we feel assured that the soul of Admetos is thoroughly purified by suffering? He says so, but he is not put to the proof by action.

589-702. **And save, that sire, his offspring** (659) = And may that sire [Zeus] save his offspring. **the son of Sthenelos** (683) = Eurystheus, to whom Herakles was made subject by the gods for the space of twelve years. See note on Tiruns, line 334.

703-718. **Sophokles**: generally acknowledged to be a much greater dramatist than Euripides. Of the 130 plays ascribed to him, only seven have come down to us; the Alkestis is not among these. The only direct evidence we have that Sophocles wrote a play on this subject, is a line which Plutarch quotes in his Treatise on Oracles (xiv.) and which he ascribes to a play of Sophocles called *Admetos*. **Dionusiac.** The Alkestis of Euripides was first performed at Athens in 438 B.C. in the theatre dedicated to Dionysus (Bacchus). Aristotle, in his Poetics, tells us that Tragedy originated with the leaders of the Dithyramb, — originally nothing more than the song of peasants celebrating the vintage. See Cl. Myths, § 46. **crater,** in its original (Greek) meaning of 'goblet.' **The Human with his droppings of warm tears.** This line is from Mrs. Browning's Wine of Cyprus.

Despite jagged and uncouth lines not a few, every reader of Browning must feel how much that poet gains in *presentation* when he brings himself under the clarifying and restraining power of even so ordinary a stylist as Euripides. Experience seems to show plainly that no poetry lacking in clearness of expression and beauty of form can exercise any wide-spread or permanent influence; Browning either was unable or was too careless to give this form and this expression to the great majority of his verses: we may be tolerably sure, then, that a volume or two will contain all of his poetry that future ages (less realistic than this) will care to read. Theologians and metaphysicians may long continue to gain ideas from him, but neither theology nor metaphysics is the province of poetry. If this judgment be wrong, I err in good company: Matthew Arnold did not consider it worth while to read any of Browning's later works, and Schopenhauer asserts, even too emphatically perhaps, that everything has been sung, everything has been cursed in due order, and that with poetry everything is now a matter of style.

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the son of a country clergyman, was born at Somersby Rectory in Lincolnshire in 1809 (the same year as Mr. Gladstone). In his twelfth year he composed an epic of four or five thousand lines, — fortunately lost. He missed the doubtful blessing of rough school-boy life at Eton or Harrow, receiving instead thorough classical instruction from his father, and a thousand pleasant lessons from Nature, who unclasped for him her illuminated missal as he roamed by hill-side, brook and sea-shore. At Cambridge (1827–1831) he took the Chancellor's Prize for the best English poem; among his competitors were Arthur Henry Hallam and Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton). In 1830 appeared his *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, among which were many pieces now famous: *Claribel, Mariana, The Poet, Oriana, Recollections of the Arabian Nights.* Two years later came another volume; in this we find *The Miller's Daughter, Œnone, A Dream of Fair Women, The Lotus Eaters.* These were written in Tennyson's twenty-third year; among our great poets only Milton and Keats have shown such maturity at such an early age. Some of the poems in this volume were not without defects; passing over their virtues, the Quarterly seized upon these defects and held them up to ridicule. Unnecessarily hurt by these strictures, Tennyson remained silent for ten years: in 1842 he gave to the world another volume in which (to mention only the best) were *Ulysses, Locksley Hall* and *Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.* Emerson's criticism on this volume is wisdom in a nutshell: Tennyson, he says, 'is endowed precisely in the points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear nor more command over the keys of language. Color, like the dawn, flows over the horizon from his pencil in waves so rich that we do not miss the central form.' — Tennyson's reputation was now firmly established; *The Princess*, (1847), if we excise the lyrics, hardly added to it, nor did *Maud* (1855). In 1850, upon the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed Poet Laureate and in the same year published *In Memoriam.* Four *Idylls of the King* appeared in 1859; others were added at varying intervals, rounding the episodes into a complete Epic. The weak-motived, slow-evolving dramas that Tennyson put forth during his old age, make us feel that his reputation would have been higher had he lived no longer than did Shakespeare. In the idealizing epic, with an ornate grace all his own, he is but little below the masters; in the lyric he is unsurpassed; in the drama — in that highest form of literary art, where character is painted in with the colors of both emotion and action — in this he is deficient.

Tennyson was raised to the peerage in 1884 and died, full of years and honors in October, 1892.

Here is Carlyle's portrait of him in his prime: 'A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes, cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe.' — Letter to Emerson, 1847.

FRIENDS — Arthur Henry Hallam, Trench, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Browning, Gladstone.

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LIFE AND TIMES. — Tennyson's family have not yet authorized the publication of any life of the poet. Until this appears, we can find a *vade mecum* sufficient for our purpose in *Alfred Tennyson, A Study of his Life and Work by Arthur Waugh* (London, 1893). Those to whom this book is inaccessible may consult a sorry substitute in the article on Tennyson by Mrs. H. K. Johnson in *Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia for 1893*. *Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie* has some interesting reminiscences in *Harper's Magazine for December, 1883*, while the ever-faithful *Poole* will unlock the flood-gates of periodical literature.

CRITICISM. — Tennyson reflects so perfectly nineteenth century thought and emotion, that little help is needed to get at his meaning. Yet the following books will be found useful for illustration:

Littledale: Essays on Lord Tennyson's Idylls of the King. This gives in simple and popular form, an account of the historical sources of the Idylls and an interpretation of such allegory as Tennyson may (or may not) have intended to put into them.

Van Dyke: The Poetry of Tennyson: An excellent exposition of Tennyson's poetic development from 1827 to 1889. Contains also a Bibliography that separates the slag from the gold, and a List of Biblical Quotations and Allusions Found in the Works of Tennyson.

J. Churton Collins: Illustrations of Tennyson. Traces Tennyson's imitations and transferences to their sources, with the object of illustrating the connection of English Literature with the Literatures of Greece, Rome, and Modern Italy.

Bagehot: Literary Studies; Vol. II. Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning; or Pure, Ornate and Grotesque Art in English Poetry. A most subtle and delicate piece of criticism: within the field to which it confines itself, by far the best thing that has been written on Tennyson.

ŒNONE.

Œnone was the wife whom Paris deserted for Helen. — Notice with what delicate art, in this poem, the landscape is set to reflect the feeling. This landscape-setting is a poetical device almost unknown to the ancients; Tennyson has had many imitators, but no equals in this method of treating classical subjects.

1-21. **Ida.** A mountain-range near Troy. Clough writes in a letter from the Pyrenees, Sept. 1, 1861: 'Œnone, he [Tennyson] said was written on the inspiration of the Pyrenees, which stood for Ida.' **topmost Gargarus**: a Latinism, on the model of *summus mons* = the top of the mountain. See Allen and Greenough, Latin Grammar, § 193. Gargarus was the highest peak of Ida. **forlorn of Paris**: another Latinism; a kind of genitive of specification, like *integer vitæ* = upright in life. A. and G., § 218 (c).

22-32. **many-fountained Ida.** 'So fared he [Zeus] to many-fountained Ida, mother of wild beasts, even unto Gargaros, where is his demesne and fragrant altar.' — Iliad, viii, 47-48. **the noon-day quiet held the hill.** 'The noon-day quiet held the hill.' — Callimachus, Lavacrum Palladis, 72.[1] **The lizard, with his shadow on the stone.** 'When, indeed, the very lizard is sleeping on the loose stones of the wall' — Theocritus, vii. 22. **Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of love.** 'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.' — 2 Henry VI. ii. 3. 17.

33-51. a River-God: Cebren. **as yonder walls Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed.** According to a legend in Ovid (Epistulæ, xv. 179-180) the walls of Troy rose to the music of Apollo's lyre. **Simois**: a river of the Troad.

52-74. **Hesperian gold.** The Hesperides (Daughters of the West) guarded the golden apples which Ge (the Earth) gave to Heré on her wedding. To obtain possession of these apples was the eleventh labor of Hercules. See Tennyson's poem, The Hesperides. **Oread** = Mountain-nymphs.

75-88. For the details of this story, see Cl. Myths, § 167.

89-100. The original of this lovely passage is to be found in Iliad, xiv. 347-351: 'And beneath them the divine earth sent forth fresh new grass, and dewy lotus, and crocus, and hyacinth, thick and soft, that raised them aloft from the ground. Therein they lay, and were clad o'er with a fair golden cloud, whence fell drops of glittering dew.'

101-130. **champaign.** See note on this word in Macaulay's Horatius, line 100.

131-167. The character of Pallas, as portrayed here, is in admirable keeping with Homer's conception of her, in the Odyssey, as the friend of Odysseus.

168-190. **Idalian Aphrodité.** Idalium or Idalia was a mountain (also a city) in Cyprus, sacred to Venus. **Paphian.** Paphos was another city in Cyprus sacred to Venus.

[1] For this and for the illustration from Theocritus, I am indebted to Mr. Churton Collins' book.

191-225. **plume** (205); **trembling.** Notice the picture in this first word, and the accuracy of observation in the second. **The Abominable:** the goddess Eris (Discord).

226-264. **Cassandra:** one of the daughters of Priam. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy, but with it the penalty that her prophecies should never be believed.

In his old age Tennyson continued this subject in his *Death of Œnone.* The sequel is not worthy of the original: Œnone is depicted as embittered and revengeful; she loses that sweet womanliness and despairing tenderness that make her so pathetic a figure in the first poem.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Tennyson is remarkable for the curious felicity with which he reproduces the characteristics of other poets, at the same time adding something hard to define, yet unmistakably his own. In *Œnone* we have the sensuousness and the coloring of Keats; in *The Miller's Daughter*, the thoroughly English tone and the deep joy in domestic affection that appear so often in Wordsworth, — combined with a lilt and melody that Wordsworth seldom attained to.

The lyric 'It is the miller's daughter' (169), is closely imitated from the closing octette of Ronsard's Odes, iv. 26.

	[Literal Translation.]
Je voudrois estre le riban	I would be the ribbon
Qui serre ta belle poitrine;	That presses thy beautiful breast;
Je voudrois estre le carquan	I would be the necklace
Qui orne ta gorge yvorine;	That graces thy ivory throat;
Je voudrois estre tout autour	I would be indeed
Le coral qui tes lèvres touche,	The coral [coralline rouge] that touches thy lips
Afin de baiser, nuict et jour,	That I might kiss, night and day,
Tes belles lèvres et ta bouche.	Thy beautiful lips and thy mouth.

Ronsard, in his turn, took the thought from a fragment in the Pseudo-Anacreon, thus rendered by Mr. Collins: 'Would I were a mirror, that thou mightest be ever gazing at me; would that I were a tunic, that thou mightest always wear me; and thy breast band; and would I were a sandal; only trample me with thy feet.' See note on Burns' *To a Mountain Daisy*, 39-54. The third stanza of Tennyson's song also contains suggestion of the sextet in Keats' Last Sonnet.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

The greater part of this poem (lines 170-440) was published in 1842, under the title of *Morte D'Arthur.* Lines 1-169 and 441-469 were added many years later to connect this Idyll with *Guinevere* and to frame into one picture the scattered mosaics which the author had cut from various materials. When read in the following order — *The Coming of Arthur*, *Gareth and Lynette*, *The Marriage of Geraint*, *Geraint and Enid*, *Balin and Balan*, *Merlin and Vivien*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, *The Holy Grail*, *Pelleas and Ettarre*, *The Last Tournament*, *Guinevere*, *The Passing of Arthur* — the *Idylls* are seen to constitute a

kind of Epic in twelve books, — an Epic deficient, certainly, in Unity of Action, but not deficient in Spiritual Unity. In his *Epilogue to the Idylls* Tennyson calls his work

> this old imperfect tale
> New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
> Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost
> Streams like a Cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; —

Acting on the hint in these lines, some commentators have constructed elaborate interpretations of the *Idylls* as Allegories. While allegorical passages undoubtedly occur in the *Idylls*, any attempt to interpret them throughout as an allegory breaks down at vital points. Nor is such an interpretation either necessary or desirable: it weakens the pathetic and purifying effect which the *Idylls* convey when viewed in their proper light — as a work of Art.

1-8. **their march to westward.** Throughout this poem Tennyson varies the incidents only slightly from those in Malory's Morte D'Arthur, Book xxi. Cap. 3–5.

9-28. These lines are a late addition of the poet's. Do they, in this place, add anything to the effect of the poem?

29-49. **Gawain:** according to Malory (xxi. 2) the nephew of King Arthur and, after Launcelot, his favorite knight. Tennyson characterizes him differently in Launcelot and Elaine, 542–548:

> a Prince
> In the mid-night and flourish of his May
> Gawain, surnamed the courteous, fair and strong
> And after Launcelot, Tristram and Geraint
> And Lamorack a good knight, but therewithal
> Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house
> Nor often loyal to his word.

like wild birds that change Their season in the night. From Dante's Inferno, v. 40–49.

> And as the wings of starlings bear them on
> In the cold season in large band and full,
> So doth that blast the spirits maledict;
> It hither, thither, downward, upward drives them;
> No hope doth comfort them for evermore,
> Not of repose, but even of lesser pain.
> And as the cranes go chanting forth their lays,
> Making in air a long line of Themselves,
> So saw I coming, uttering lamentations,
> Shadows borne onward by the aforesaid stress.
>
> (Longfellow.)

50-64. **Modred.** Malory represents him as the King's son. For his character in the Idylls, see The Coming of Arthur, 200–202; Gareth and Lynette, 28–31, 409; Pelleas and Ettarre, last line; The Last Tournament, 166; Guinevere, *passim*.

65-78. The legendary wars here referred to are related in Malory, Books i. and v. See The Coming of Arthur, last 16 lines. **Almesbury**; in Wiltshire. The reference is, of course, to Guinevere.

79-117. **Lyonesse.** A mythical country, west of Cornwall. The Scilly Islands are doubtless the origin of this myth. Malory says the battle took place 'upon a down beside Salisbury and not far from the sea-side,' and declares, 'Never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land.'

118-169. **Excalibur** (168). For the description of this famous weapon, see The Coming of Arthur, 238–264.

170-205. **Camelot**: probably Queen-Camel in Somersetshire, but the Arthurian geography is as uncertain as the Odyssean. For a description of the Hall at Camelot, see The Holy Grail, 225–257. **Merlin.** See the Coming of Arthur and Merlin and Vivien.

206-432. In this pathetic episode, Tennyson follows Malory closely, yet adds little touches of his own that light up the dim narrative of the old knight as the jewels lit up the haft of Excalibur. What these touches are, will best be seen by letting Malory speak for himself: he is no mean story-teller, in his own quaint way.

But my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me

in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to the water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king: and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.

This way and that dividing the swift mind (228). This is line 285 of Aeneid iv.:

Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc.

Notice the onomatopoetic effect in 238–239 and in 354–358. **Three Queens** (366): Faith, Hope and Charity (?). But see lines 452–456. **The holy Elders** (401). See Matthew ii. 1–12. **Bound by gold chains about the feet of God** (423). See note on Dryden's Character of a Good Parson, 14–24.

433-469. the weird rime. See The Coming of Arthur, 352–366. **yon dark Queens.** See The Coming of Arthur, 327–337.

The line of hope, with which Tennyson closes his poem, is worthy the noble character he has depicted. What matter if King Arthur is an anachronism? So is Odysseus, so is Satan in Paradise Lost, so is Vergil in the Divine Comedy. — King Arthur interests us because he is a man, tried at all points like unto ourselves, struggling with Sense at war with Soul, beaten apparently in the conflict but leaving behind an imperishable Ideal around which future ages shall build a purer and a better Reality.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

THE SPLENDOR FALLS.

This exquisite song comes between the third and fourth parts of The Princess, and is one of the polished gems that redeem from mediocrity that curious medley. — Notice the details of the poet's art: The first stanza carries the mind back into the historic past; a picture rises before us of Chivalry, with its blazonry of love and glory; we see the mediæval castle, the mountains in the distance, with the lake sleeping at their feet and the white cataract smitten to gold by the rays of the setting sun. The second stanza completely etherializes this picture; transfers it to the Realm of Faerie. The third stanza carries the mind forward, suggesting Love, Immortality, Eternity. — The charm added to the whole by the refrain of the bugle-notes, I shall not attempt to analyze.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

This song comes between the fifth and sixth parts of The Princess. It is a lyrical rendering of an incident in Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, i. 9.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee —
'And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!'
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Arthur Henry Hallam died in 1833 and was buried in Clevedon Churchyard, on the coast of Somerset. This lyric appeared in the first collection of poems that Tennyson published after his friend's death. The sentiment, the imagery and the date of publication would all seem to point to Clevedon as the source of this lyric's inspiration: as to its actual composition, — 'It was made,' said Tennyson, 'in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning.'

THE BROOK.

'On the north [of Somersby Rectory] a straggling road winds up the steep hill towards the summit of the wold, while on the south a pebbly brook bubbles along close to the edge of the garden. Not at all the sort of scenery one associates with the fen-country: instead of dreary waters and low-lying levels, the

landscape sweeps up into hills and drops into valleys, full of the sights and sounds of country life, and rich in flowery hollows and patches of tangled meadow-land. It requires no strain of imagination to catch the spirit of Tennyson's song here, where the little brook of his poem dances along through the heart of the country, chattering as it goes.' — Waugh's Tennyson, Cap. i.

CROSSING THE BAR.

This poem was published in 1889 when Tennyson was in his eighty-first year. It stands last in the volume entitled Demeter and Other Poems. Tennyson's friend, Arthur Waugh, has spoken a word thereon to which it would be hard to add anything of value: 'And last, yet incomparably first stands that perfect poem which is above criticism — composed (it is said) during the poet's passage across the Solent — 'Crossing the Bar.' It has been translated into Greek and Latin, and set to music; but no alien note was needed to complete the dignified perfection of its harmony. There is no more beautiful utterance in all the range of English verse.'

TENNYSON.

In Lucem Transitus. Oct. 6, 1892.

FROM the silent shores of midnight, touched with splendors of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven and the light more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.

Brother of the greatest poets — true to nature, true to art,
Lover of Immortal Love, — uplifter of the human heart,
Who shall help us with high music, who shall sing if thou depart?

Silence here, for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here, for grief is voiceless when the mighty poets fail;
Silence here, — but far above us, many voices crying, HAIL!

(Henry van Dyke.)

SOME ATTEMPTS TO DEFINE POETRY.

I. Poetry in general seems to have originated from two causes, both natural ones; it is innate in men from childhood (1) to imitate — and herein we differ from other animals, in that we are the most imitative and acquire our first knowledge through imitation — and (2) to delight in imitations. Poetry is the province either of a man that is clever or of one who is in an enthusiasm akin to madness. — *Aristotle; Poetics: iv. 2 and xvii. 3.*

II. To which [Logic and Rhetoric] poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace . . . and others, teaches us what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. — *Milton; On Education.*

III. A Poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species — (having *this* object in common with it) — it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole* as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component *part.* — *Coleridge; Biographia Literaria, Cap. xiv.*

IV. All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling. — *Wordsworth; Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.*

V. Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. — *Shelley; Defense of Poetry.*

VI. Poetry is the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions. — *Ruskin; Modern Painters: Part iv. Cap. i, § 13.*

VII. It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, — to the question: How to live. — *Matthew Arnold; Essay on Wordsworth.*

VIII. Poetry is simply the most delightful and perfect form of utterance that human words can reach. Its rhythm and measure, elevated to a regularity, certainty, and force very different from that of the rhythm and measure which can pervade prose, are a part of its perfection. — *Matthew Arnold; The French Play in London.*

IX. Poetry, which is a glorified representation of all that is seen, felt, thought, or done, by man, perforce includes Religion and

Philosophy among the materials reflected in its magic mirror. But it has no mission to replace them; its function being not to supersede, but to transfigure. — *Alfred Austin; On the Position and Prospects of Poetry (Preface to the Human Tragedy).*

X. By poetry I mean the art of producing pleasure by the just expression of imaginative thought and feeling in metrical language. — *Courthope; The Liberal Movement in English Literature, Essay i.*

TENNYSON

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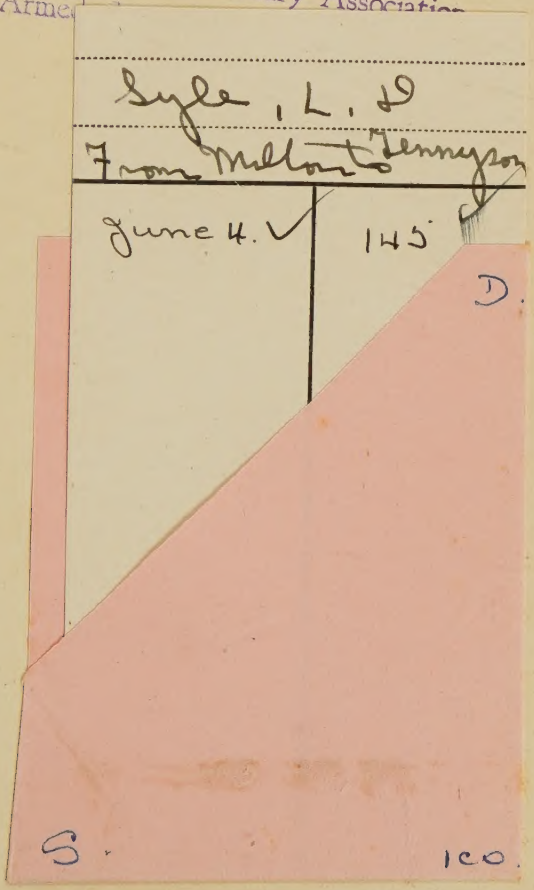

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